SUNDAY SCHOOL AND REVIVAL

Tillman

With
Y.M.C.A.
Supplement

DILLARD

SUNDAY SCHOOL AND REVIVAL

Tillman

Published in Both Round and Shaped Notes.

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CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

Atlanta, Ga. Kansas City, Mo.

The Apostles' Creed:

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; the third day He rose again from the dead, He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic Church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting. Amen.

The Ten Commandments:

Exodus XX. 3-17.

1. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

2. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

3. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.

4. Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.

5. Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

6. Thou shalt not kill.

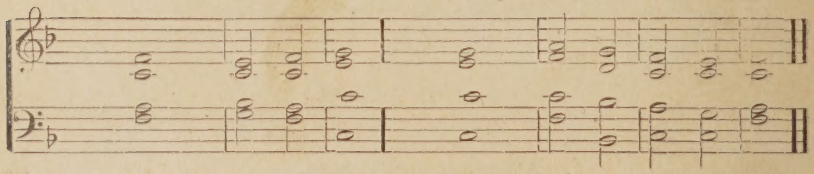
7. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

8. Thou shalt not steal.

9. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

The Lord's Prayer.

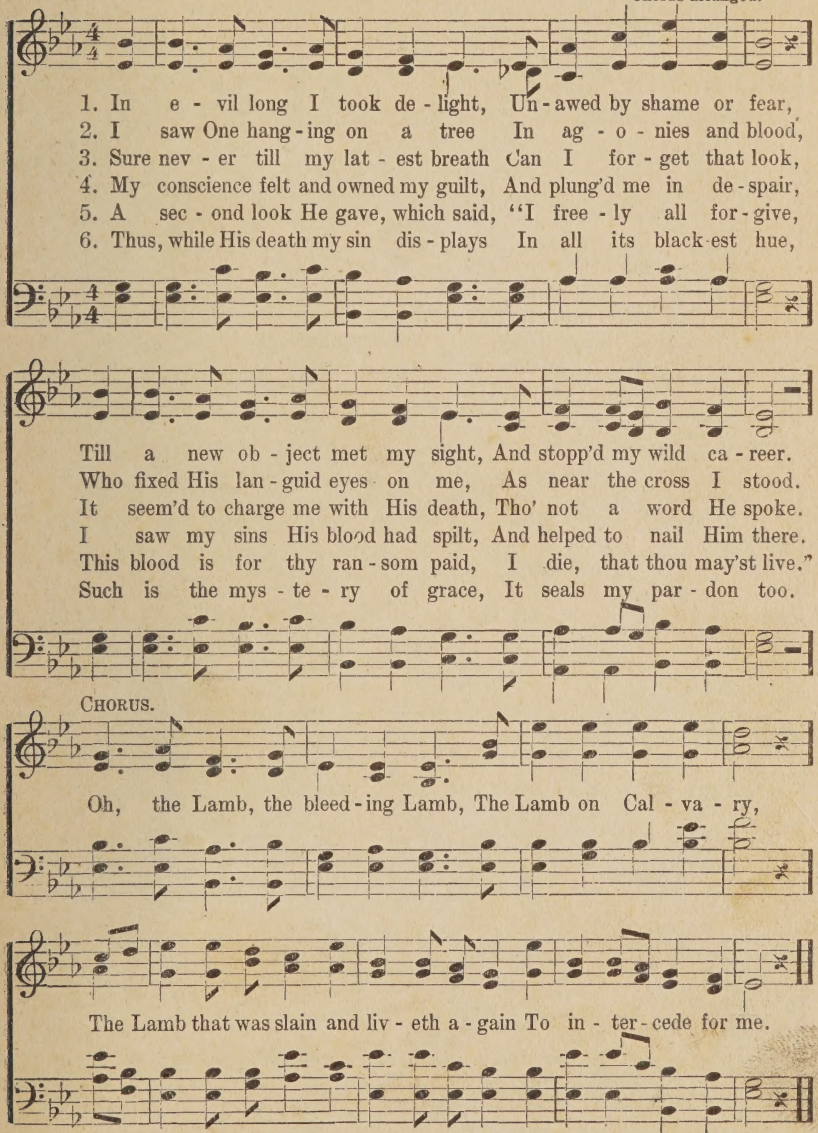


1. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed | be Thy | name. || Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven.
2. Give us this day our | daily | bread, || And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil; || For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ev-er. | A- | men.

Sunday School and Revival

No. 1. Galvary's Lamb.

John Newton. Charlie D. Tillman.
Chorus arranged.


1. In e - vil long I took de - light, Un - awed by shame or fear,
2. I saw One hang - ing on a tree In ag - o - nies and blood,
3. Sure nev - er till my lat - est breath Can I for - get that look,
4. My conscience felt and owned my guilt, And plung'd me in de - spair,
5. A sec - ond look He gave, which said, "I free - ly all for - give,
6. Thus, while His death my sin dis - plays In all its black - est hue,
Till a new ob - ject met my sight, And stopp'd my wild ca - reer.
Who fixed His lan - guid eyes on me, As near the cross I stood.
It seem'd to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.
I saw my sins His blood had spilt, And helped to nail Him there.
This blood is for thy ran - som paid, I die, that thou may'st live."
Such is the mys - te - ry of grace, It seals my par - don too.
CHORUS.
Oh, the Lamb, the bleed - ing Lamb, The Lamb on Cal - va - ry,
The Lamb that was slain and liv - eth a - gain To in - ter - cede for me.

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No. 2. Not Empty-Handed.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. He that, weeping, goeth forth to sow In life's harvest field so wide,
2. Dai - ly go-ing forth to seek the lost; Nev-er serv-ice was so sweet;
3. While the summer's sun is shining bright, Till the evening shadows dim,
4. Bringing to the gar-ner of the Lord Souls my la-bors here have won;
Doubtless shall the joy of reaping know, Joy that ev-er will a - bide.
Bringing them, whatever it may cost, To the dear Redeem-er's feet.
Toil - ing in the fields to harvest white, Winning precious souls for Him.
God's approving smile my rich reward, And His gracious "Child, well done!"
CHORUS.
Not emp - ty - hand - ed would I go
No, not emp - ty - hand - ed would I go
To meet my Lord who loves me so;
Forth to meet my Lord who loves me so;
Not emp-ty-hand-ed would I go, But la-den with golden sheaves.

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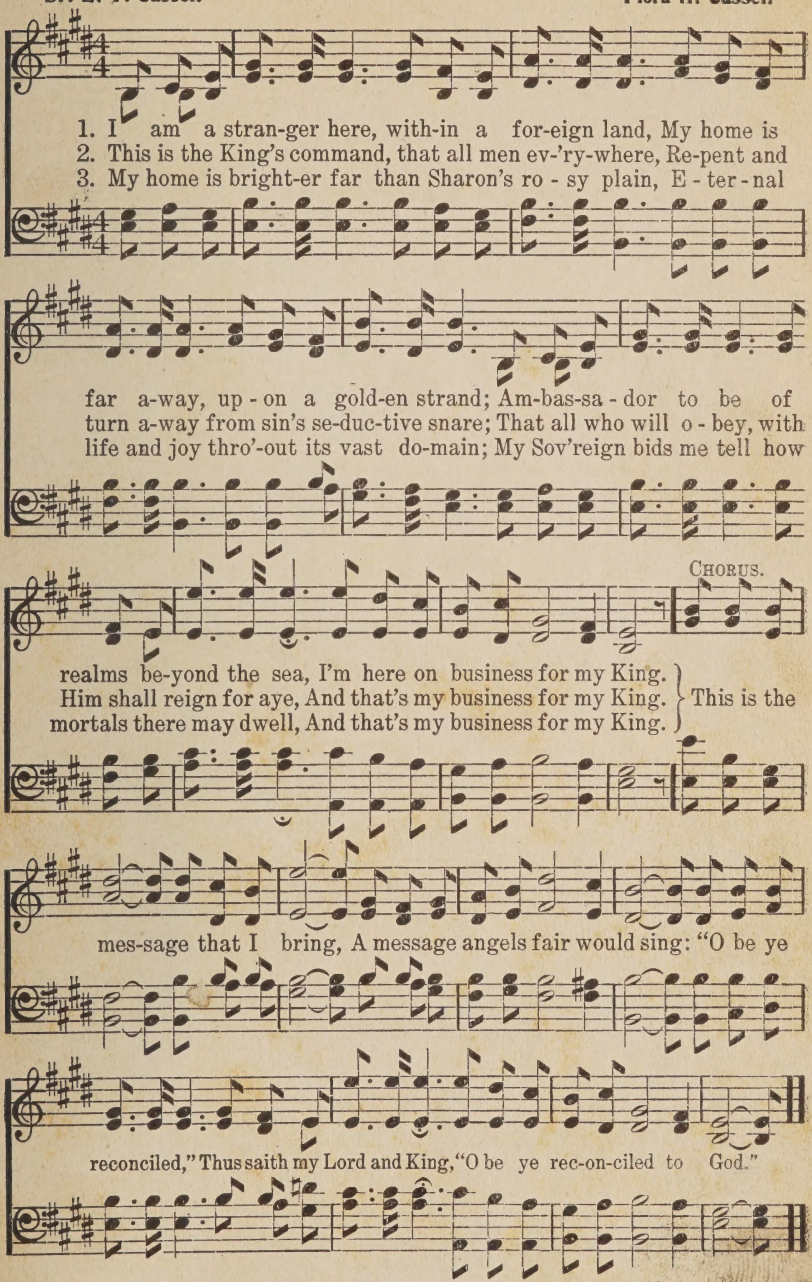
No. 3. The King's Business.

Dr. E. T. Cassel. Flora H. Cassel.


1. I am a stran-ger here, with-in a for-eign land, My home is
2. This is the King's command, that all men ev-'ry-where, Re-pent and
3. My home is bright-er far than Sharon's ro - sy plain, E - ter - nal
far a-way, up - on a gold-en strand; Am-bas-sa - dor to be of
turn a-way from sin's se-duc-tive snare; That all who will o - bey, with
life and joy thro'-out its vast do-main; My Sov'reign bids me tell how
CHORUS.
realms be-yond the sea, I'm here on business for my King.
Him shall reign for aye, And that's my business for my King.
mortals there may dwell, And that's my business for my King.
This is the
mes-sage that I bring, A message angels fair would sing: "O be ye
reconciled," Thus saith my Lord and King, "O be ye rec-on-ciled to God."

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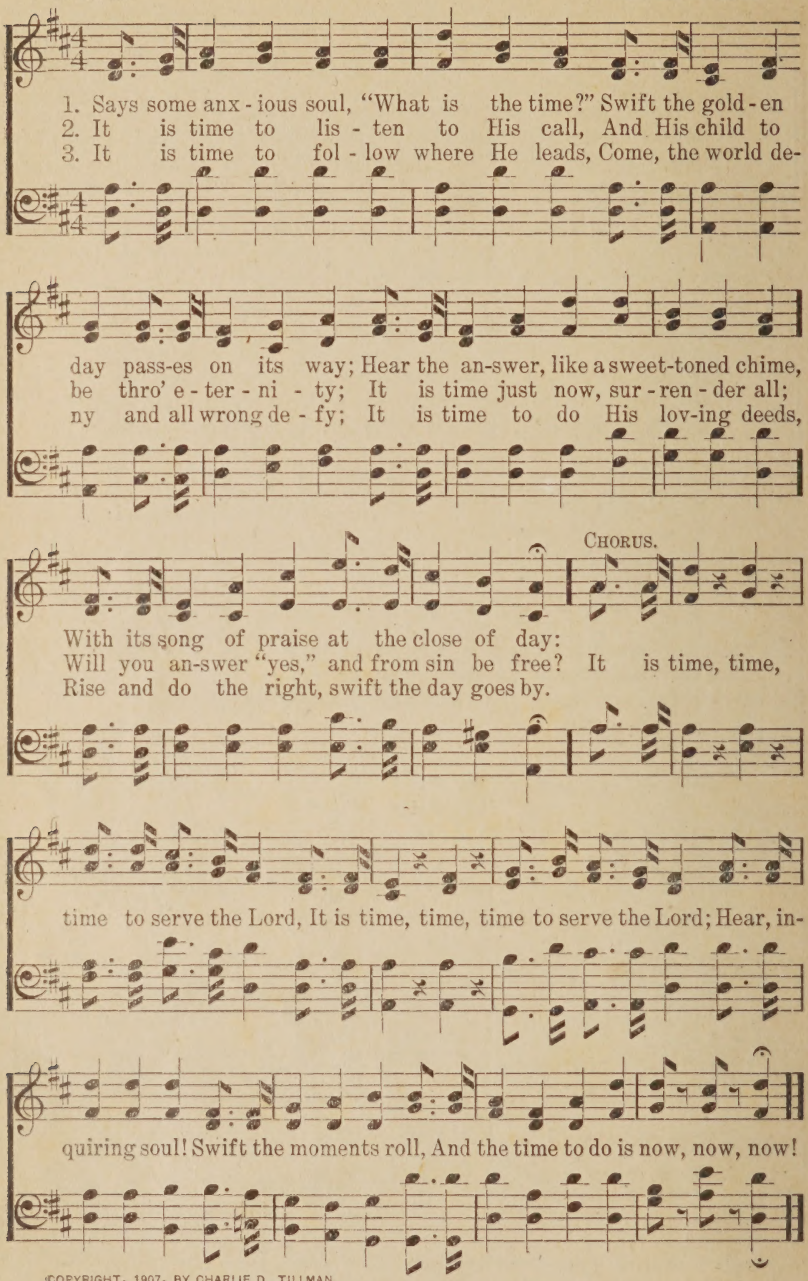
No. 4. Tell Me the Time!

W. E. M. Wm. Edie Marks.


1. Says some anx - ious soul, "What is the time?" Swift the gold - en
2. It is time to lis - ten to His call, And His child to
3. It is time to fol - low where He leads, Come, the world de-
day pass-es on its way; Hear the an-swer, like a sweet-toned chime,
be thro' e - ter - ni - ty; It is time just now, sur - ren - der all;
ny and all wrong de - fy; It is time to do His lov-ing deeds,
CHORUS.
With its song of praise at the close of day:
Will you an-swer "yes," and from sin be free? It is time, time,
Rise and do the right, swift the day goes by.
time to serve the Lord, It is time, time, time to serve the Lord; Hear, in-
quiring soul! Swift the moments roll, And the time to do is now, now, now!

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No. 5. There's a Shout in the Camp.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. There's a shout in the camp: "Keep the fires bright-ly burn-ing
2. There's a shout in the camp for the vic - t'ry is com - ing
3. There's a shout in the camp o - ver sin - ners re-turn - ing
4. There's a shout in the camp, 'tis a glad "Hal - le - lu - jah!
All the night long," That the lost may re - turn to the
O'er Sa - tan's pow'r; Thro' the word of the Lord we the
Home to the fold, From the by - ways of sin with its
Praise ye the Lord;" All who trust in His name shall re-
CHORUS.
fold of the Shep-herd From paths of wrong.
bat - tle are gain - ing This ver - y hour. There's a shout in the
bur - den of sor - row To joy un - told.
ceive His sal - va - tion, 'Tis God's own word.
camp, Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry to God! There's an ech - o in
heav'n, Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry to God!

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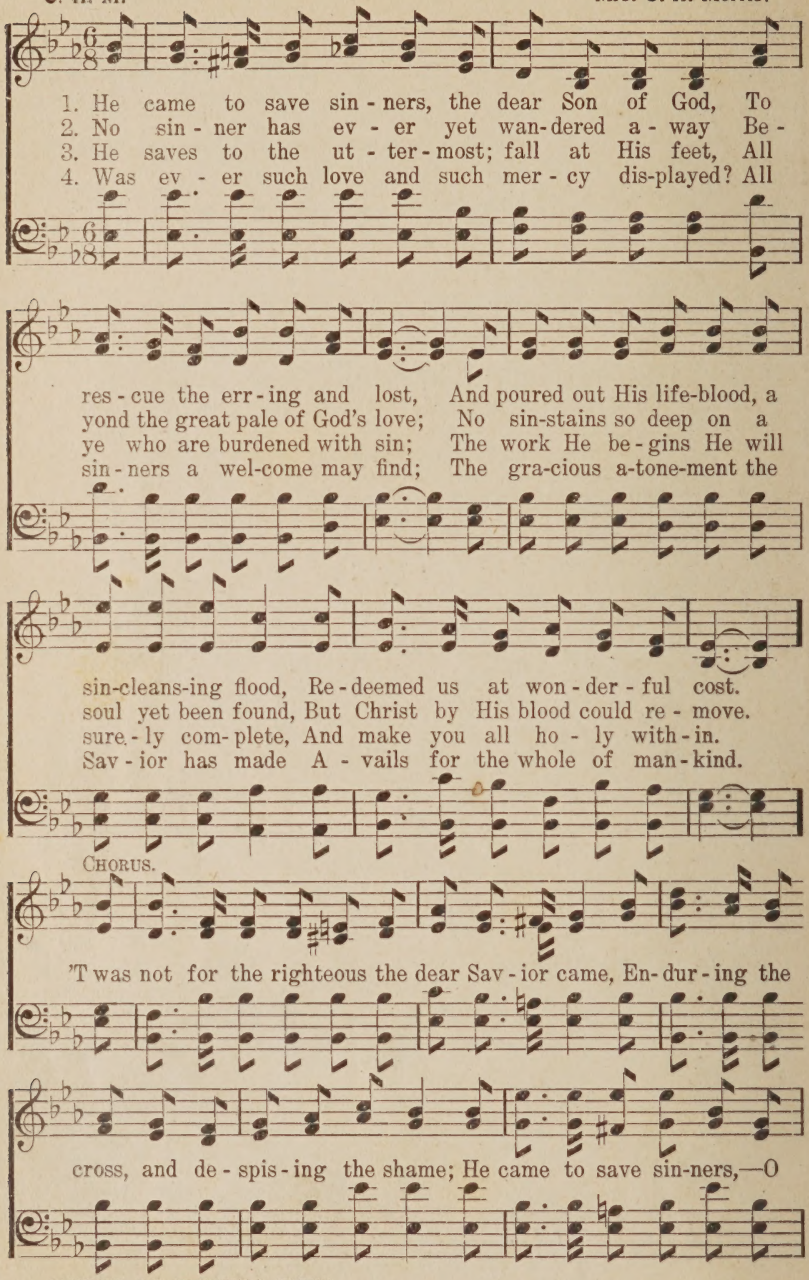
WILSON

No. 6. He Came to Save Sinners.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. He came to save sin - ners, the dear Son of God, To
2. No sin - ner has ev - er yet wan-dered a - way Be -
3. He saves to the ut - ter-most; fall at His feet, All
4. Was ev - er such love and such mer - cy dis-played? All
res - cue the err - ing and lost, And poured out His life-blood, a
yond the great pale of God's love; No sin-stains so deep on a
ye who are burdened with sin; The work He be - gins He will
sin - ners a wel-come may find; The gra-cious a-tone-ment the
sin-cleans-ing flood, Re - deemed us at won - der - ful cost.
soul yet been found, But Christ by His blood could re - move.
sure - ly com - plete, And make you all ho - ly with - in.
Sav - ior has made A - vails for the whole of man - kind.
CHORUS.
'T was not for the righteous the dear Sav - ior came, En - dur - ing the
cross, and de - spis - ing the shame; He came to save sin-ners,—O

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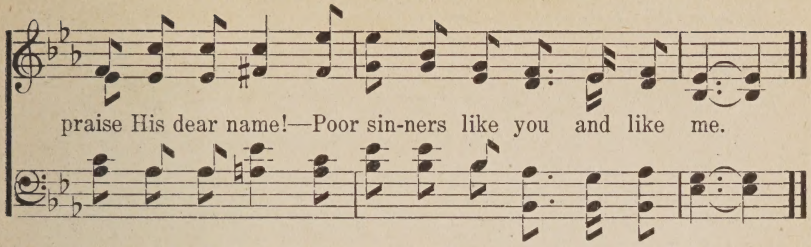
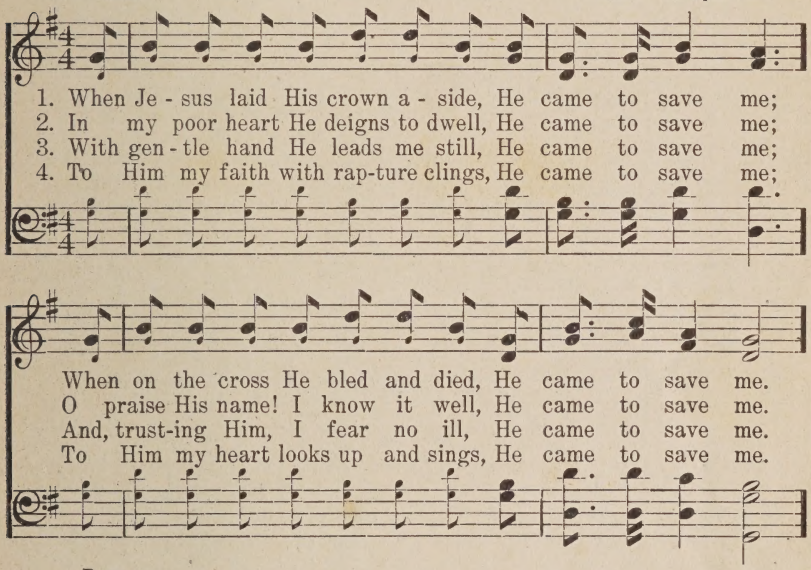
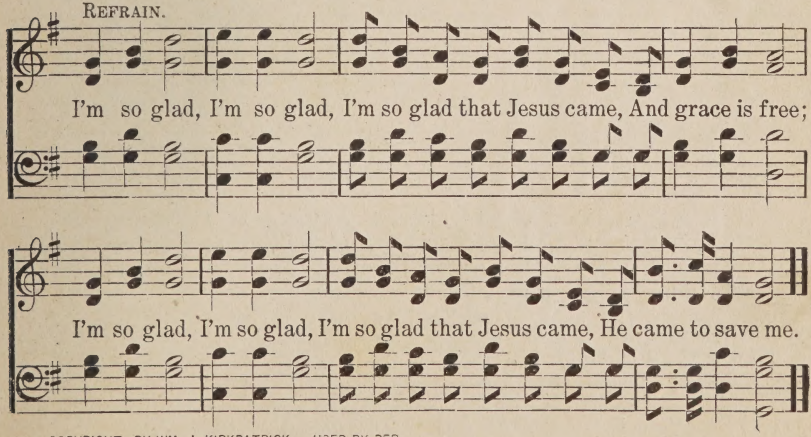
He Came to Save Sinners.



No. 7. He Came to Save.

H. E. Blair. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. When Je - sus laid His crown a - side, He came to save me;
2. In my poor heart He deigns to dwell, He came to save me;
3. With gen - tle hand He leads me still, He came to save me;
4. To Him my faith with rap-ture clings, He came to save me;
When on the cross He bled and died, He came to save me.
O praise His name! I know it well, He came to save me.
And, trust-ing Him, I fear no ill, He came to save me.
To Him my heart looks up and sings, He came to save me.


REFRAIN.
I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Jesus came, And grace is free;
I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Jesus came, He came to save me.

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No. 8. The Good Old-Fashioned Way.

(Sung at funeral of Sam. P. Jones.)

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. E. O. Excell.

1. I am on the Gos-pel high-way, Pressing forward to the goal,
2. From the snares of sin-ful pleas-ure, Here my feet are al-ways free;
3. Man-y friends have gone before me, They have laid their armor down,
4. Just a few more steps to fol-low, Just a few more days to roam;
Where for me a rest re-main-eth In the home-land of the soul:
Tho' the way may be called narrow, It is wide e-nough for me;
With the pilgrims and the mar-tyrs Have obtained a robe and crown;
But the way grows more de-light-ful As I'm draw-ing near-er home;
Ev-'ry hour I'm mov-ing on-ward, Not a mo-ment to de-lay;
It was wide e-nough for Dan-iel, And for Da-vid in his day;
On this road they fought their battles, Shouting vict'ry day by day;
When the storms of life are o-ver, And the clouds have rolled away,
I am go-ing home to glo-ry In the good old-fashioned way.
I am glad that I can fol-low In the good old-fashioned way.
I shall o-ver-come and join them In the good old-fashioned way.
I shall find the gates of heav-en In the good old-fashioned way.

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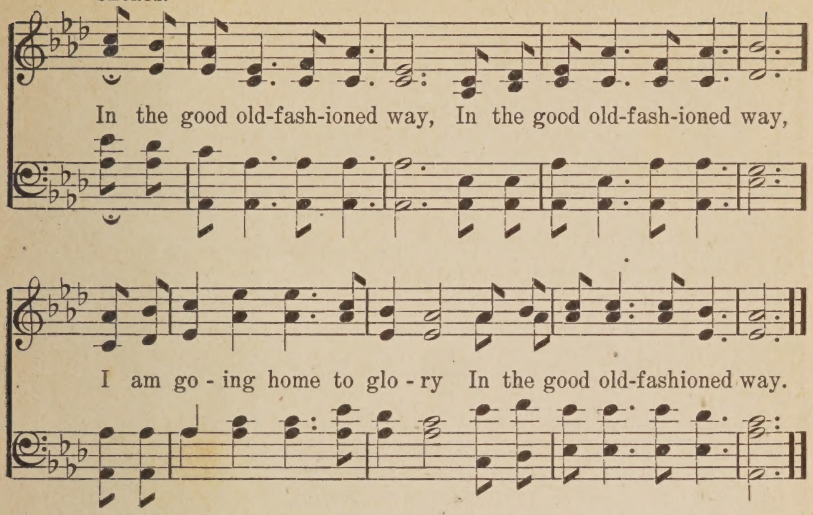
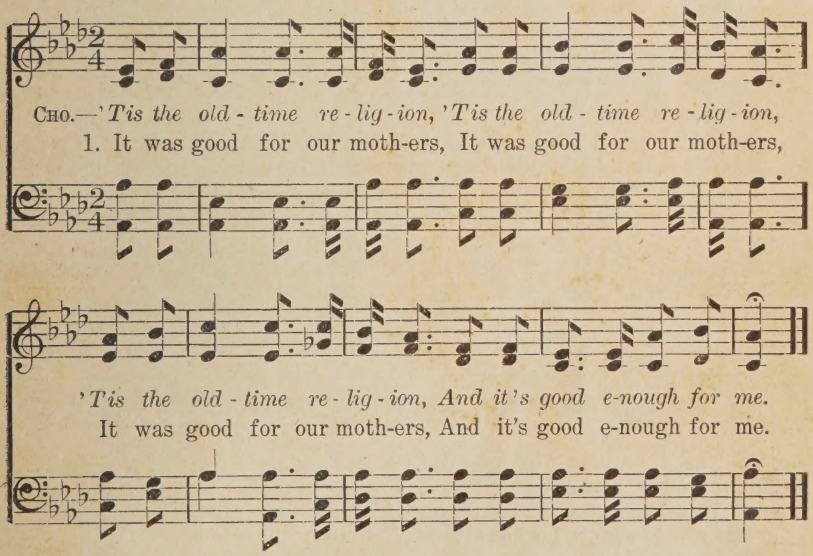
The Good Old-Fashioned Way.

CHORUS.



No. 9. The Old-Time Religion.

C. D. T. Charlie D. Tillman.


CHO.—'Tis the old - time re - lig - ion, 'Tis the old - time re - lig - ion,
1. It was good for our moth-ers, It was good for our moth-ers,
'Tis the old - time re - lig - ion, And it's good e-nough for me.
It was good for our moth-ers, And it's good e-nough for me.

2 Makes me love everybody.
3 It has saved our fathers.
4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.
5 It was good for the Hebrew children.
6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
8 It will do when I am dying.
9 It will take us all to heaven.

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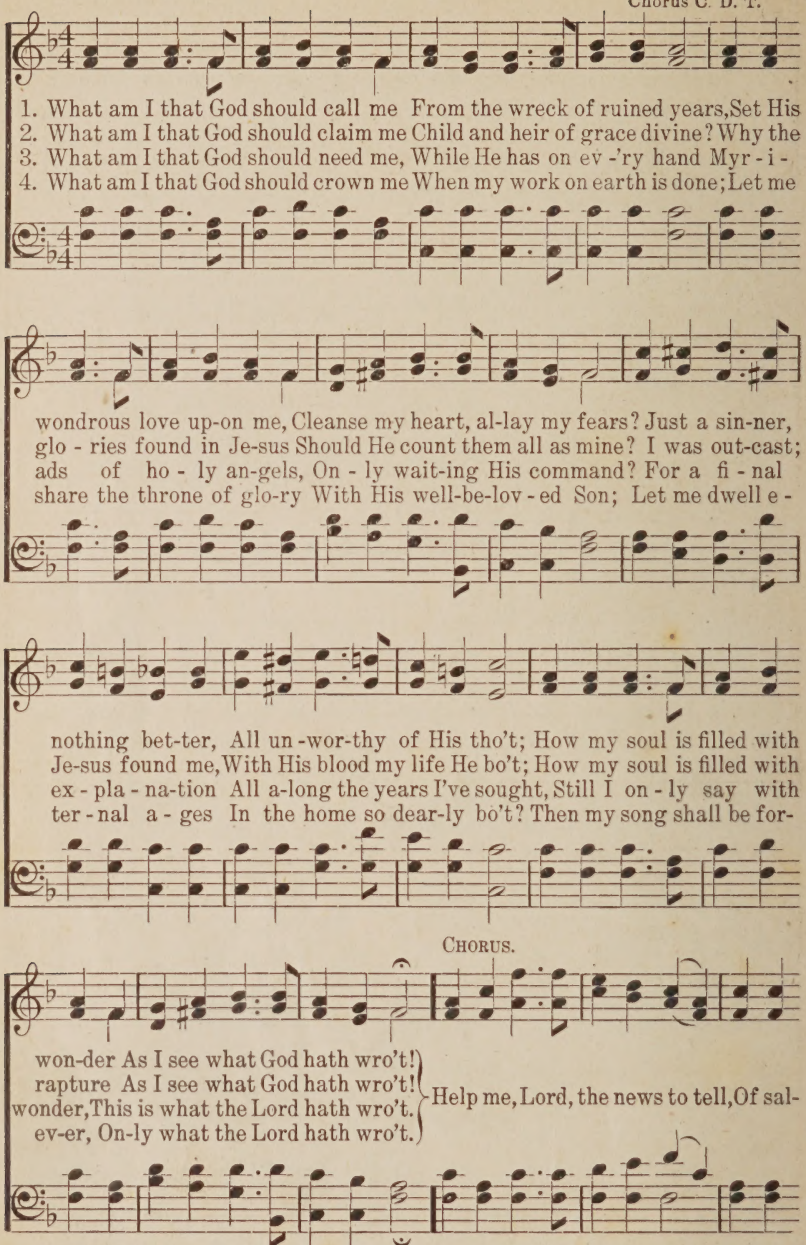
No. 10. What Am I?

Mrs. C. D. Martin. Ran. C. Storey.
Chorus C. D. T.


1. What am I that God should call me From the wreck of ruined years, Set His
2. What am I that God should claim me Child and heir of grace divine? Why the
3. What am I that God should need me, While He has on ev-'ry hand Myr-i-
4. What am I that God should crown me When my work on earth is done; Let me
wondrous love up-on me, Cleanse my heart, al-lay my fears? Just a sin-ner,
glo-ries found in Je-sus Should He count them all as mine? I was out-cast;
ads of ho-ly an-gels, On-ly wait-ing His command? For a fi-nal
share the throne of glo-ry With His well-be-lov-ed Son; Let me dwell e-
nothing bet-ter, All un-wor-thy of His tho't; How my soul is filled with
Je-sus found me, With His blood my life He bo't; How my soul is filled with
ex-pla-na-tion All a-long the years I've sought, Still I on-ly say with
ter-nal a-ges In the home so dear-ly bo't? Then my song shall be for-
CHORUS.
won-der As I see what God hath wro't!
rapture As I see what God hath wro't!
wonder, This is what the Lord hath wro't.
ev-er, On-ly what the Lord hath wro't.
Help me, Lord, the news to tell, Of sal-

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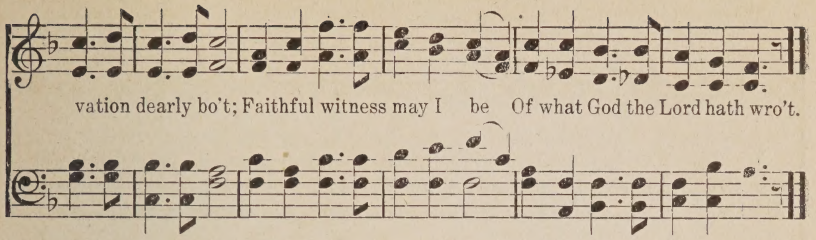
What Am I?



No. 11. Tongues of Fire.

T. H. Thoro Harris.

1. 'T was the bless-ed day of Pen- te-cost When the Spirit, sent from heav'n,
2. Then they spake with joy the living word, They were nevermore dis-mayed;
3. Send Thy Spir - it down on us, dear Lord, While we wait before Thy throne;
On the head of each dis - ci - ple fell, From the Father's presence giv'n.
And the hearts of all were deeply stirred By the wonders God displayed.
Give Thy servants grace to speak Thy word, Let them fear but Thee a-lone.
CHORUS.
When the tongues of fire, the tongues of fire, Fell on each dis - ci - ple's head,
They were filled with pow'r to preach that hour, "Christ is risen from the dead."

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No. 12. What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

Joseph Scriven. C. C. Converse.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri-als and temp-ta-tions? Is there troub-le an-y-where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y-la-den, Cumbered with a load of care?
What a priv-i-lege to car-ry Ev-'ry-thing to God in pray'r!
We should nev-er be dis-cour-aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
Pre-cious Sav-ior, still our ref-uge,—Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
O what peace we oft-en for-feit, O what needless pain we bear,
Can we find a Friend so faith-ful, Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;
All be-cause we do not car-ry Ev-'ry-thing to God in pray'r!
Je-sus knows our ev-'ry weakness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r!
In His arms He'll take and shield thee; Thou wilt find a sol-ace there.

No. 13. Times of Refreshing.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

1. Win-dows of heav-en are o - pen to - day, Show-ers of blessing are
2. Children of God, who have turned from their sin, Earnestly seek now the
3. Sin - ners are call-ing on God night and day, O - ver the mul - ti-tudes
float- ing our way; 'T is the ful - fil - ment of God's bless - ed word,
lost ones to win; Flow-ers are grow-ing where once grew the briar;
Je - sus holds sway; Man - y are sing- ing the new song of love,
CHORUS.
He is now shedding His Spir-it a-broad.
God is bap - tiz-ing His peo-ple with fire.
Hav-ing re-ceived the new life from above.
Times of re-fresh-ing are
com-ing a-gain, There is a sound of abundance of rain; Rouse you, O
Christian, be gird-ed with pow'r, O-pen your heart to the heavenly show'r.

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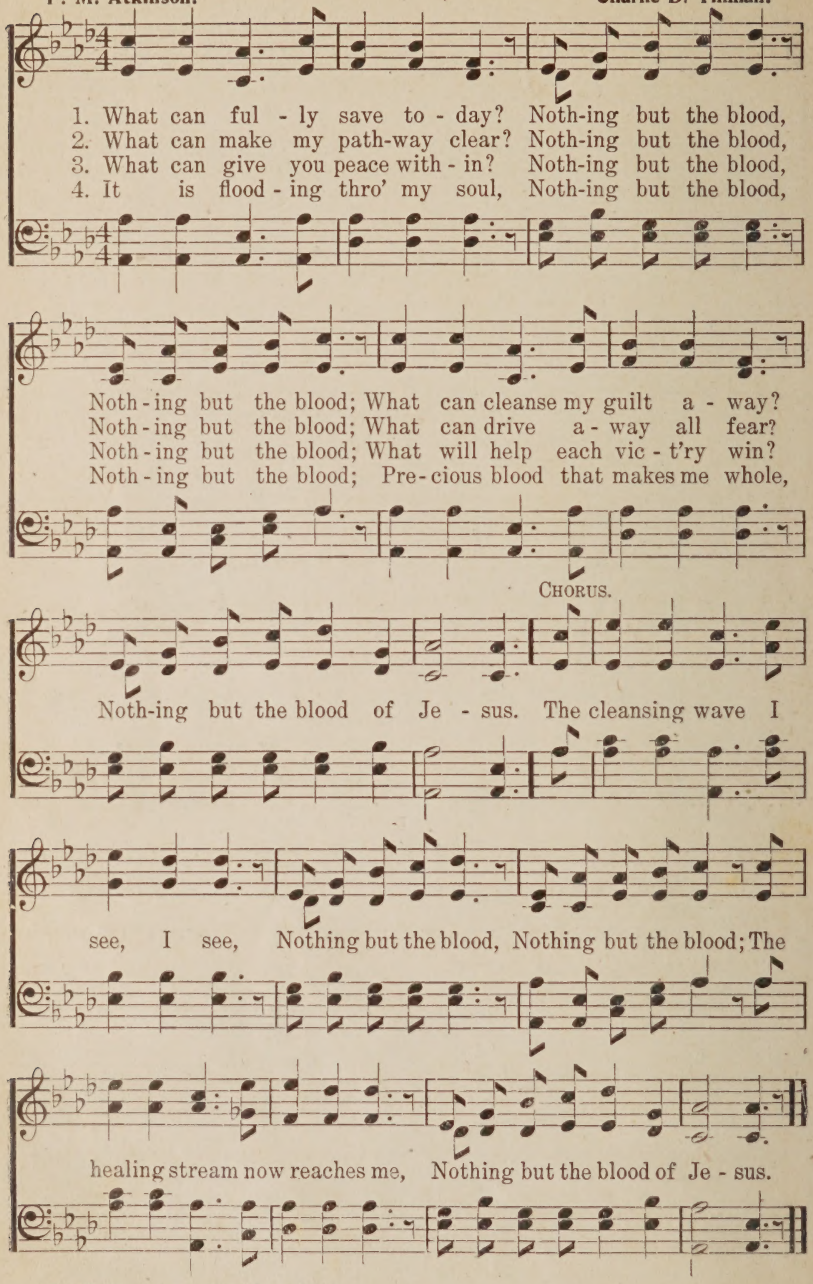
No. 14. The Blood of Jesus.

F. M. Atkinson. Charlie D. Tillman.


1. What can ful - ly save to - day? Noth-ing but the blood,
2. What can make my path-way clear? Noth-ing but the blood,
3. What can give you peace with - in? Noth-ing but the blood,
4. It is flood - ing thro' my soul, Noth-ing but the blood,
Noth-ing but the blood; What can cleanse my guilt a - way?
Noth-ing but the blood; What can drive a - way all fear?
Noth-ing but the blood; What will help each vic - t'ry win?
Noth-ing but the blood; Pre-cious blood that makes me whole,
CHORUS.
Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus. The cleansing wave I
see, I see, Nothing but the blood, Nothing but the blood; The
healing stream now reaches me, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

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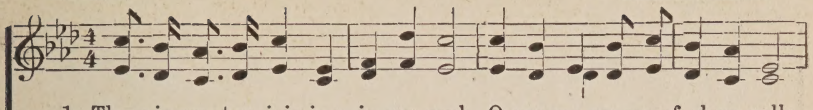
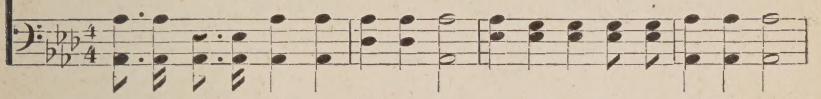
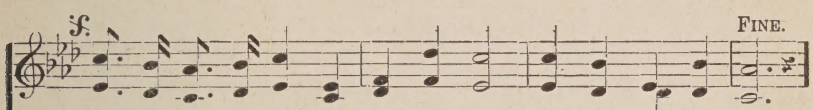
No. 15. Safe On the Rock.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

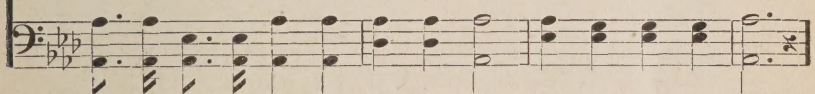


1. There is great re-joic-ing in my soul, O-ver me waves of glory roll;
2. I am singing now a glad new song, Praising Jesus the whole day long;
3. Days of gloom and doubting now are past, I am safe on the Rock at last;
4. While I live on earth my song shall be, Of this Sav-ior who died for me;



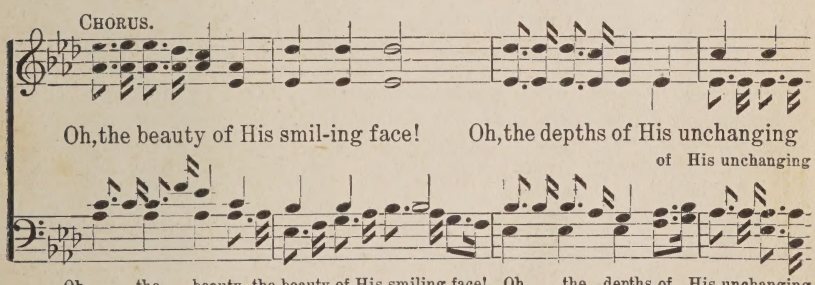


For I feel the joy of par-don'd sin, — Je - sus dwells with-in.
For it was to save the lost He came, Glo - ry to His name.
Lean-ing on His ev - er - last - ing arm, Death no more can harm.
And at last on heav'n's e - ter - nal shore, Praise Him ev - er-more.



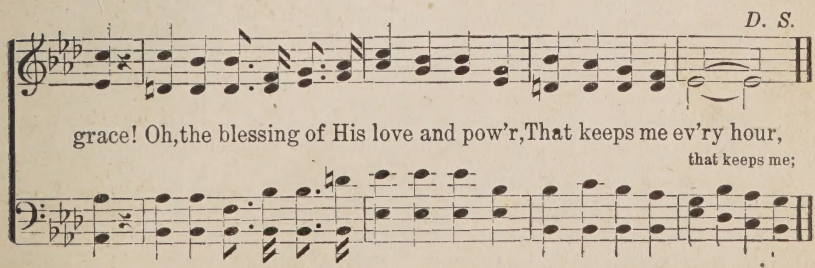
D. S.—*Praise His name for - ev - er, He is mine, Glo - ry! I am His.*

CHORUS.



Oh, the beauty of His smil-ing face! Oh, the depths of His unchanging
of His unchanging
Oh, the beauty, the beauty of His smiling face! Oh, the depths of His unchanging

D. S.



grace! Oh, the blessing of His love and pow'r, That keeps me ev'ry hour,
that keeps me;

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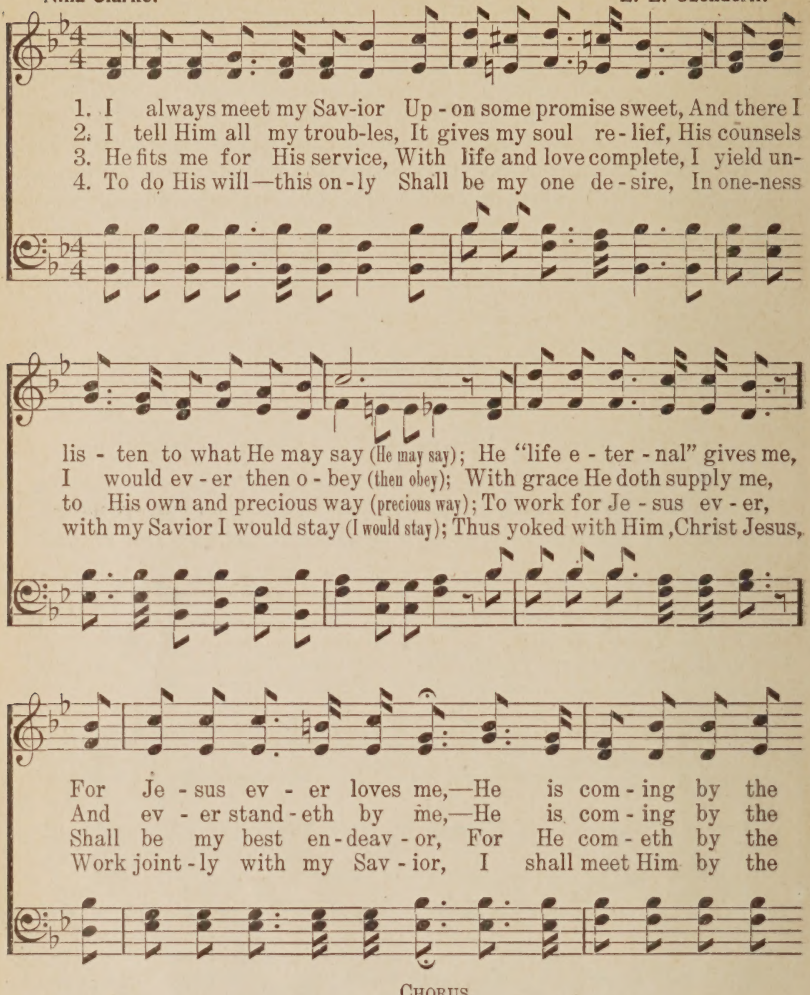
No. 16. Coming by the Promise Way.

1 John 2: 25; Heb. 2; 17; Luke 24: 49; II Peter 1: 4.

Nina Clarke. E. L. Ozendorff.


1. I always meet my Sav-ior Up - on some promise sweet, And there I
2. I tell Him all my troub-les, It gives my soul re - lief, His counsels
3. He fits me for His service, With life and love complete, I yield un-
4. To do His will—this on - ly Shall be my one de - sire, In one-ness
lis - ten to what He may say (He may say); He "life e - ter - nal" gives me,
I would ev - er then o - bey (then obey); With grace He doth supply me,
to His own and precious way (precious way); To work for Je - sus ev - er,
with my Savior I would stay (I would stay); Thus yoked with Him, Christ Jesus,
For Je - sus ev - er loves me,—He is com - ing by the
And ev - er stand - eth by me,—He is com - ing by the
Shall be my best en - deav - or, For He com - eth by the
Work joint - ly with my Sav - ior, I shall meet Him by the
Chorus.
prom-ise way to-day. He is com-ing by the promise way,
yes, to-day.

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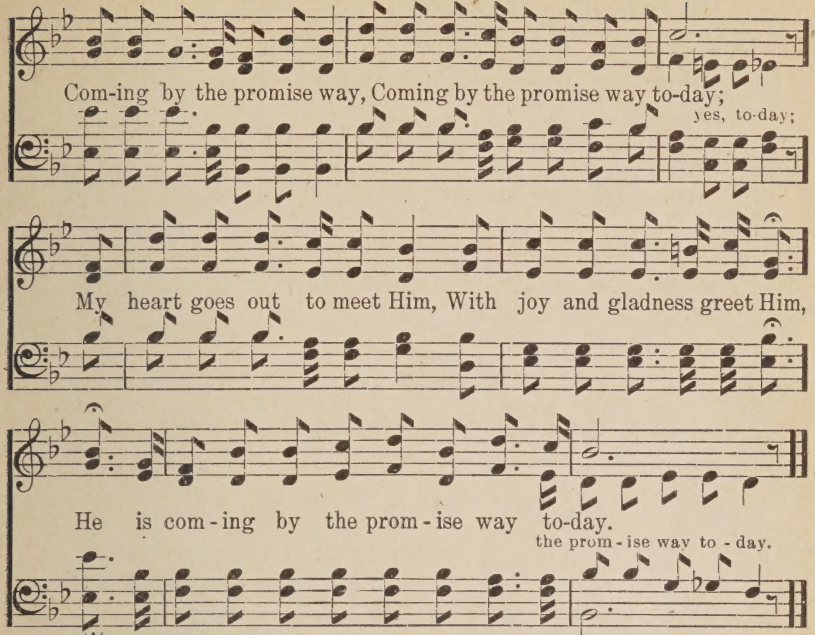
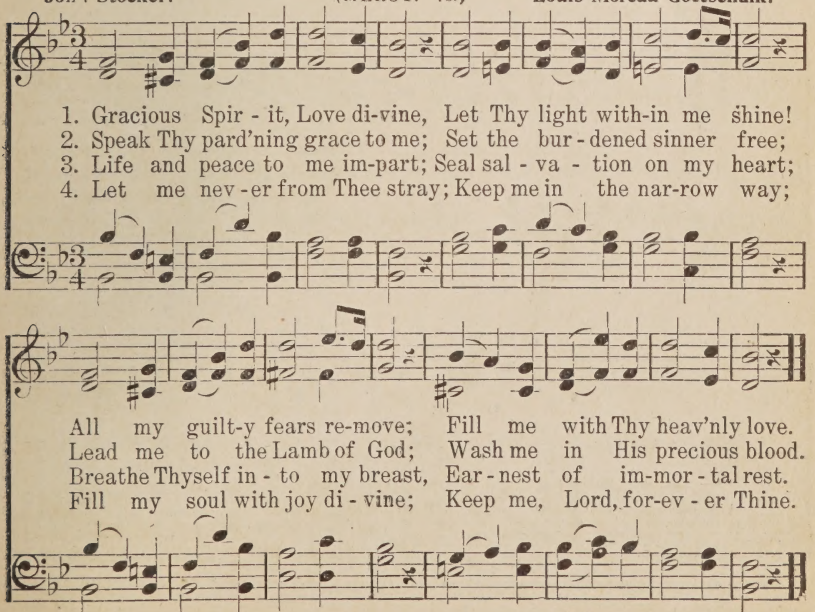
Coming by the Promise Way.


Com-ing by the promise way, Coming by the promise way to-day;
yes, to-day;
My heart goes out to meet Him, With joy and gladness greet Him,
He is com-ing by the prom-ise way to-day.
the prom-ise way to-day.

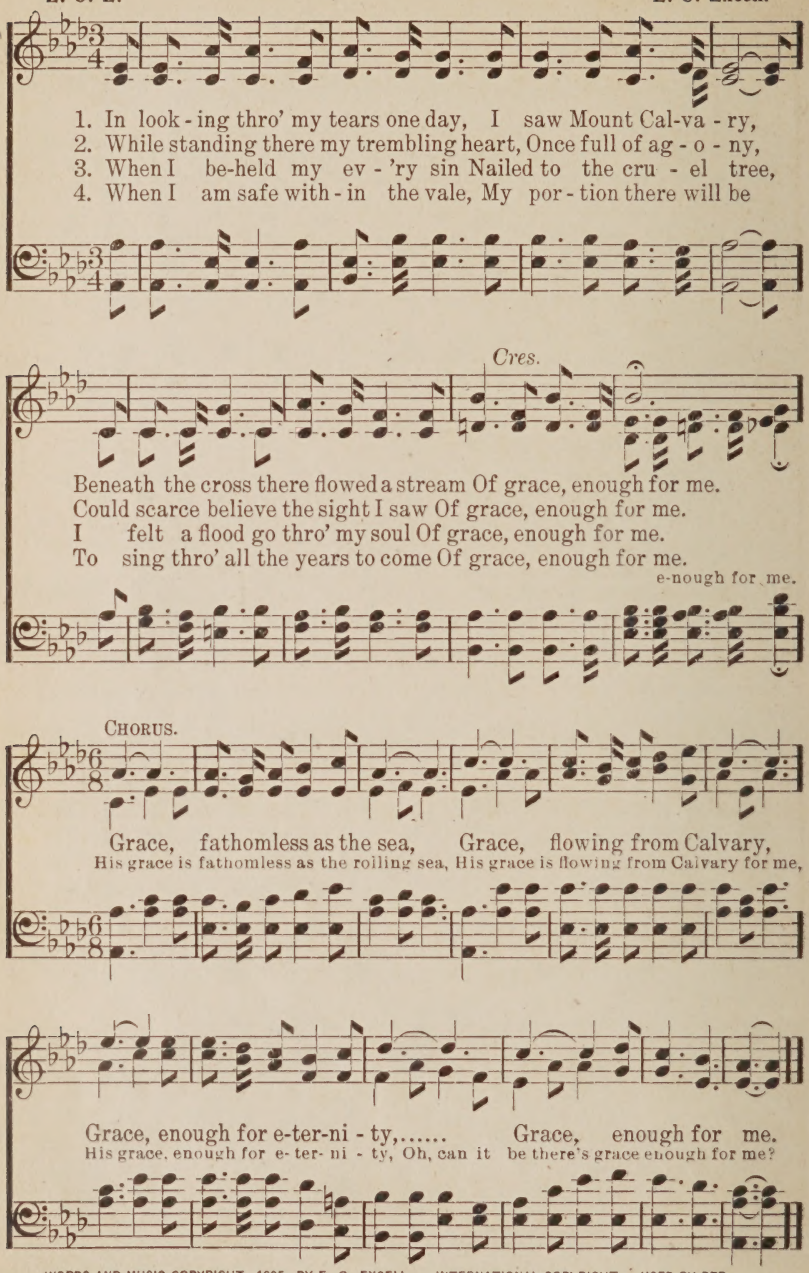
No. 17. Gracious Spirit, Love Divine.

John Stocker. (MERCY. 7s.) Louis Moreau Gottschalk.


1. Gracious Spir-it, Love di-vine, Let Thy light with-in me shine!
2. Speak Thy pard'ning grace to me; Set the bur-dened sinner free;
3. Life and peace to me im-part; Seal sal-va-tion on my heart;
4. Let me nev-er from Thee stray; Keep me in the nar-row way;
All my guilt-y fears re-move; Fill me with Thy heav'nly love.
Lead me to the Lamb of God; Wash me in His precious blood.
Breathe Thyself in-to my breast, Ear-nest of im-mor-tal rest.
Fill my soul with joy di-vine; Keep me, Lord, for-ev-er Thine.

No. 18. Grace, Enough for Me.

E. O. E. E. O. Excell.


1. In look - ing thro' my tears one day, I saw Mount Cal-va - ry,
2. While standing there my trembling heart, Once full of ag - o - ny,
3. When I be-held my ev - 'ry sin Nailed to the cru - el tree,
4. When I am safe with - in the vale, My por - tion there will be
Cres.
Beneath the cross there flowed a stream Of grace, enough for me.
Could scarce believe the sight I saw Of grace, enough for me.
I felt a flood go thro' my soul Of grace, enough for me.
To sing thro' all the years to come Of grace, enough for me.
e-nough for me.
CHORUS.
Grace, fathomless as the sea, Grace, flowing from Calvary,
His grace is fathomless as the rolling sea, His grace is flowing from Calvary for me,
Grace, enough for e-ter-ni - ty,..... Grace, enough for me.
His grace, enough for e- ter- ni - ty, Oh, can it be there's grace enough for me?

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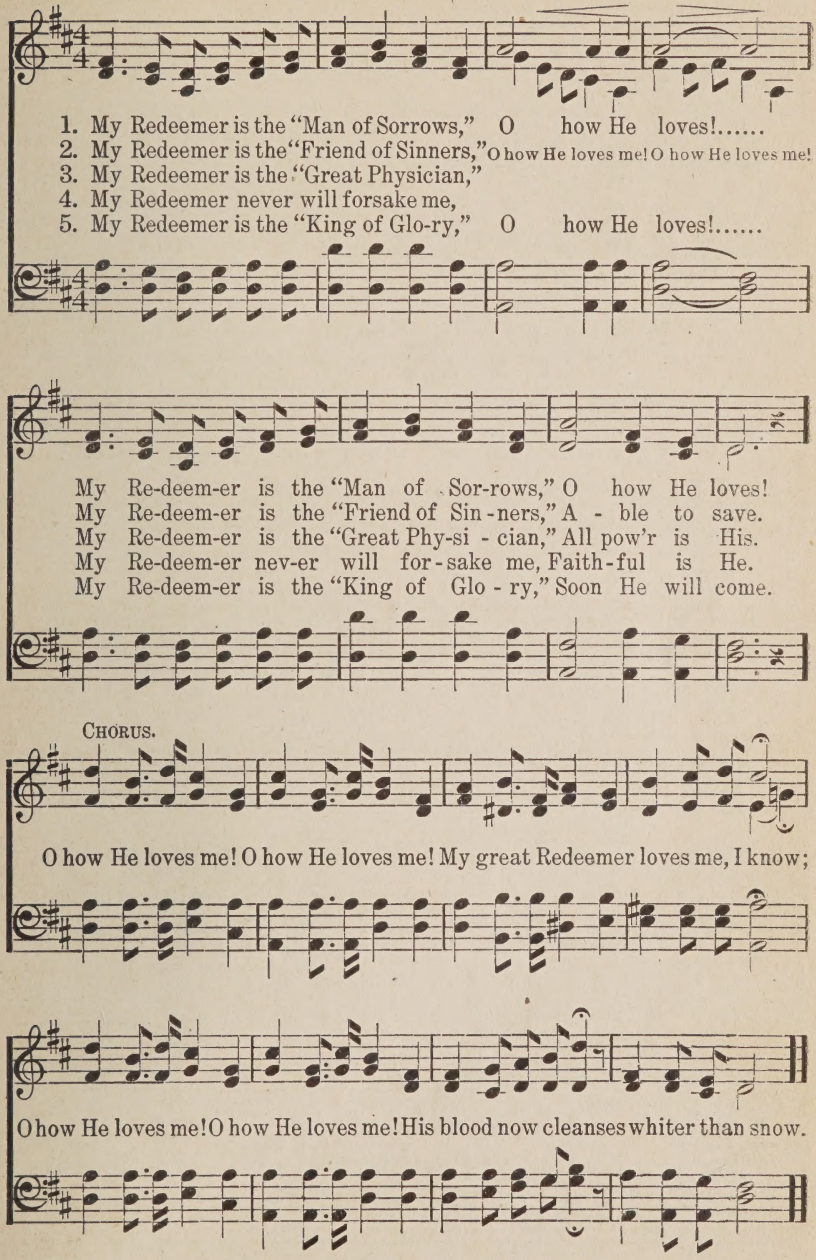
No. 19. My Redeemer.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.


1. My Redeemer is the "Man of Sorrows," O how He loves!.....
2. My Redeemer is the "Friend of Sinners," O how He loves me! O how He loves me!
3. My Redeemer is the "Great Physician,"
4. My Redeemer never will forsake me,
5. My Redeemer is the "King of Glo-ry," O how He loves!.....
My Re-deem-er is the "Man of Sor-rows," O how He loves!
My Re-deem-er is the "Friend of Sin-ners," A - ble to save.
My Re-deem-er is the "Great Phy-si - cian," All pow'r is His.
My Re-deem-er nev-er will for-sake me, Faith-ful is He.
My Re-deem-er is the "King of Glo - ry," Soon He will come.
CHORUS.
O how He loves me! O how He loves me! My great Redeemer loves me, I know;
O how He loves me! O how He loves me! His blood now cleanses whiter than snow.

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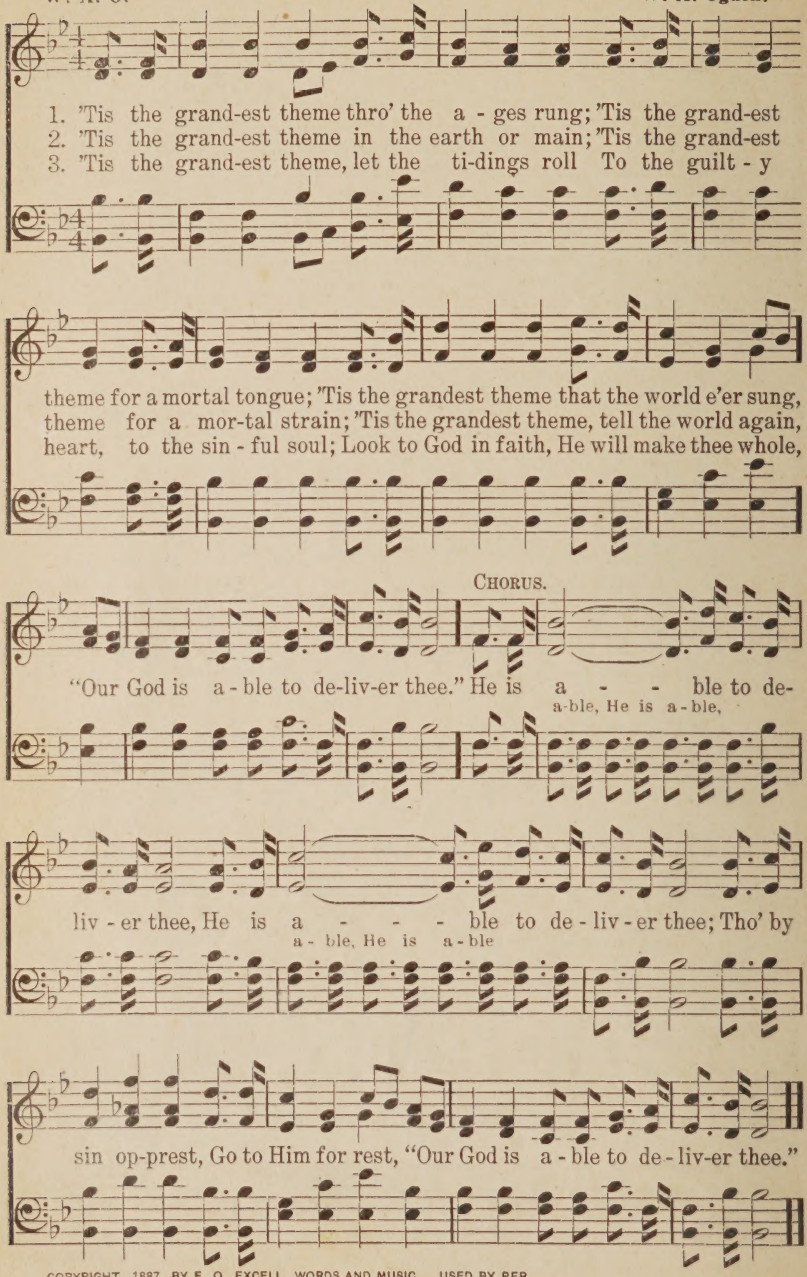
No. 20. He is Able to Deliver Thee.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.


1. 'Tis the grand-est theme thro' the a - ges rung; 'Tis the grand-est
2. 'Tis the grand-est theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the grand-est
3. 'Tis the grand-est theme, let the ti-dings roll To the guilt - y
theme for a mortal tongue; 'Tis the grandest theme that the world e'er sung,
theme for a mor-tal strain; 'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world again,
heart, to the sin - ful soul; Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole,
CHORUS.
"Our God is a - ble to de-liv-er thee." He is a - - ble to de-
a-ble, He is a-ble,
liv - er thee, He is a - - - ble to de - liv - er thee; Tho' by
a - ble, He is a-ble
sin op-prest, Go to Him for rest, "Our God is a - ble to de - liv-er thee."

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No. 21. His Yoke is Easy.

Edgar Lewis. L. E. Jones.

1. Oh, come to the Lord, at His side press a - long, His yoke is
2. His mer - cy is bound-less, His heart full of love, His yoke is
3. He seeks for the lost in the by - ways of sin, His yoke is
eas - y to bear; While walking with Him swell the chorus of song, His
eas - y to bear; He leads all who will to the man-sions a - bove, His
eas - y to bear; His in - fi - nite love would the wanderer win, His
CHORUS.
yoke is eas - y to bear. His yoke is eas - y, His bur-den is light;
He'll give you strength and courage, and keep you day and night; His yoke is
eas - y, oh, do not de-spair, It is eas - y, so eas - y to bear.

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No. 22. Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson. Wm. G. Fischer.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole;
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies,
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat;
4. Lord Je - sus, Thou seest I pa - tient - ly wait;
I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul;
And help me to make a com - plete sac - ri - fice;
I wait, bless - ed Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet;
Come now, and with - in me a new heart cre - ate;
Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe; Now
I give up my - self, and what - ev - er I know; O
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow; O
To those who have sought Thee, Thou nev - er said'st "No!" O
CHORUS.
wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whiter than snow, yes,
whit-er than snow; O wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

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No. 23. Oh, It is Wonderful.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I stand all amazed at the love Je- sus of-fers me, Confused at the
2. I mar - vel that He would descend from His throne divine, To rescue a
3. I think of His hands, pierced and bleeding, to pay the debt! Such mercy, such
grace that so ful - ly He prof-fers me; I trem- ble to know that for
soul so re - bel-lious and proud as mine; That He should extend His great
love and de - vo-tion can I for- get? No, no, I will praise and a-
Rit.
Rit.
me He was cru-ci-fied, That for me, a sinner, He suffered, He bled and died.
love un - to such as I, Suf-fi-cient to own, to re-deem, and to jus - ti - fy.
dore at the mer-cy-seat, Until at the glorified throne I kneel at His feet.
CHORUS.
Oh, it is won - der-ful that He should care for me, E-nough to
won - der - ful!
die for me; Oh, it is won - der-ful, won - der-ful to me!
won - der - ful!

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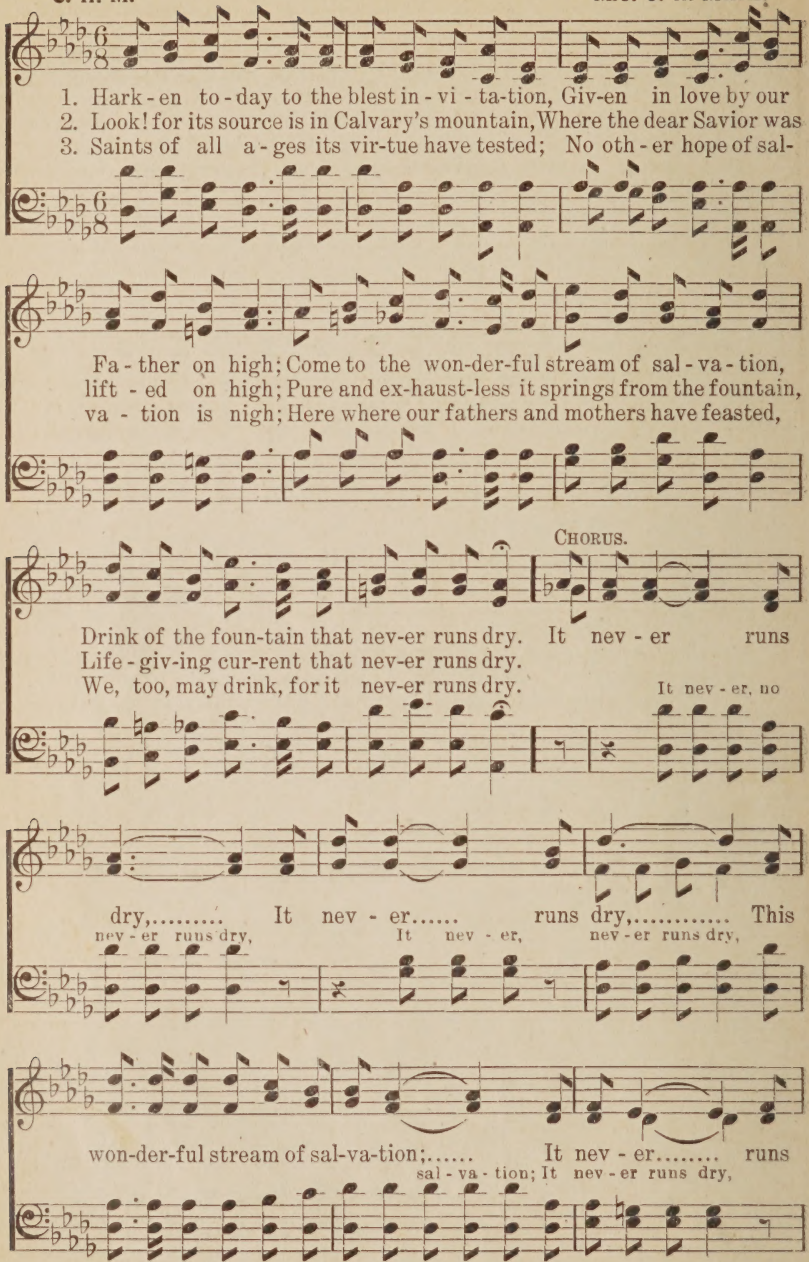
No. 24. It Never Runs Dry.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. Hark - en to - day to the blest in - vi - ta-tion, Giv-en in love by our
2. Look! for its source is in Calvary's mountain, Where the dear Savior was
3. Saints of all a - ges its vir-tue have tested; No oth - er hope of sal-
Fa - ther on high; Come to the won-der-ful stream of sal - va - tion,
lift - ed on high; Pure and ex-haust-less it springs from the fountain,
va - tion is nigh; Here where our fathers and mothers have feasted,
CHORUS.
Drink of the foun-tain that nev-er runs dry. It nev - er runs
Life - giv-ing cur-rent that nev-er runs dry.
We, too, may drink, for it nev-er runs dry.
It nev - er, no
dry,..... It nev - er..... runs dry,..... This
nev - er runs dry, It nev - er, nev - er runs dry,
won-der-ful stream of sal-va-tion;..... It nev - er..... runs
sal - va - tion; It nev - er runs dry,

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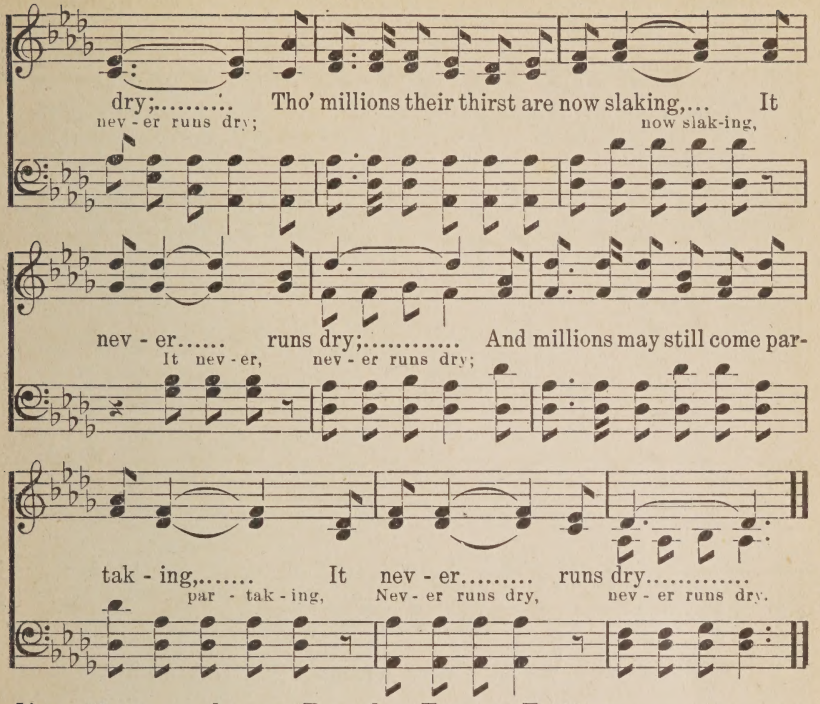
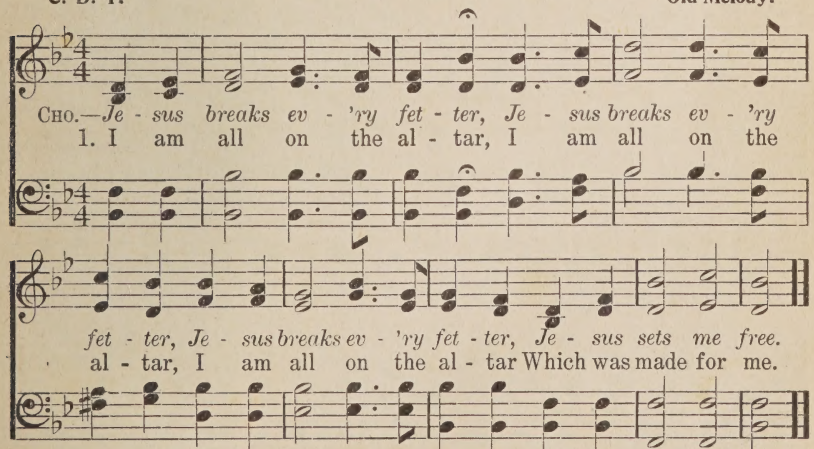
It Never Runs Dry.


dry;..... Tho' millions their thirst are now slaking,... It
nev - er runs dry; now slak-ing,
nev - er..... runs dry;..... And millions may still come par-
It nev - er, nev - er runs dry;
tak - ing,..... It nev - er..... runs dry.....
par - tak - ing, Nev - er runs dry, nev - er runs dry.

No. 25. Jesus Breaks Every Fetter.

C. D. T. Old Melody.


Cho.—Je - sus breaks ev - 'ry fet - ter, Je - sus breaks ev - 'ry
1. I am all on the al - tar, I am all on the
fet - ter, Je - sus breaks ev - 'ry fet - ter, Je - sus sets me free.
al - tar, I am all on the al - tar Which was made for me.

2 ‖: He accepts all I've brought Him, :‖
And that's even me.

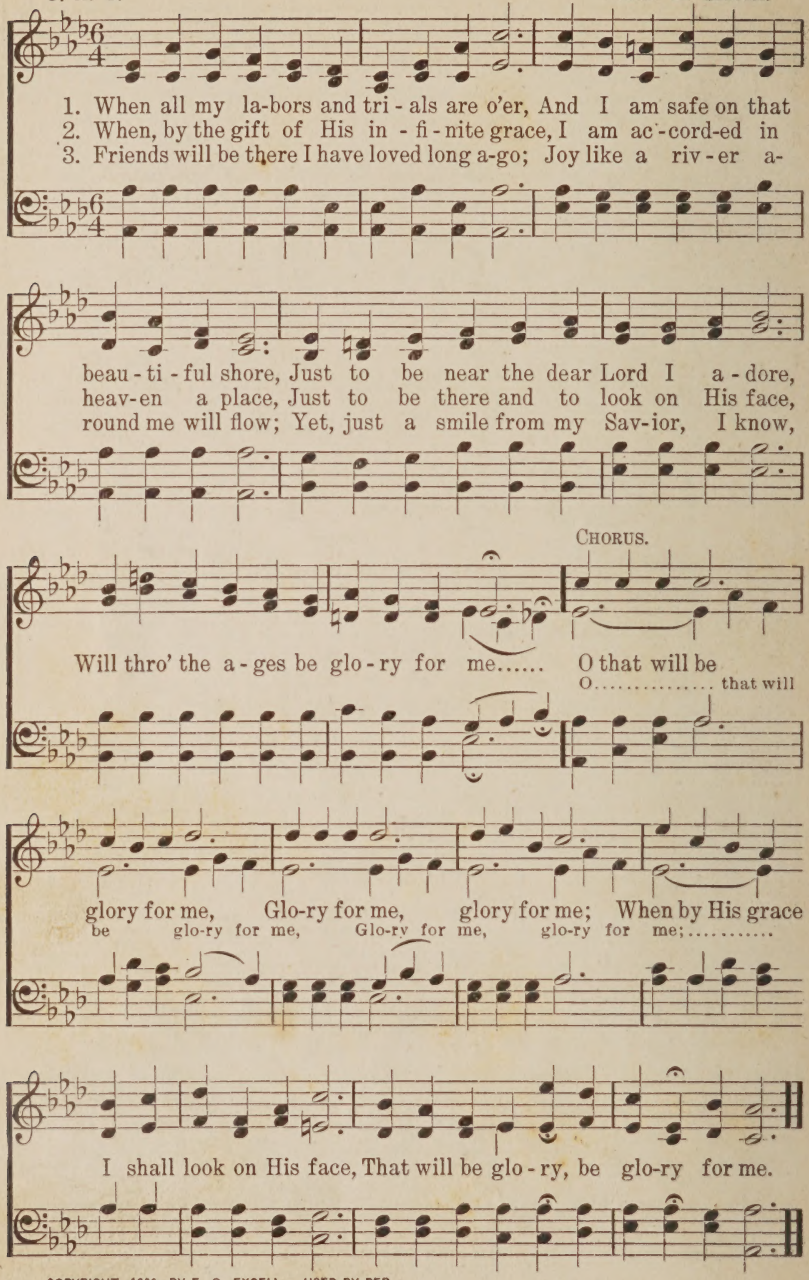
3 ‖: I will never more doubt Him, :‖
For He cleanses me.

4 ‖: I will rest on His promise, :‖
Which was made for me.

5 ‖: Hallelujah! I will praise Him, :‖
For He sets me free.

No. 26. O That Will Be Glory.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. When all my la-bors and tri-als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When, by the gift of His in-fi-nite grace, I am ac-cord-ed in
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a-go; Joy like a riv-er a-
beau-ti-ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a-dore,
heav-en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav-ior, I know,
CHORUS.
Will thro' the a-ges be glo-ry for me..... O that will be
O..... that will
glory for me, Glo-ry for me, glory for me; When by His grace
be glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me;.....
I shall look on His face, That will be glo-ry, be glo-ry for me.

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No. 27. O Jesus, I Come to Thee.

C. M. G. Rev. Clarence M. Gordon.

1. Have mer - cy on me, Thou Son of God, Re-store un-to me my sight,—
2. My heart too is dark, and filled with doubt, No joy or peace is mine;
3. Thou Spir - it of God, come in-to my heart, And help me to fill my life
4. Mine eyes have been opened! to God be the praise; The light of His love now I see;
It's all so dark, so ver - y dark, E-ven day is as dark as night.
But all can be changed to glorious light, At the sound of Thy voice di-vine.
With no - ble tho'ts and lov - ing deeds, As I go thro' this world of strife.
Lord, help me to teach transgressors Thy way, And point them above to Thee.
Chorus.
O Je - sus, I come to Thee (to Thee), O Je - sus, I come to Thee (to Thee),
O Je - sus, I come to Thee (to Thee), O Je - sus, I come to Thee (to Thee),
O Je - sus, I come to Thee (to Thee), O Je - sus, I come to Thee (to Thee),
O Je - sus, I'll fol-low Thee (yes, Thee), O Je-sus, I'll fol-low Thee (yes, Thee),
Touch Thou my blight and re-store my sight, O Je - sus, I come to Thee.
Touch Thou my heart and Thy grace impart, O Je - sus, I come to Thee.
Fill me this hour with Thy love and pow'r, O Je - sus, I come to Thee.
I have my sight and I see the light, O Je - sus, I'll fol - low Thee.

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No. 28. Open Your Heart to the Savior.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. O - pen your heart to the Sav - ior, Glad - ly the door o - pen wide,
2. O - pen your heart to the Sav - ior, Life and sal - va - tion now choose;
3. Welcome the heav-en - ly Stran - ger, Now, while He waits at the door,
Trust Him from sin to de - liv - er, Bid Him come in and a - bide.
Will you, for earth's fleeting pleasures, Life ev - er - last - ing re - fuse?
Lest He should leave you in an - ger, And should re-turn nev-er - more.
CHORUS.
O - pen your heart to the King of kings, Rich are the treasures He free- ly brings;
Rest to - day 'neath His shelt'ring wings, He is the Friend you need (you need).
O - pen your heart,..... O - pen your heart,... ...
O - pen the door of your heart, O - pen the door of your heart,

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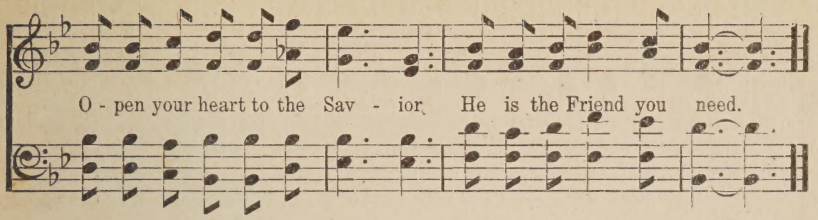
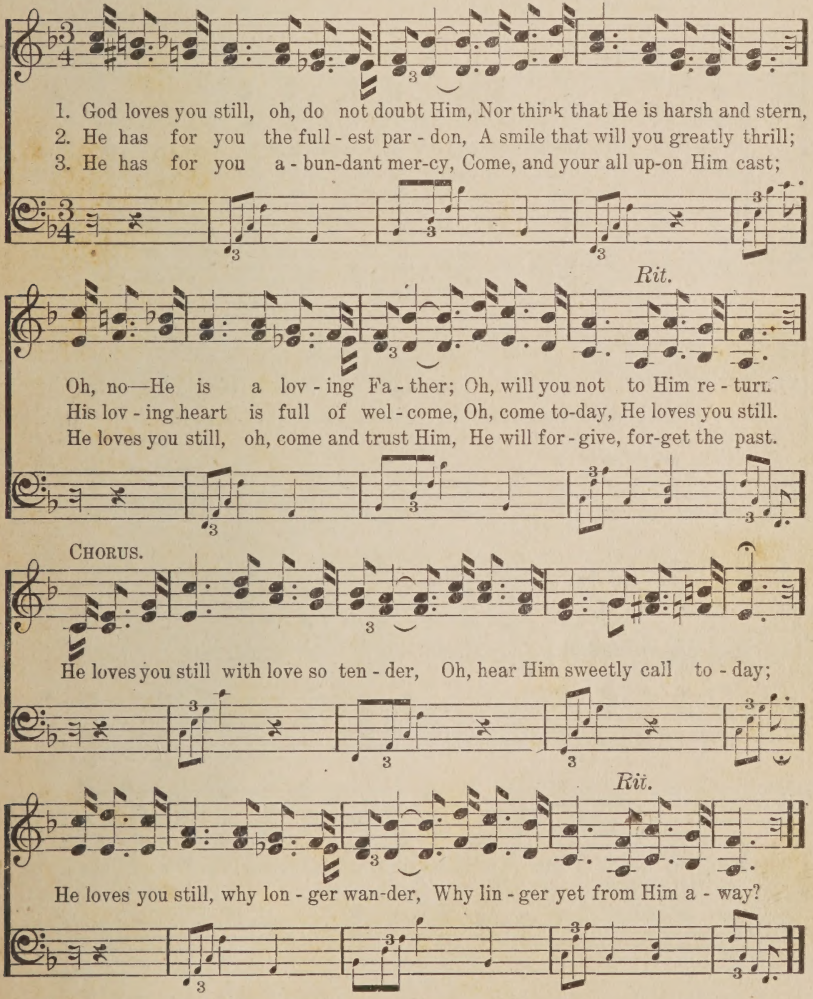
Open Your Heart to the Savior.



No. 29. He Loves You Still.

W. E. M. Wm. Edie Marks.


1. God loves you still, oh, do not doubt Him, Nor think that He is harsh and stern,
2. He has for you the full - est par - don, A smile that will you greatly thrill;
3. He has for you a - bun-dant mer-cy, Come, and your all up-on Him cast;
Rit.
Oh, no—He is a lov - ing Fa - ther; Oh, will you not to Him re - turn
His lov - ing heart is full of wel - come, Oh, come to-day, He loves you still.
He loves you still, oh, come and trust Him, He will for - give, for-get the past.
CHORUS.
He loves you still with love so ten - der, Oh, hear Him sweetly call to - day;
Rit.
He loves you still, why lon - ger wan-der, Why lin - ger yet from Him a - way?

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No. 30. There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. J. I. John 1: 7. L. E. Jones.

1. Would you be free from the bur-den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whiter, much whiter, than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv - ice for Jesus, your King? There's pow'r in the blood,
pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans - ing to Cal - va - ry's tide;
pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow;
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly His prais - es to sing?
Chorus.
There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
there is pow'r,
Won-der-working pow'r In the blood of the Lamb; There is
In the blood of the Lamb;
pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r In the precious blood of the Lamb.
there is pow'r,

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No. 31. Savior, Wash Me in the Blood.

Cowper. E. O. Excell.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.
2. The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
CHORUS.
Sav-ior, wash..... me in the blood, Sav - ior,
Sav - ior, wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Sav - ior,
wash..... me in the blood; O wash.....
wash me in the blood. in the blood, the blood of the Lamb; O wash me in the
..... me in the blood, And I shall be whiter than the snow.
blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb,

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

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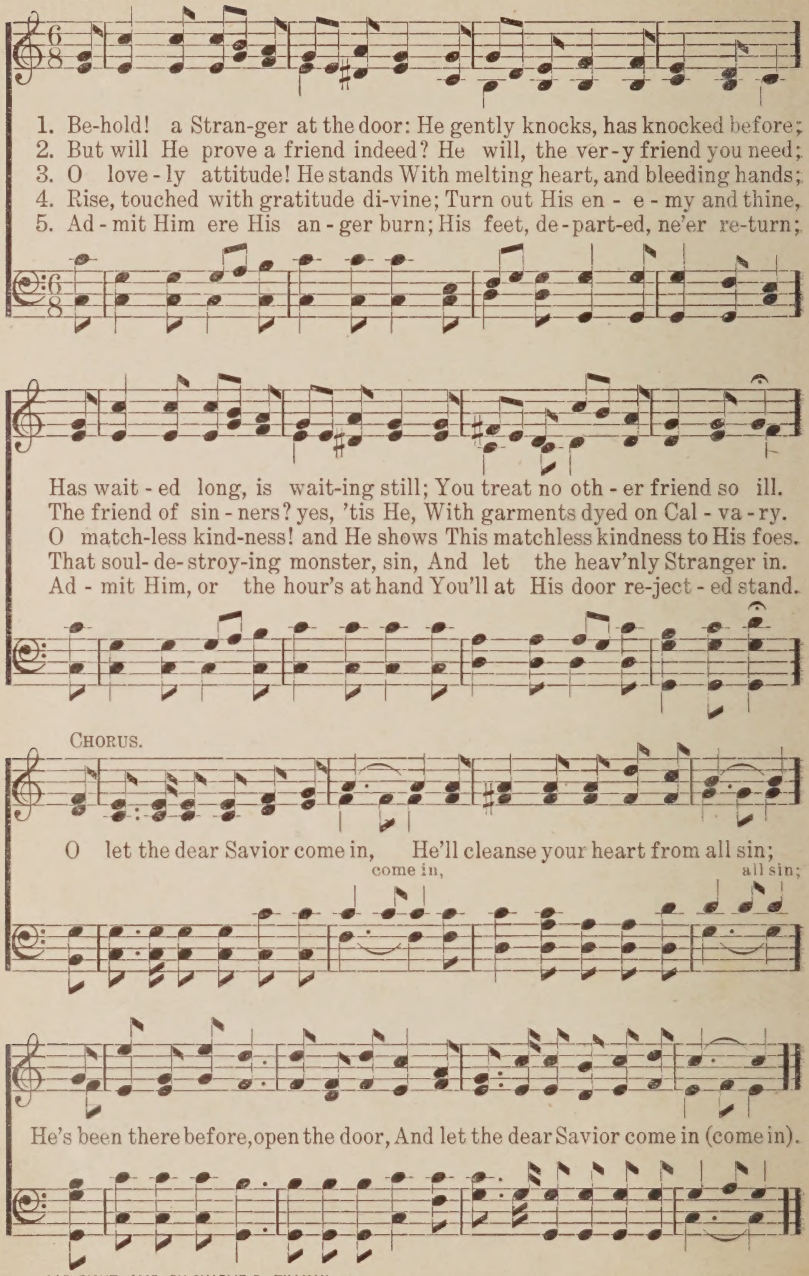
No. 32. Behold! a Stranger.

Joseph Grigg. Charlie D. Tillman.


1. Be-hold! a Stran-ger at the door: He gently knocks, has knocked before;
2. But will He prove a friend indeed? He will, the ver-y friend you need;
3. O love-ly attitude! He stands With melting heart, and bleeding hands;
4. Rise, touched with gratitude di-vine; Turn out His en - e - my and thine,
5. Ad-mit Him ere His an-ger burn; His feet, de-part-ed, ne'er re-turn;
Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
The friend of sin-ners? yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal-va-ry.
O match-less kind-ness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
That soul-de-stroy-ing monster, sin, And let the heav'nly Stranger in.
Ad-mit Him, or the hour's at hand You'll at His door re-ject-ed stand.
CHORUS.
O let the dear Savior come in, He'll cleanse your heart from all sin;
come in,
all sin;
He's been there before, open the door, And let the dear Savior come in (come in).

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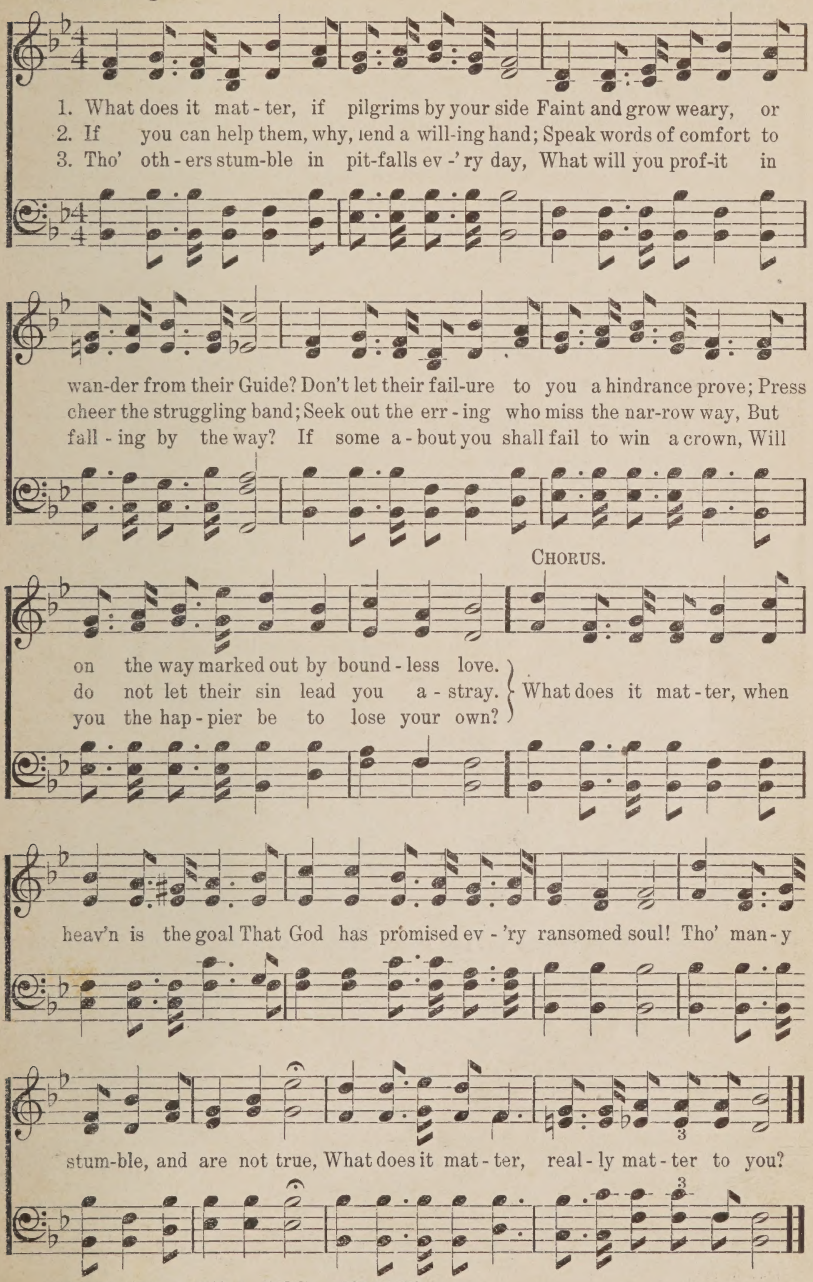
No. 33. What Does It Matter?

Laurene Highfield. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. What does it mat - ter, if pilgrims by your side Faint and grow weary, or
2. If you can help them, why, lend a will-ing hand; Speak words of comfort to
3. Tho' oth - ers stum-ble in pit-falls ev -' ry day, What will you prof-it in
wan-der from their Guide? Don't let their fail-ure to you a hindrance prove; Press
cheer the struggling band; Seek out the err - ing who miss the nar-row way, But
fall - ing by the way? If some a - bout you shall fail to win a crown, Will
CHORUS.
on the way marked out by bound - less love.
do not let their sin lead you a - stray.
you the hap - pier be to lose your own?
What does it mat - ter, when
heav'n is the goal That God has prómised ev - 'ry ransomed soul! Tho' man - y
stum-ble, and are not true, What does it mat - ter, real - ly mat - ter to you?

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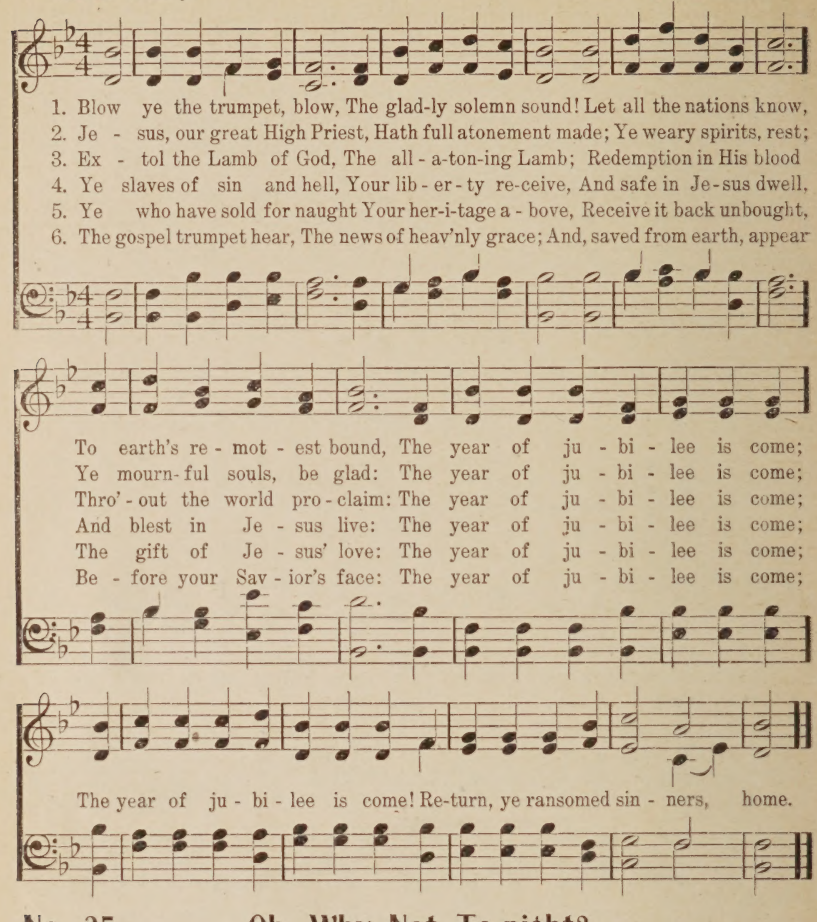
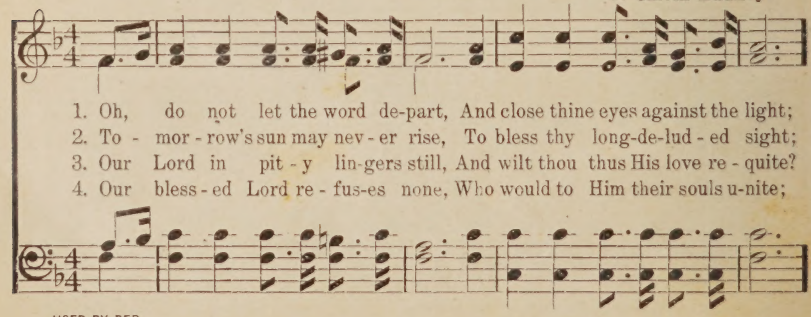
No. 34. Blow Ye the Trumpet, Blow.

Charles Wesley. Lewis Edson.


1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The glad-ly solemn sound! Let all the nations know,
2. Je - sus, our great High Priest, Hath full atonement made; Ye weary spirits, rest;
3. Ex - tol the Lamb of God, The all - a-ton-ing Lamb; Redemption in His blood
4. Ye slaves of sin and hell, Your lib - er - ty re-ceive, And safe in Je-sus dwell,
5. Ye who have sold for naught Your her-i-tage a - bove, Receive it back unbought,
6. The gospel trumpet hear, The news of heav'nly grace; And, saved from earth, appear
To earth's re - mot - est bound, The year of ju - bi - lee is come;
Ye mourn-ful souls, be glad: The year of ju - bi - lee is come;
Thro' - out the world pro - claim: The year of ju - bi - lee is come;
And blest in Je - sus live: The year of ju - bi - lee is come;
The gift of Je - sus' love: The year of ju - bi - lee is come;
Be - fore your Sav - ior's face: The year of ju - bi - lee is come;
The year of ju - bi - lee is come! Re-turn, ye ransomed sin - ners, home.

No. 35. Oh, Why Not To-night?

J. Calvin Bushey.


1. Oh, do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light;
2. To - mor - row's sun may nev - er rise, To bless thy long-de-lud - ed sight;
3. Our Lord in pit - y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re - quite?
4. Our bless - ed Lord re - fus-es none, Who would to Him their souls u-nite;

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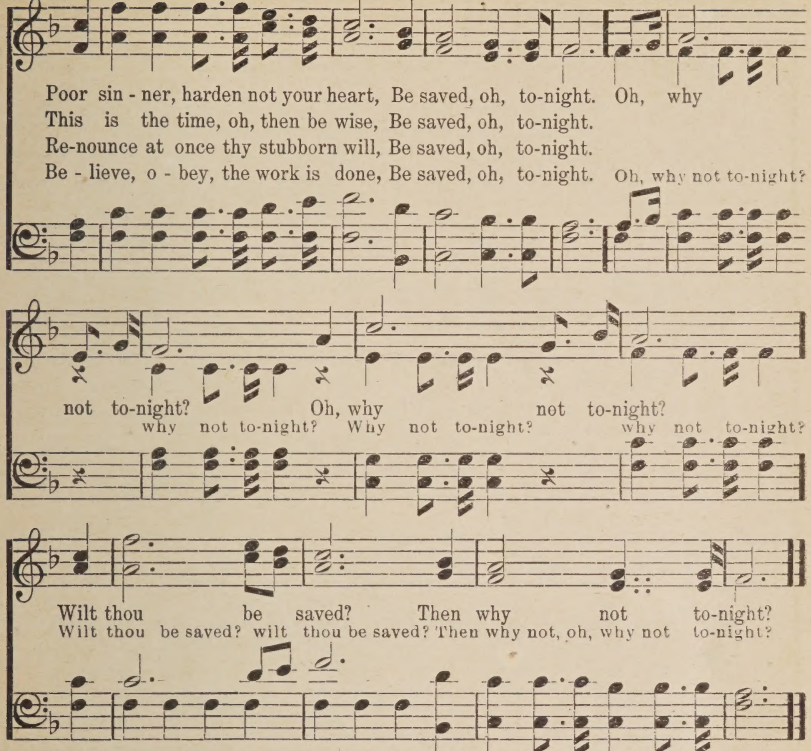
Oh, Why Not To-night?


CHORUS.
Poor sin - ner, harden not your heart, Be saved, oh, to-night. Oh, why
This is the time, oh, then be wise, Be saved, oh, to-night.
Re-nounce at once thy stubborn will, Be saved, oh, to-night.
Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, oh, to-night.
Oh, why not to-night?
not to-night? Oh, why not to-night?
why not to-night? Why not to-night? why not to-night?
Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
Wilt thou be saved? wilt thou be saved? Then why not, oh, why not to-night?

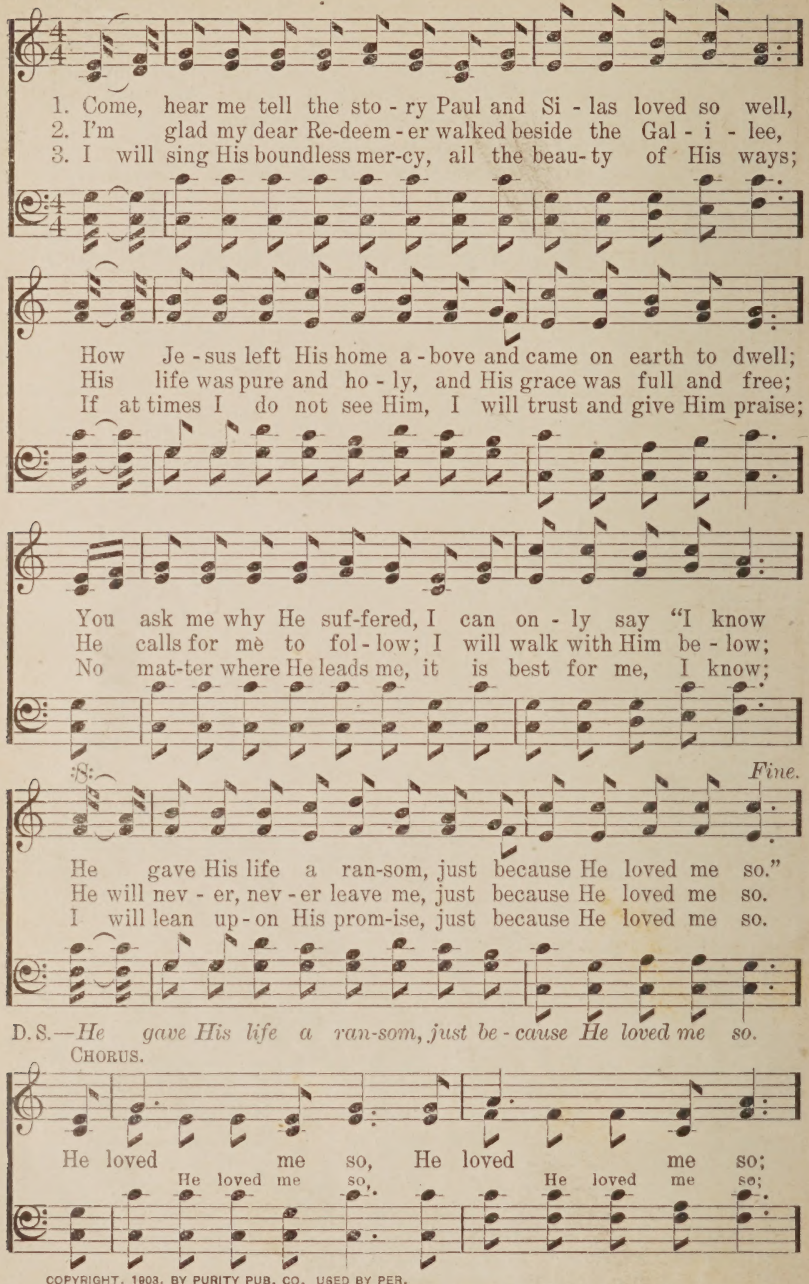
No. 36. Come to Jesus Just Now.

English Melody.

2 He will save you, etc.
3 He is able, etc.
4 He is willing, etc.
5 He is ready, etc.
6 He is waiting, etc.
7 He'll forgive you, etc.
8 If you trust Him, etc.
9 Oh, believe Him, etc.
10 Do not tarry, etc.
11 Don't reject Him, etc.
12 Hallelujah, etc.

No. 37. Just Because He Loved Me So.

J. E. F. J. E. French.


1. Come, hear me tell the sto - ry Paul and Si - las loved so well,
2. I'm glad my dear Re-deem - er walked beside the Gal - i - lee,
3. I will sing His boundless mer-cy, all the beau-ty of His ways;
How Je - sus left His home a - bove and came on earth to dwell;
His life was pure and ho - ly, and His grace was full and free;
If at times I do not see Him, I will trust and give Him praise;
You ask me why He suf-fered, I can on - ly say "I know
He calls for me to fol - low; I will walk with Him be - low;
No mat-ter where He leads me, it is best for me, I know;
Fine.
He gave His life a ran-som, just because He loved me so."
He will nev - er, nev - er leave me, just because He loved me so.
I will lean up - on His prom-ise, just because He loved me so.

D.S.—*He gave His life a ran-som, just be - cause He loved me so.*

CHORUS.

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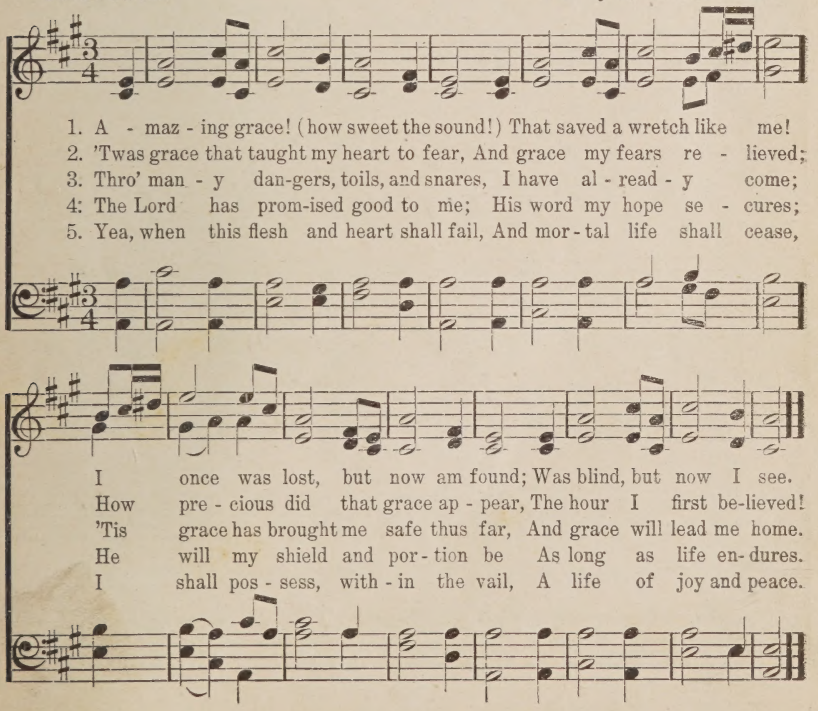
Just Because He Loved Me So.

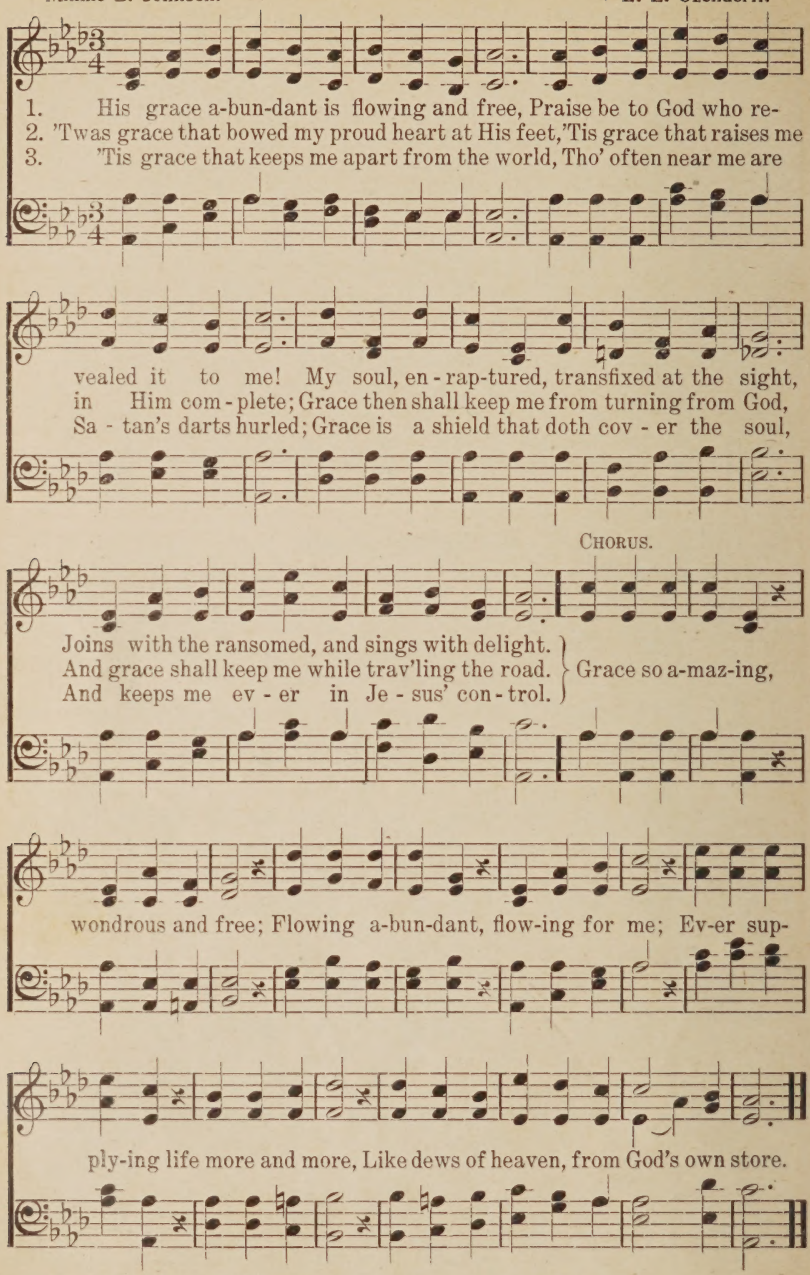
No. 38. Amazing Grace.

John Newton. Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.


1. A - maz - ing grace! (how sweet the sound!) That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
3. Thro' man - y dan-gers, toils, and snares, I have al - read - y come;
4. The Lord has prom-ised good to me; His word my hope se - cures;
5. Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mor - tal life shall cease,
I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.
How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear, The hour I first be-lieved!
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
He will my shield and por - tion be As long as life en - dures.
I shall pos - sess, with - in the vail, A life of joy and peace.

No. 39. Grace So Amazing.

Minnie B. Johnson. E. L. Ozendorff.


1. His grace a-bun-dant is flowing and free, Praise be to God who re-
2. 'Twas grace that bowed my proud heart at His feet, 'Tis grace that raises me
3. 'Tis grace that keeps me apart from the world, Tho' often near me are
vealed it to me! My soul, en - rap-tured, transfixed at the sight,
in Him com - plete; Grace then shall keep me from turning from God,
Sa - tan's darts hurled; Grace is a shield that doth cov - er the soul,
CHORUS.
Joins with the ransomed, and sings with delight.
And grace shall keep me while trav'ling the road.
And keeps me ev - er in Je - sus' con - trol.
Grace so a-maz-ing,
wondrous and free; Flowing a-bun-dant, flow-ing for me; Ev-er sup-
ply-ing life more and more, Like dews of heaven, from God's own store.

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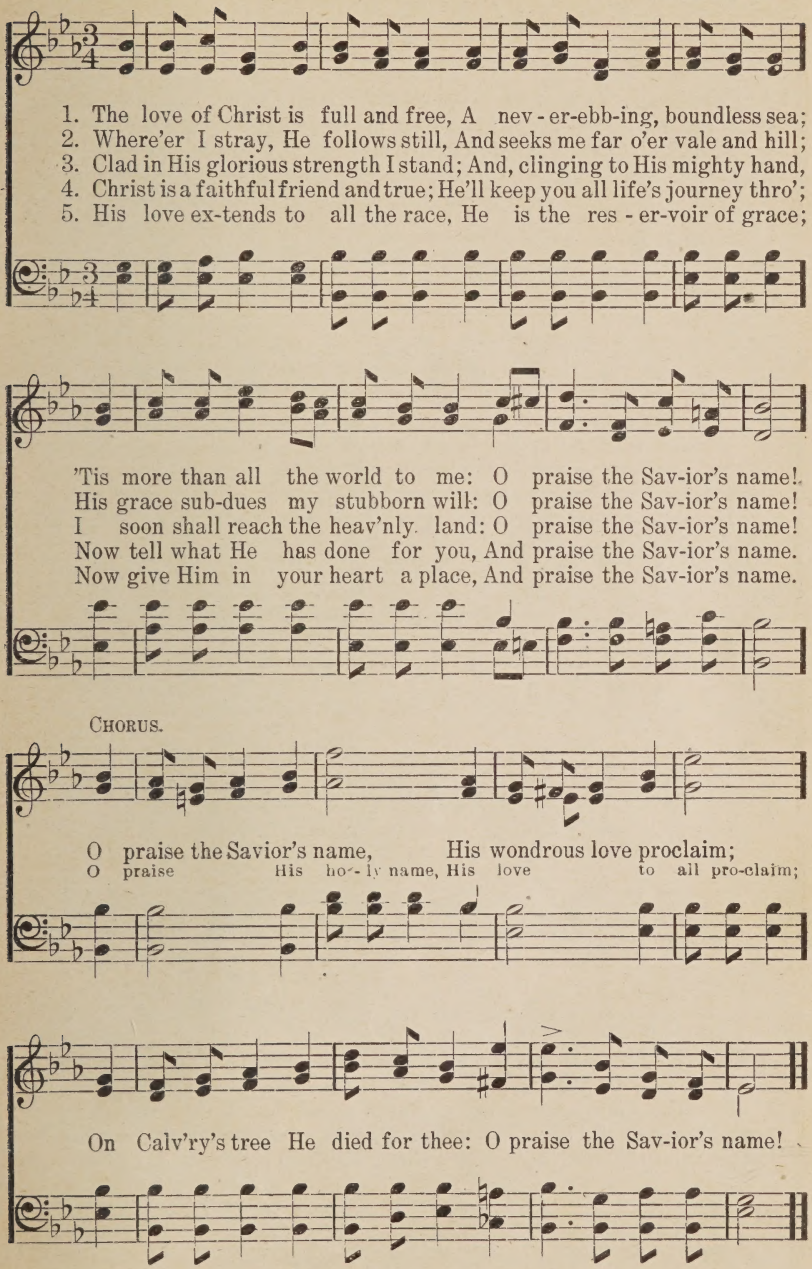
No. 40. Praise the Savior's Name.

T. H. Thoro Harris.


1. The love of Christ is full and free, A nev - er-ebb-ing, boundless sea;
2. Where'er I stray, He follows still, And seeks me far o'er vale and hill;
3. Clad in His glorious strength I stand; And, clinging to His mighty hand,
4. Christ is a faithful friend and true; He'll keep you all life's journey thro';
5. His love ex-tends to all the race, He is the res - er-voir of grace;
'Tis more than all the world to me: O praise the Sav-ior's name!
His grace sub-dues my stubborn will: O praise the Sav-ior's name!
I soon shall reach the heav'nly land: O praise the Sav-ior's name!
Now tell what He has done for you, And praise the Sav-ior's name.
Now give Him in your heart a place, And praise the Sav-ior's name.
CHORUS.
O praise the Savior's name, His wondrous love proclaim;
O praise His ho'- ly name, His love to all pro-claim;
On Calv'ry's tree He died for thee: O praise the Sav-ior's name!

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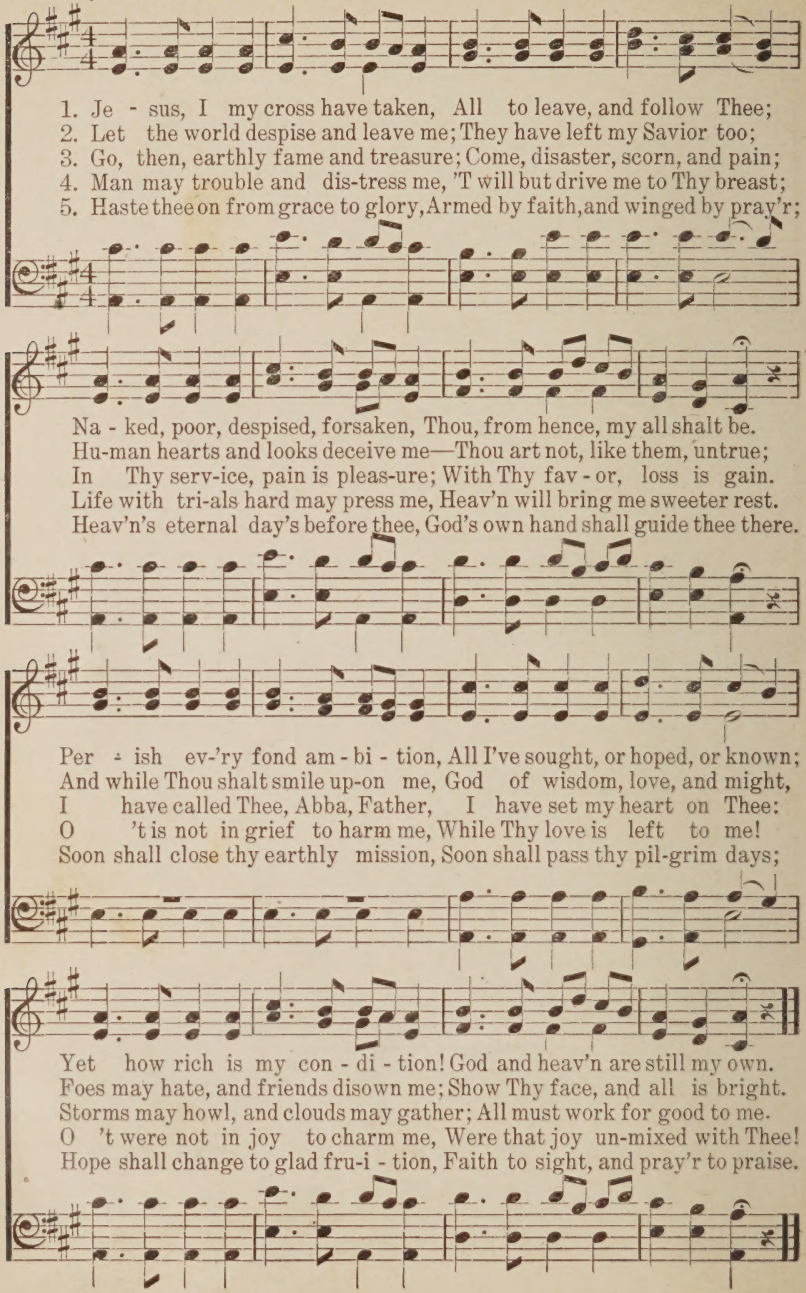
No. 41. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Henry Francis Lyte. From W. A. Mozart.


1. Je - sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave, and follow Thee;
2. Let the world despise and leave me; They have left my Savior too;
3. Go, then, earthly fame and treasure; Come, disaster, scorn, and pain;
4. Man may trouble and dis-tress me, 'T will but drive me to Thy breast;
5. Haste thee on from grace to glory, Armed by faith, and winged by pray'r;
Na - ked, poor, despised, forsaken, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Hu-man hearts and looks deceive me—Thou art not, like them, untrue;
In Thy serv-ice, pain is pleas-ure; With Thy fav - or, loss is gain.
Life with tri-als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Per - ish ev-'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
And while Thou shalt smile up-on me, God of wisdom, love, and might,
I have called Thee, Abba, Father, I have set my heart on Thee:
O 't is not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me!
Soon shall close thy earthly mission, Soon shall pass thy pil-grim days;
Yet how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own.
Foes may hate, and friends disown me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather; All must work for good to me.
O 't were not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un-mixed with Thee!
Hope shall change to glad fru-i - tion, Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.

No. 42. Step in Anywhere.

During one of the great battles of the Civil War, a recruit, who had lost his company in the strife, approached the General and timidly asked where he should "step in."
"Step in?" thundered in a voice that frightened the already terrified recruit, "Step in anywhere; there's fighting all along the line."

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. Would you be a sol - dier in the ar - my of the Lord, Fighting for His king-dom and e - ter - ni - ty's reward? Gird ye on the ar - mor, take the
2. Would you be a sol - dier? Reckon not too high the cost, Foes will be be- fore you, and the path by danger crossed; Fal-ter not for dan-ger, he who
3. Would you be a sol - dier? There is room for young or old; Will you vol-un- teer for serv-ice, ev - er true and bold? We shall win a tri-umph great-er
4. Would you be a sol - dier in a cause that can-not fail, Fac-ing ev - 'ry hard-ship with a faith that will not quail, Knowing, for 't is promised, that the
CHORUS.
Spir- it's might-y sword, And step in an - y - where.
hes - i - tates is lost, Just step in an - y - where.
than has yet been told, Then step in an - y - where.
faith-ful shall pre-vail? Then step in an - y - where.
Step in an - y-where,
Cres.
step in an - y-where, There's fighting all a - long the line, a-long the line; For
soldiers brave and true, there is fighting now to do, Then step in an - y-where.

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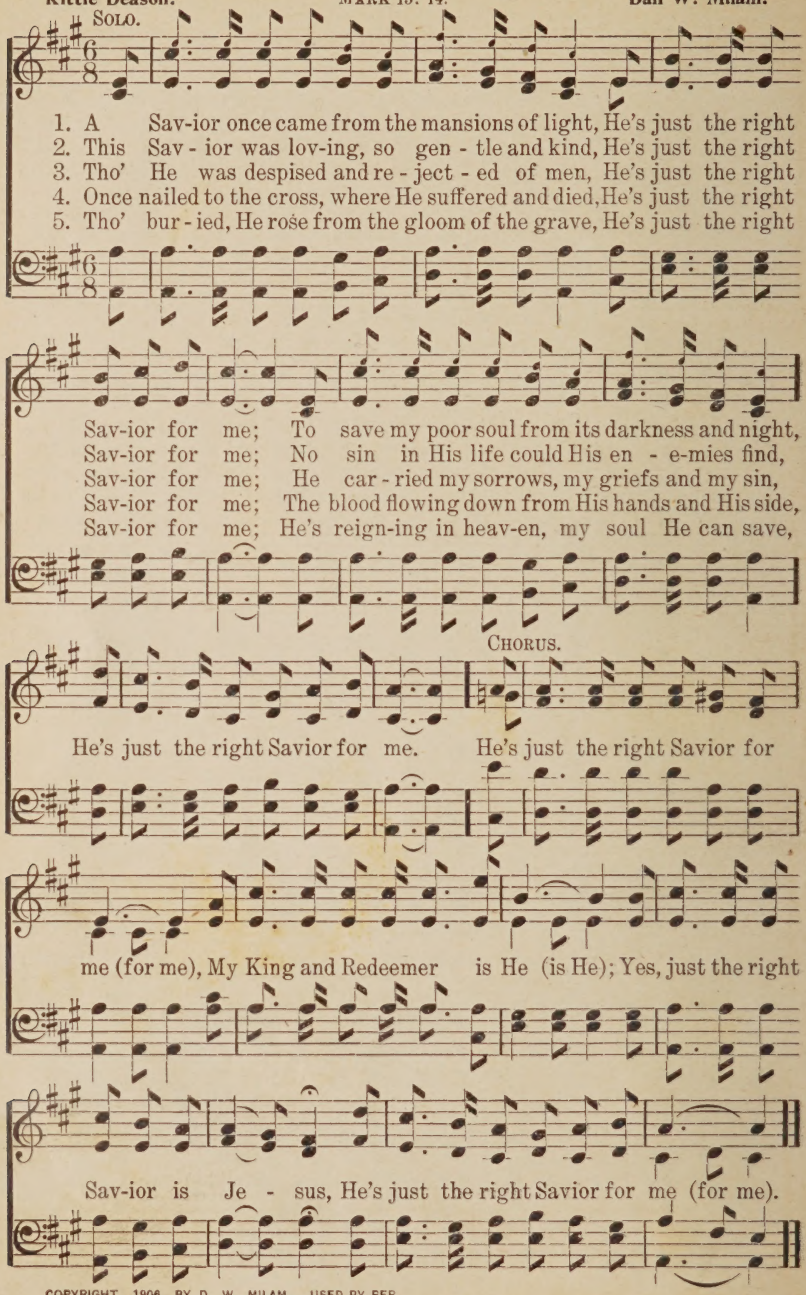
No. 43. Just the Right Savior is Jesus.

Kittie Deason. MARK 15: 14. Dan W. Milam.


SOLO.
1. A Sav-ior once came from the mansions of light, He's just the right
2. This Sav - ior was lov-ing, so gen - tle and kind, He's just the right
3. Tho' He was despised and re - ject - ed of men, He's just the right
4. Once nailed to the cross, where He suffered and died, He's just the right
5. Tho' bur - ied, He rose from the gloom of the grave, He's just the right
Sav-ior for me; To save my poor soul from its darkness and night,
Sav-ior for me; No sin in His life could His en - e-mies find,
Sav-ior for me; He car - ried my sorrows, my griefs and my sin,
Sav-ior for me; The blood flowing down from His hands and His side,
Sav-ior for me; He's reign-ing in heav-en, my soul He can save,
CHORUS.
He's just the right Savior for me. He's just the right Savior for
me (for me), My King and Redeemer is He (is He); Yes, just the right
Sav-ior is Je - sus, He's just the right Savior for me (for me).

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No. 44. Jesus is Waiting to Save.

E. O. E. E. O. Excell.

1. Why do you lin - ger in darkness so long? Je - sus is wait-ing to save;
2. Leave the broad road, and the narrow way choose, Jesus is waiting to save;
3. Time will not lin - ger; how soon we must go! Je - sus is wait-ing to save;
4. Je - sus is call-ing, O come un-to me! Je - sus is wait-ing to save;
5. While we are praying, oh, stay not a - way, Je - sus is wait-ing to save;
save you now;
Have you not friends in the heav-en-ly throng? Je - sus is wait-ing to save.
An - gels are long - ing to tell the glad news, Je - sus is wait-ing to save.
Why turn a - way, and to Je - sus say, No? Je - sus is wait-ing to save.
Par - don is purchased, sal-va-tion is free, Je - sus is wait-ing to save.
Come to Him now, not a mo-ment de-lay, Je - sus is wait-ing to save.
save you now.
CHORUS.
Come to Him now, come to Him now, Je - sus is wait - ing to save;
save you now;
Come to Him now, come to Him now, Je - sus is wait - ing to save.
save you now.

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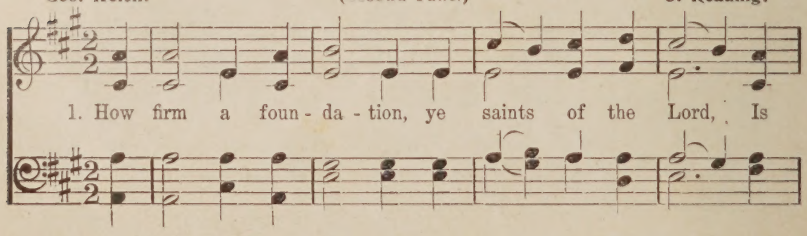
No. 45. How Firm a Foundation.

Geo. Keith. Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.

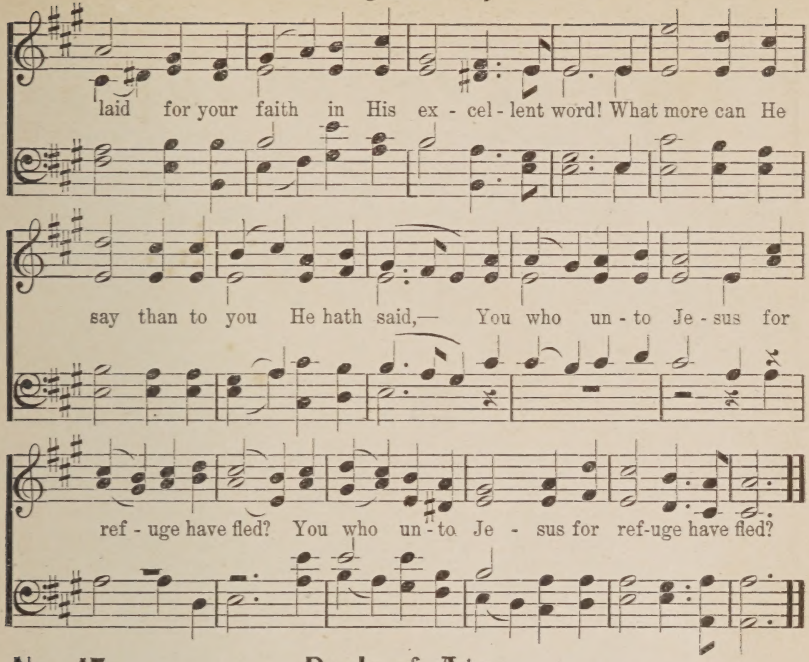
1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. "In ev - 'ry con - di - tion—in sick-ness, in health, In pov - er - ty's
3. "Fear not: I am with thee: O be not dismayed; I, I am thy
4. "E'en down to old age all my peo - ple shall prove My sov-'reign, e-
5. "The soul that on Je - sus still leans for re - pose, I will not, I
faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say than to
vale, or a - bound - ing in wealth, At home and a - broad, on the
God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
ter - nal, un - change - a - ble love; And when hoar - y hairs shall their
can - not de - sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en-
you He hath said,—You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
land, on the sea— As your days may demand, shall thy strength ev-er be.
cause thee to stand, Up - held by my righteous, om - nip - o - tent hand.
tem - ples a - dorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bos - om be borne.
deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er for-sake."

No. 46. Portuguese Hymn.

Geo. Keith. (Second Tune.) J. Reading.

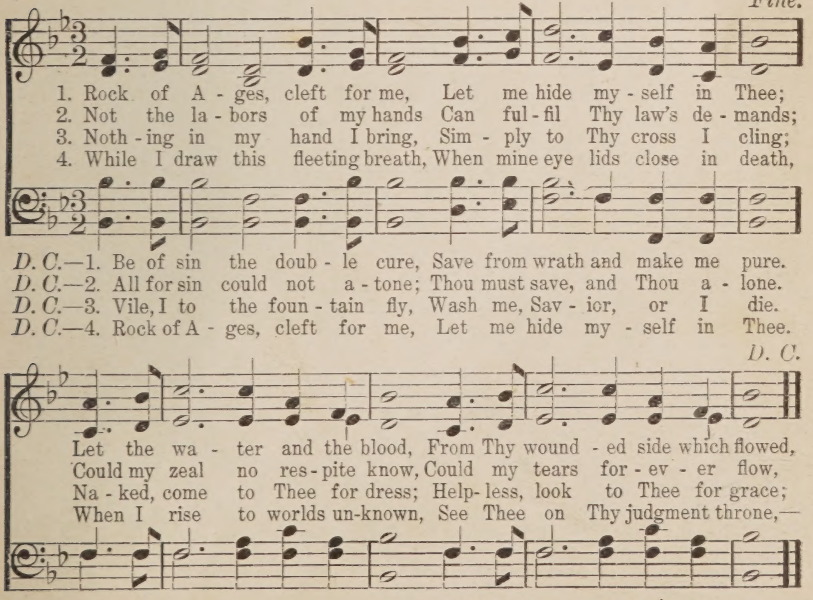


Portuguese Hymn.


laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He
say than to you He hath said,— You who un - to Je - sus for
ref - uge have fled? You who un - to Je - sus for ref-uge have fled?

No. 47. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. Dr. Thos. Hastings.


Fine.
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful - fil Thy law's de - mands;
3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleeting breath, When mine eye lids close in death,
D. C.—1. Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
D. C.—2. All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
D. C.—3. Vile, I to the foun - tain fly, Wash me, Sav - ior, or I die.
D. C.—4. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.
D. C.
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,
Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
Na - ked, come to Thee for dress; Help - less, look to Thee for grace;
When I rise to worlds un-known, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—

No. 48. Why Not Say Yes To-night?

Effie Wells Loucks. Louis D. Eichhorn.

DUET.

1. O why not say Yes to the Sav - ior to - night? He's ten - der - ly plead-ing with thee
2. For with you the Spir - it will not al-ways plead,—O do not re- ject Him to - night!
3. Take Christ as your Sav - ior, then all shall be well, The mor-row let bring what it may;

To come to Him now with thy sin-bur-dened heart
To-mor - row may bring you the dark-ness of death,
His love shall pro - tect you, His Spir - it shall guide,

CHORUS.

For par - don so full and so free.....
Un-bro - ken by heav - en - ly light..... Why not say Yes to-
And safe - ly keep you in His way..... Why not say Yes to the

so free.
heav'nly light.
His way.

night?..... Why not? Why not? While He so
Sav - ior to-night? Say Yes! Say Yes!

Why not say Yes? Why not to - night?

gen - tly, so ten - der - ly pleads? O ac - cept Him to - night!.....
ac - cept Him to - night!

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No. 49. How the Fire Fell.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. Miriam E. Oatman.

1. O I love to tell the bless-ed sto - ry, Since the Lord
2. All my doubts and fears are gone for-ev - er, Since the Lord
3. To the world no more my heart is turn - ing, Since the Lord
4. There's a crown a - wait-ing me in heav - en, Since the Lord
sanc - ti - fied me, For my soul re - ceived a flood of glo - ry,
sanc - ti - fied me, For His peace flowed o'er me like a riv - er,
sanc - ti - fied me, For on me His Spir - it fell with burn - ing,
sanc - ti - fied me, For a heart made clean to me was giv - en,
CHORUS.
When the Lord sanc-ti-fied me. O I nev - er can for-get how the
fire fell, How the fire fell, how the fire fell; O I
nev - er can for-get how the fire fell, When the Lord sanc-ti-fied me.

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No. 50. Standing On the Promises.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.

1. Standing on the prom-is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal
2. Standing on the prom-is - es that can - not fail, When the howl - ing
3. Standing on the prom-is - es, I now can see Per - fect, pres - ent
4. Standing on the prom-is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e-
5. Standing on the prom-is - es I can - not fall, Lis-t'ning ev - 'ry
a - ges let His prais-es ring; Glo - ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
storms of doubt and fear as-sail; By the liv - ing Word of God, I shall pre-vail,
cleansing in the blood for me; Standing in the lib-er-ty where Christ makes free,
ter - nal - ly by love's strong cord; O - ver-com-ing dai - ly with the Spir-it's sword,
mo - ment to the Spir - it's call; Rest-ing in my Sav - ior, as my all in all,
CHORUS.
Standing on the prom-is-es of God. Stand - ing, stand - ing,
Standing on the promise, standing on the promise,
Standing on the prom-is - es of God, my Sav - ior; Stand - ing,
Standing on the promise,
stand - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God.
standing on the promise,

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No. 51. Come to the Savior.

Nina Clarke. Jno. R. Bryant.

1. Come, come to the Sav-ior, Make no de-lay, See, Je-sus is wait-ing
2. Come, come to the Sav-ior, List to the call, Soft-ly He is pleading
3. Come, come to the Sav-ior, Life giv-eth He, E'en un-to the vil-est
For you to-day; Je-sus will for-give you, And you re-ceive,
To one and all; Oh, hear Him now, sin-ner, He calls a-gain;
Cleansing may see; A home up in heav-en, Harp, robe and a crown;
CHORUS.
If you on the Sav-ior On-ly be-lieve.
Why lon-ger from Je-sus Will you re-main?
Come, come while His mercy Now may be found.
Come, come while His mercy
Is flowing so free; Come, seeking salvation, It is for thee. He's a-ble to
save you, He will for-give; New life He will give you If you be-lieve.

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No. 52. A Two Mile Gospel.

W. E. M. Wm. Edie Marks.

1. If a - long the way of life, as day by day you press,
2. How a song of hope will bright - en e'en the dark - est day!
3. If you meet an - oth - er soul who longs for words of cheer,
You be - hold a broth - er bur - dened sore and in dis - tress,
How a cheer - ing word will help an - oth - er on the way!
Speak to him of Je - sus, glad - ly tell the mes - sage dear;
8
If by help - ing him a mile new hope he may ob - tain,
Some de - spond - ent broth - er you may cheer with glad re - frain,
Tell him how the sun - ny life thro' Christ he may ob - tain;
D. S.—Day by day a - long the way, O sing a glad re-frain;
Fine.
Do it with a will - ing heart,—keep on, go with him twain.
If your song can help a mile,—keep on, go with him twain.
If the sto - ry helps a mile,—keep on, go with him twain.
Can you help some-one a mile? Keep on, go with him twain.
CHORUS.
D. S.
A two mile gospel— how it cheers the heart! A two mile gospel bids our cares depart;

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No. 53. My Happy Home.

Anon. (To my Choir. Round Lake, N. Y.) E. O. Excell.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, O how I long for thee!
2. Thy walls are all of pre - cious stone Most glo - rious to be - hold;
3. Thy gar-dens and thy pleas-ant streams My stud - y long have been—
4. Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace, And cause me to as - cend
When will my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys, when shall I see?
Thy gates are rich - ly set with pearl, Thy streets are paved with gold.
Such spark-ling gems by hu - man sight Have nev - er yet been seen
Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And prais - es nev - er end.
CHORUS.
I will meet you in the Cit - y of the New Je - ru - sa - lem, I am
washed in the blood of the Lamb; . . . . I will meet you in the Cit - y
washed in the blood, in the blood of the Lamb;
of the New Je - ru - sa - lem, I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.

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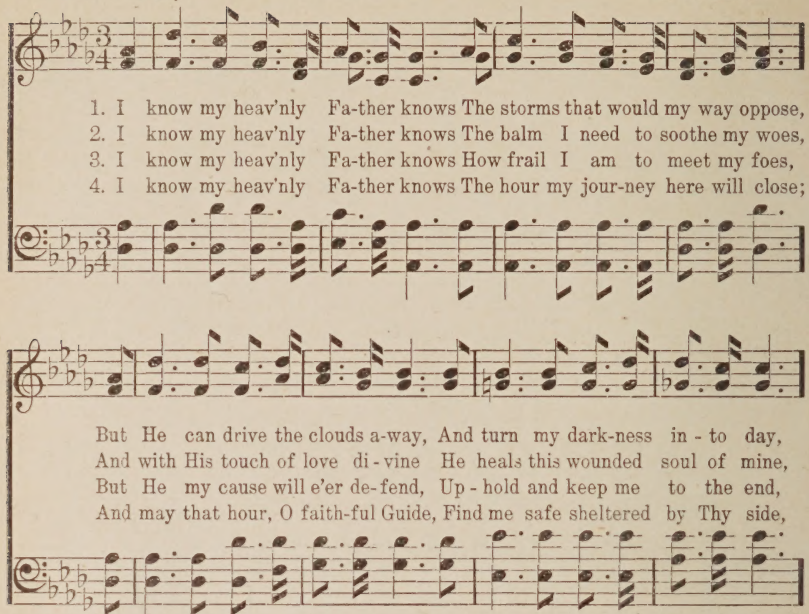
No. 54. My Father Knows.

S. M. I. Henry. E. O. Excell.


1. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The storms that would my way oppose,
2. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The balm I need to soothe my woes,
3. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows How frail I am to meet my foes,
4. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The hour my jour-ney here will close;
But He can drive the clouds a-way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day,
And with His touch of love di - vine He heals this wounded soul of mine,
But He my cause will e'er de-fend, Up - hold and keep me to the end,
And may that hour, O faith-ful Guide, Find me safe sheltered by Thy side,

CHORUS.
And turn my dark - ness in - to day. He knows, He
He heals this wound-ed soul of - mine.
Up - hold and keep me to the end.
Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side. My Fa - ther knows,
knows The storms that would my way op - pose; He
I'm sure He knows that would my way op - pose;

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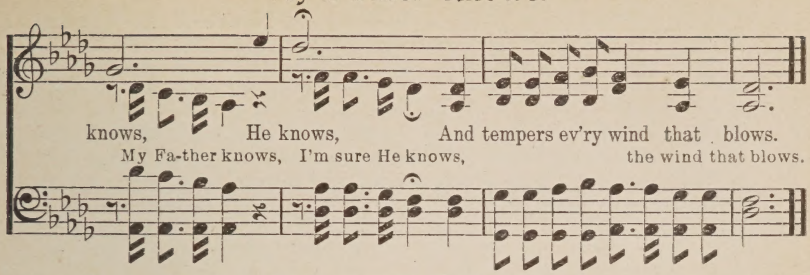
My Father Knows.



No. 55. Jesus is Passing By.

E. A. H. Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

1. This is the sea - son of hope and grace, Je - sus is pass - ing by;
2. This is the hour for the soul's re - lease, Je - sus is pass - ing by;
3. This is the mo-ment to seek the Lord, While He is pass - ing by;
4. Trust in the Lord in this hour of need, While He is pass - ing by;
This for sal - va-tion the time and place, Je - sus is pass - ing by.
Trust Him and thou shalt go forth in peace, Je - sus is pass - ing by.
This is the time to be - lieve His word, While He is pass - ing by.
And you will find Him a friend in - deed, Je - sus is pass - ing by.
CHORUS.
Je - sus is pass - ing by, Je - sus is pass - ing by;
Bring Him thy heart ere in grief He de - part, Je - sus is pass - ing by.

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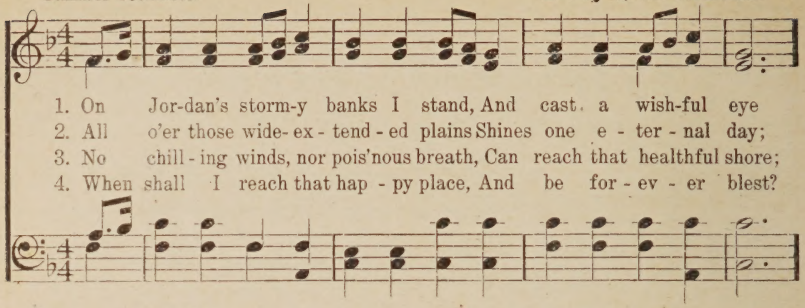
No. 56. The Promised Land.

Samuel Stennett. Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.

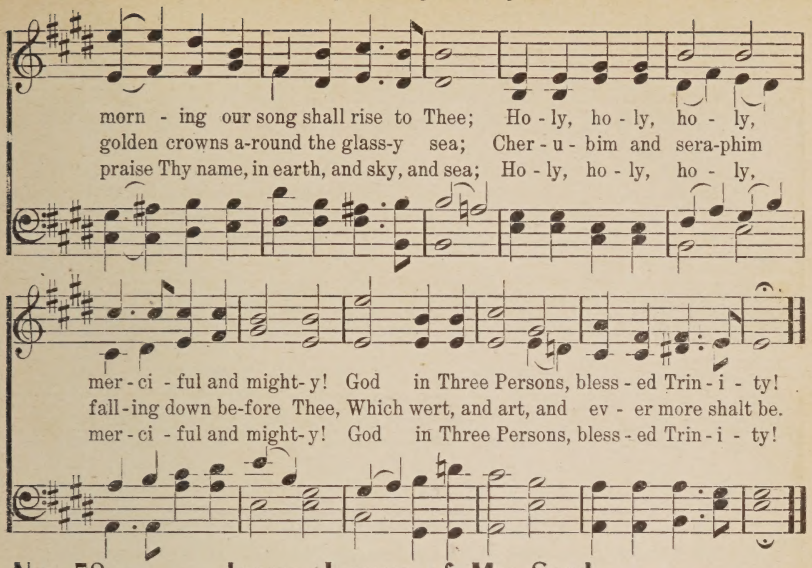

1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
2. All o'er those wide-ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day;
3. No chill-ing winds, nor pois'nous breath, Can reach that healthful shore;
4. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?
S.
Fine.
To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
There God, the Son, for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.
Sick-ness and sor-row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos-om rest?
D. S.—O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the promised land.
Refrain.
D. S.
I am bound for the promised land, ... I am bound for the promised land;
promised land,

No. 57. Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. Rev. J. B. Dykes.

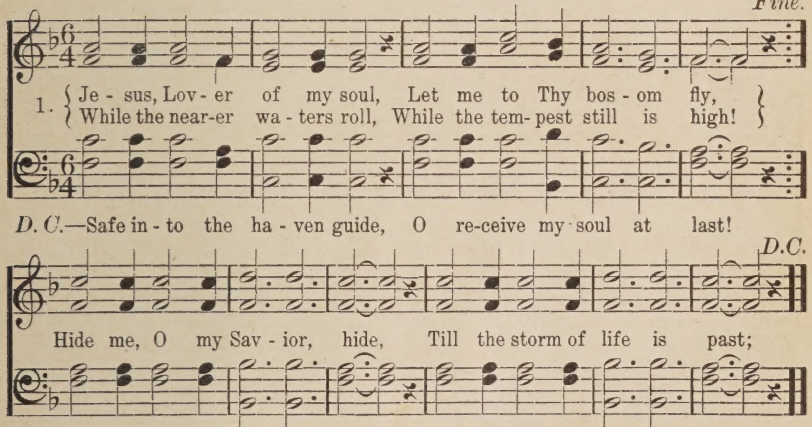
1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! all the saints a-dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! All Thy works shall

Holy, Holy, Holy.


morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
golden crowns a-round the glass-y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera-phim
praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
mer - ci - ful and might-y! God in Three Persons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
fall-ing down be-fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er more shalt be.
mer - ci - ful and might-y! God in Three Persons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

No. 58. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. S. B. Marsh.


Fine.
1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
While the near-er wa - ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high!
D. C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!
D.C.
Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

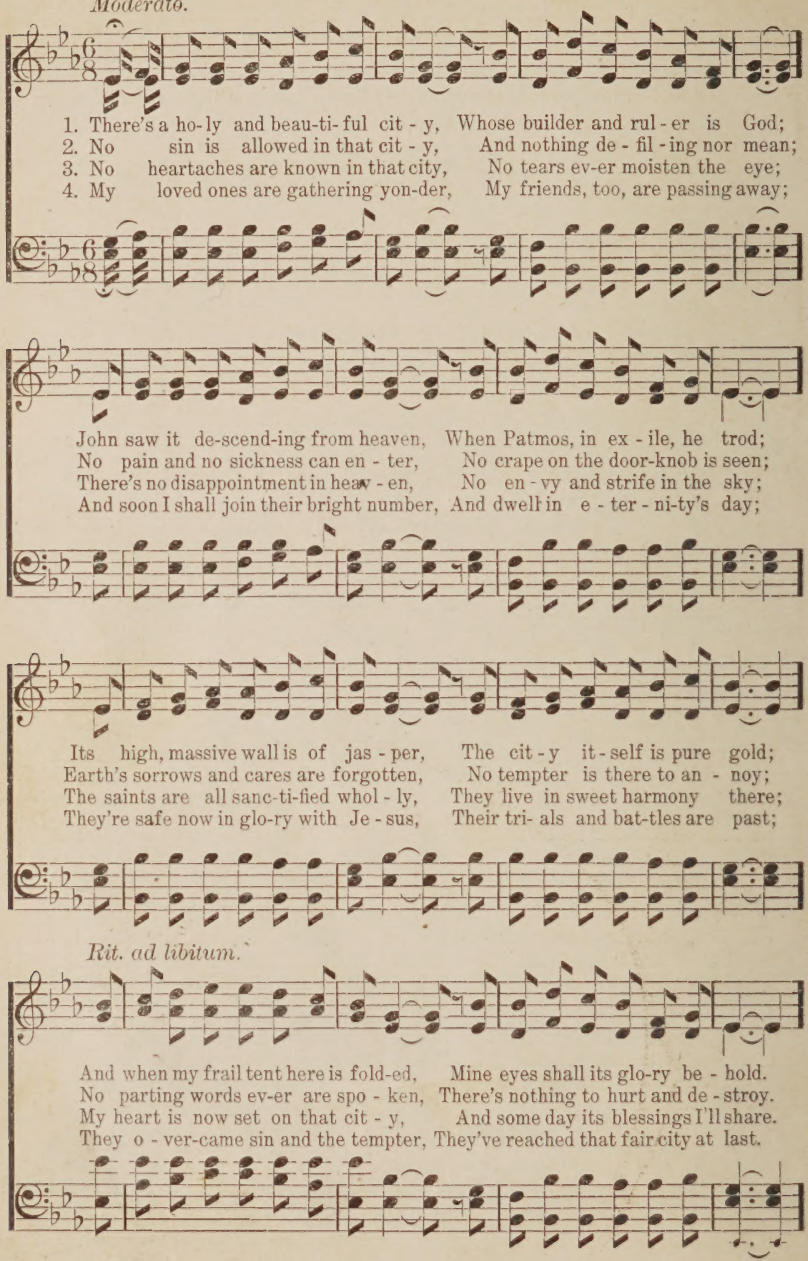
3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

No. 59. The Pearly White City.

A. F. I. REV. 21: 2. Arthur F. Ingler.

Moderato.


1. There's a ho-ly and beau-ti-ful cit-y, Whose builder and rul-er is God;
2. No sin is allowed in that cit-y, And nothing de-fil-ing nor mean;
3. No heartaches are known in that city, No tears ev-er moisten the eye;
4. My loved ones are gathering yon-der, My friends, too, are passing away;
John saw it de-scend-ing from heaven, When Patmos, in ex-ile, he trod;
No pain and no sickness can en-ter, No crape on the door-knob is seen;
There's no disappointment in heav-en, No en-vy and strife in the sky;
And soon I shall join their bright number, And dwell in e-ter-ni-ty's day;
Its high, massive wall is of jas-per, The cit-y it-self is pure gold;
Earth's sorrows and cares are forgotten, No tempter is there to an-noy;
The saints are all sanc-ti-fied whol-ly, They live in sweet harmony there;
They're safe now in glo-ry with Je-sus, Their tri-als and bat-tles are past;
Rit. ad libitum.
And when my frail tent here is fold-ed, Mine eyes shall its glo-ry be-hold.
No parting words ev-er are spo-ken, There's nothing to hurt and de-stroy.
My heart is now set on that cit-y, And some day its blessings I'll share.
They o-ver-came sin and the tempter, They've reached that fair city at last.

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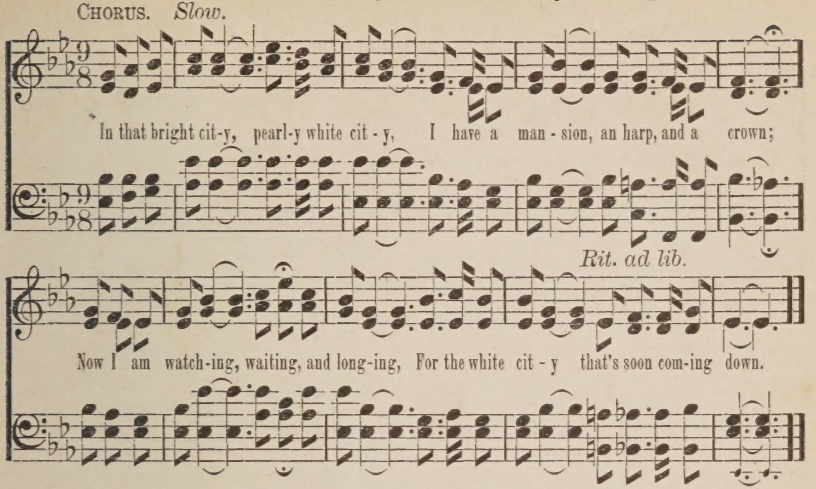
The Pearly White City.


CHORUS. Slow.
In that bright cit-y, pearl-y white cit - y, I have a man - sion, an harp, and a crown;
Rit. ad lib.
Now I am watch-ing, waiting, and long-ing, For the white cit - y that's soon com-ing down.

No. 60. I Never Will Cease to Love Him.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. For all the Lord has done for me, I nev-er will cease to love Him;
2. He gives me strength for ev-'ry day, I nev-er will cease to love Him;
3. While on my jour-ney here be-low, I nev-er will cease to love Him;
And for His grace so rich and free, I nev-er will cease to love Him.
He leads and guides me all the way, I nev-er will cease to love Him.
And when to that bright world I go, I nev-er will cease to love Him.
CHORUS.
1
2
I never will cease to love Him, (He's) My Savior, (He's) my Savior;
I never will cease to love Him, (For) He's done so much for me.

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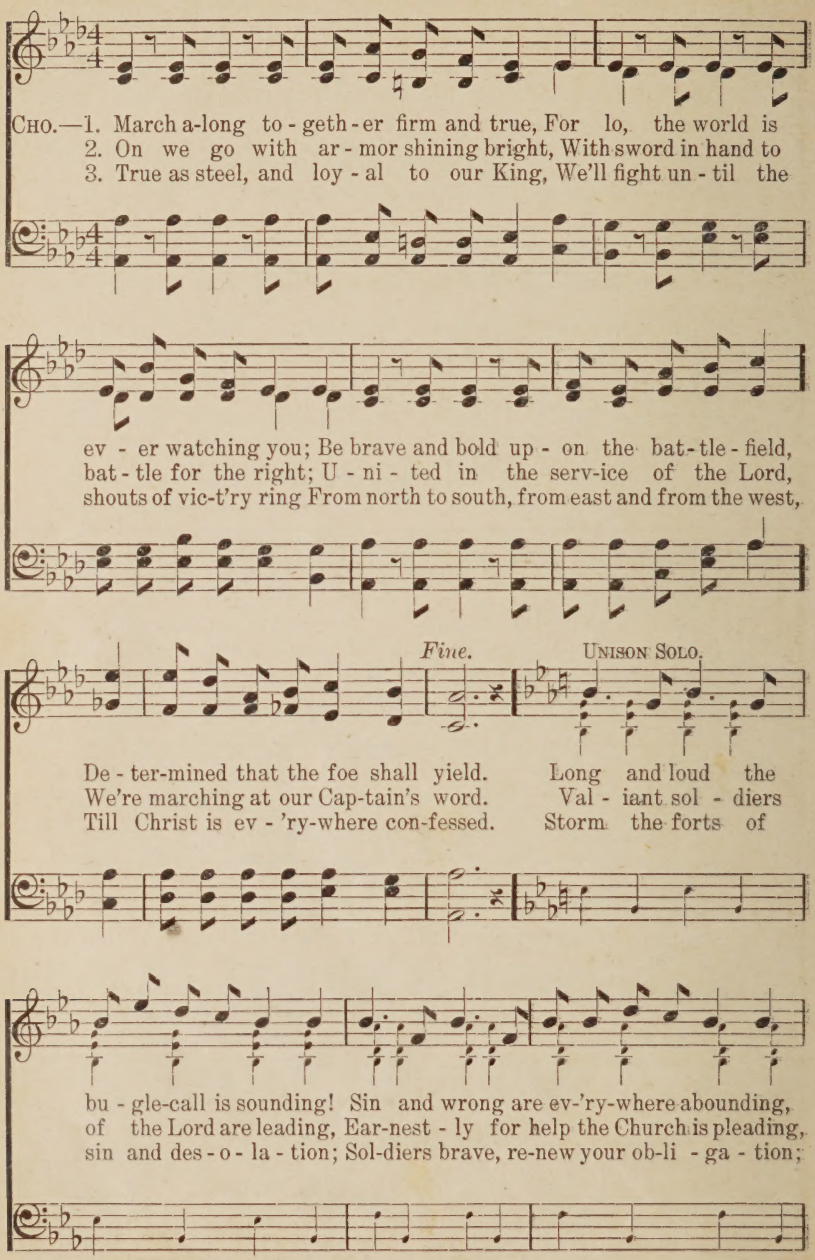
No. 61. The Sunday-School Army.

Charlotte G. Homer. Mrs. Carrie B. Adams.


Cho.—1. March a-long to - geth - er firm and true, For lo, the world is
2. On we go with ar - mor shining bright, With sword in hand to
3. True as steel, and loy - al to our King, We'll fight un - til the
ev - er watching you; Be brave and bold up - on the bat - tle - field,
bat - tle for the right; U - ni - ted in the serv-ice of the Lord,
shouts of vic-t'ry ring From north to south, from east and from the west,
Fine.
Unison Solo.
De - ter-mined that the foe shall yield. Long and loud the
We're marching at our Cap-tain's word. Val - iant sol - diers
Till Christ is ev - 'ry-where con-fessed. Storm the forts of
bu - gle-call is sounding! Sin and wrong are ev-'ry-where abounding,
of the Lord are leading, Ear-nest - ly for help the Church is pleading,
sin and des - o - la - tion; Sol-diers brave, re-new your ob-li - ga - tion;

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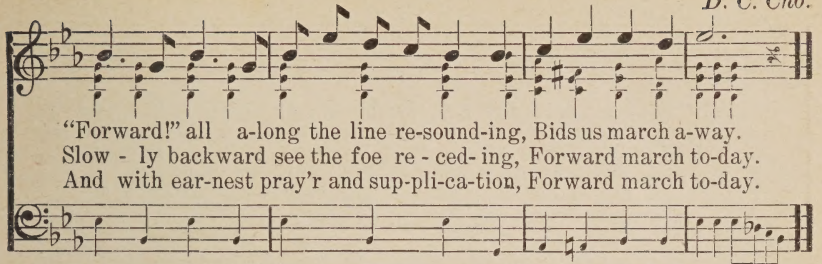
The Sunday-School Army.

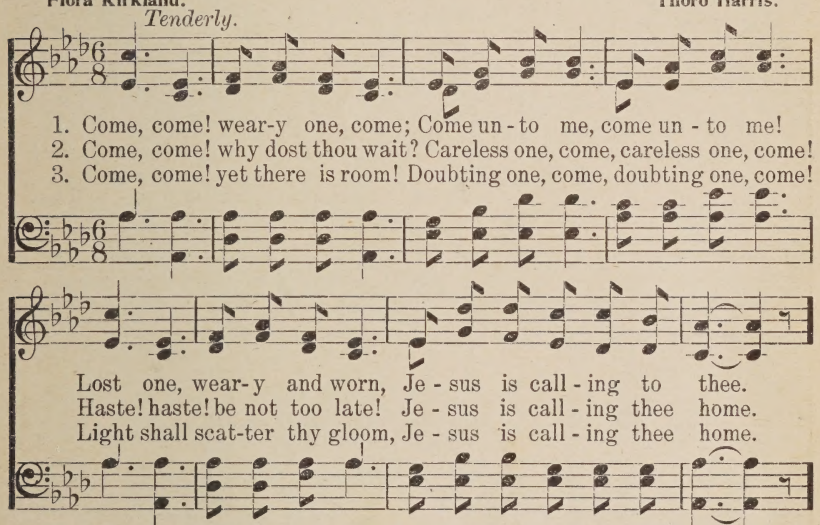
D. C. Cho.


"Forward!" all a-long the line re-sound-ing, Bids us march a-way.
Slow - ly backward see the foe re - ced- ing, Forward march to-day.
And with ear-nest pray'r and sup-pli-ca-tion, Forward march to-day.

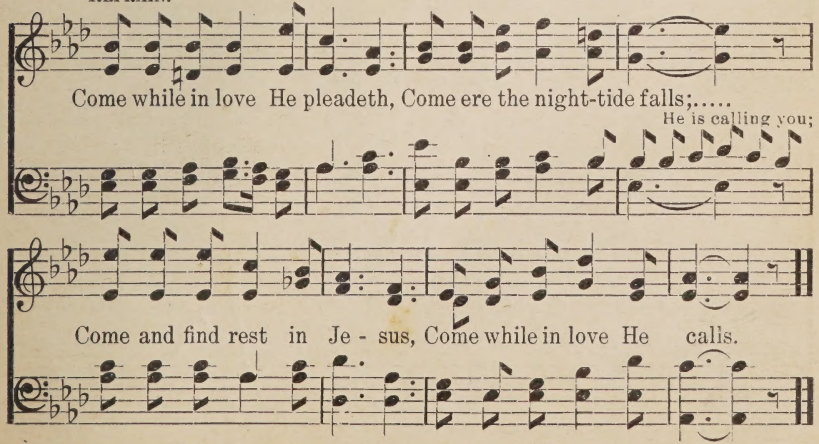
No. 62. In Love He Calls.

Flora Kirkland. **Thoro Harris.**

Tenderly.


1. Come, come! wear-y one, come; Come un - to me, come un - to me!
2. Come, come! why dost thou wait? Careless one, come, careless one, come!
3. Come, come! yet there is room! Doubting one, come, doubting one, come!
Lost one, wear-y and worn, Je - sus is call - ing to thee.
Haste! haste! be not too late! Je - sus is call - ing thee home.
Light shall scat-ter thy gloom, Je - sus is call - ing thee home.

REFRAIN.


Come while in love He pleadeth, Come ere the night-tide falls;.....
He is calling you;
Come and find rest in Je - sus, Come while in love He calls.

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No. 63. He Loves Me.

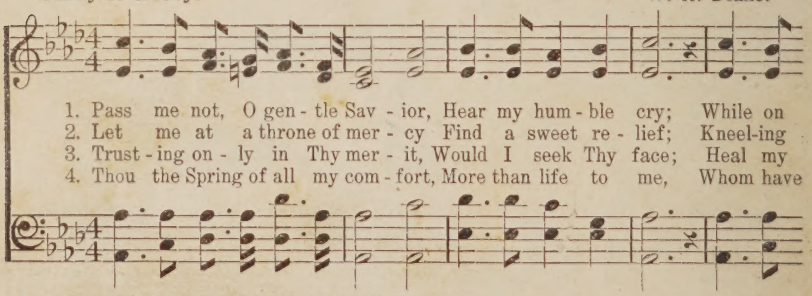
Rev. Isaac Watts. Arr.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov - 'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face While His dear cross ap - pears;
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:
Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree!
When Christ, the might - y Mak - er, died, For man, the crea-ture's sin.
Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way,—'Tis all that I can do.
D. S.—He gave Him - self to die for me, Be - cause He loved me so.
REFRAIN.
He loves me, He loves me, He loves me, this I know; (I know;)

Fine. *D. S.*

No. 64. Pass Me Not.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.


1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry; While on
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneel-ing
3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my
4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me, Whom have

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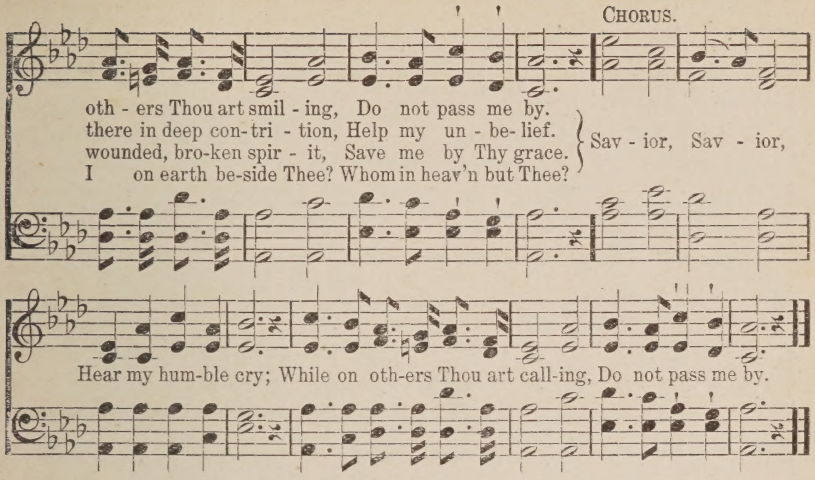
Pass Me Not.

CHORUS.


oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
there in deep con-tri - tion, Help my un - be- lief.
wounded, bro-ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
I on earth be-side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?
Sav - ior, Sav - ior,
Hear my hum-ble cry; While on oth-ers Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

No. 65. Almost Persuaded.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. "Al - most per-suad - ed," Now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
2. "Al - most per-suad - ed," Come, come to - day; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
3. "Al - most per-suad - ed," Har - vest is past; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
Turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
Doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is
go Thy way, Some more con - ve - nient day On Thee I'll call."
ling'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear: O wan- d'rer, come!
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail—"Al - most—*but lost!*"

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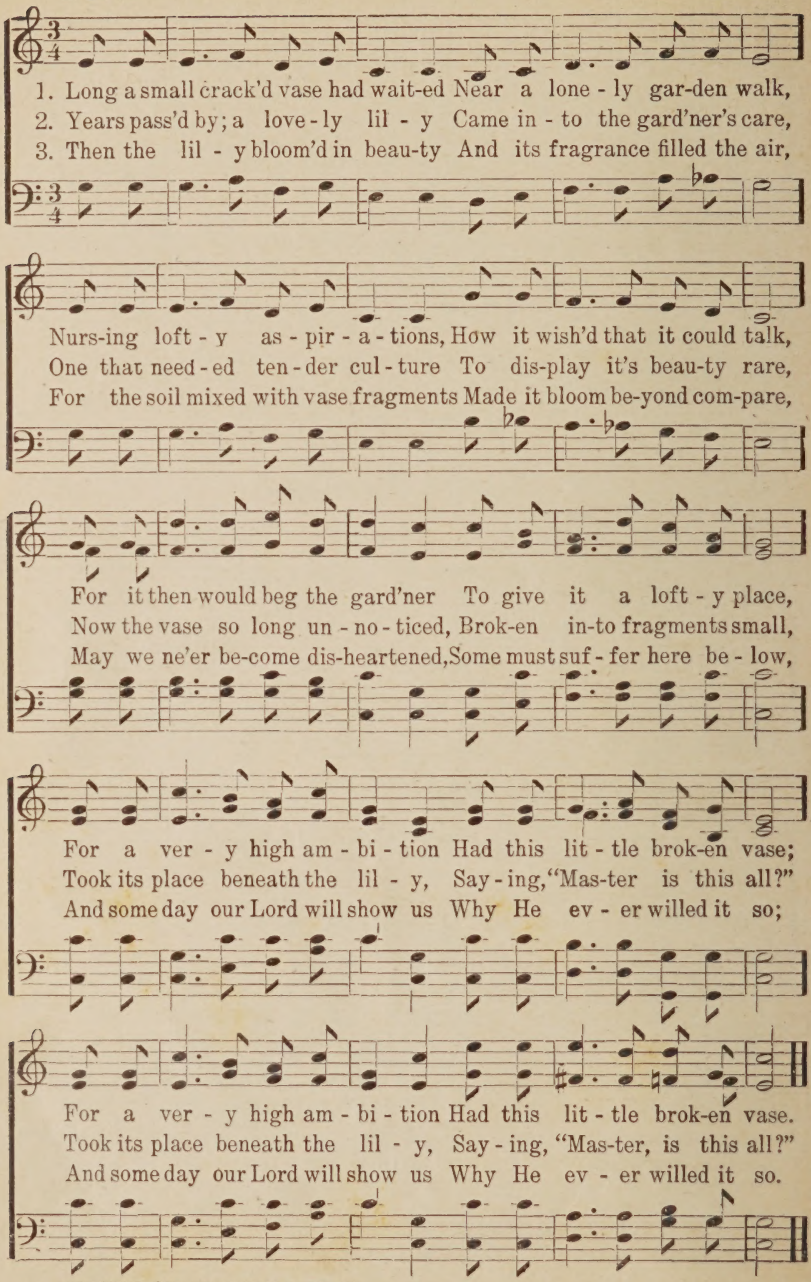
No. 66. The Broken Vase.

C. D. T. Charlie D. Tillman.


1. Long a small crack'd vase had wait-ed Near a lone - ly gar-den walk,
2. Years pass'd by; a love - ly lil - y Came in - to the gard'ner's care,
3. Then the lil - y bloom'd in beau-ty And its fragrance filled the air,
Nurs-ing loft - y as - pir - a - tions, How it wish'd that it could talk,
One that need - ed ten - der cul - ture To dis-play it's beau-ty rare,
For the soil mixed with vase fragments Made it bloom be-yond com-pare,
For it then would beg the gard'ner To give it a loft - y place,
Now the vase so long un - no - ticed, Brok-en in-to fragments small,
May we ne'er be-come dis-heartened, Some must suf - fer here be - low,
For a ver - y high am - bi - tion Had this lit - tle brok-en vase;
Took its place beneath the lil - y, Say - ing, "Mas-ter is this all?"
And some day our Lord will show us Why He ev - er willed it so;
For a ver - y high am - bi - tion Had this lit - tle brok-en vase.
Took its place beneath the lil - y, Say - ing, "Mas-ter, is this all?"
And some day our Lord will show us Why He ev - er willed it so.

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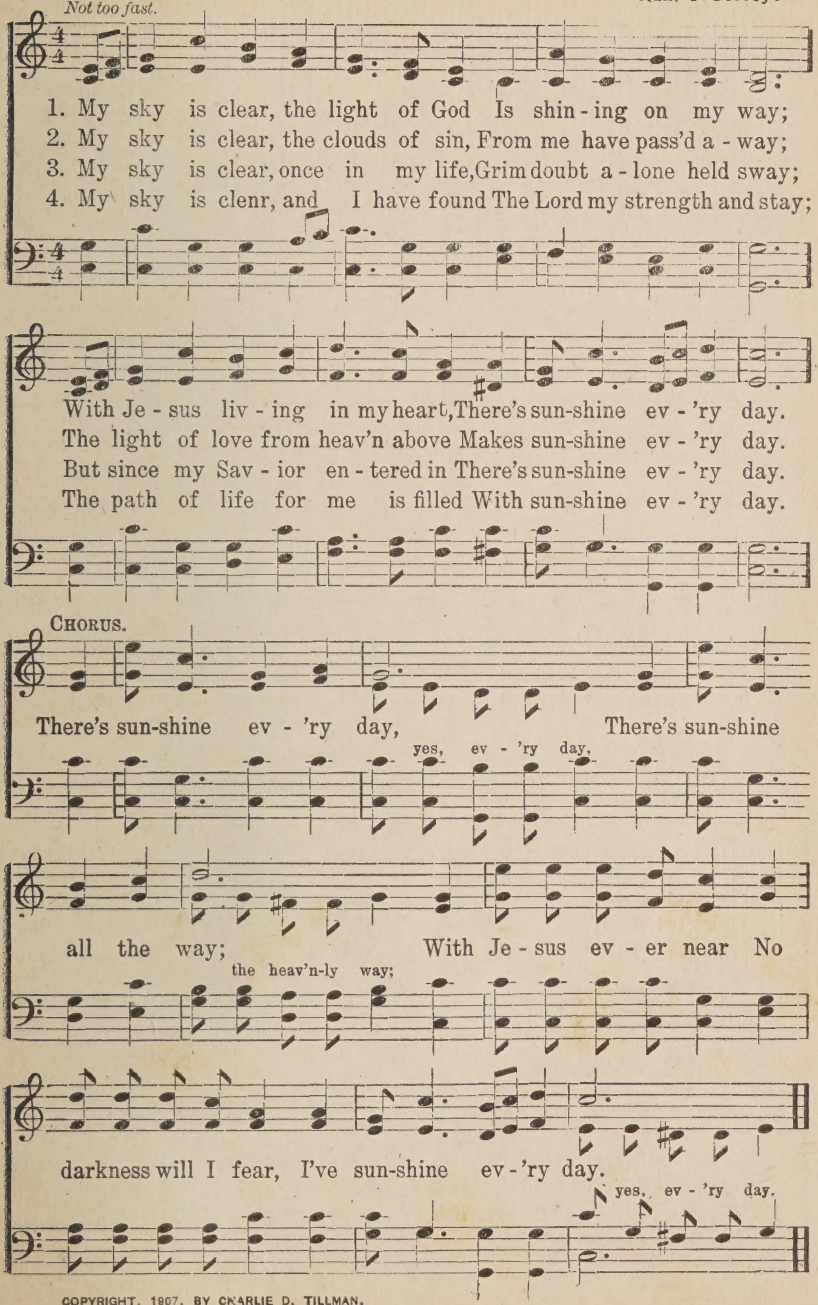
No. 67. My Sky is Clear.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. Ran. C. Storey.

Not too fast.


1. My sky is clear, the light of God Is shin - ing on my way;
2. My sky is clear, the clouds of sin, From me have pass'd a - way;
3. My sky is clear, once in my life, Grim doubt a - lone held sway;
4. My sky is clenr, and I have found The Lord my strength and stay;
With Je - sus liv - ing in my heart, There's sun-shine ev - 'ry day.
The light of love from heav'n above Makes sun-shine ev - 'ry day.
But since my Sav - ior en - tered in There's sun-shine ev - 'ry day.
The path of life for me is filled With sun-shine ev - 'ry day.
CHORUS.
There's sun-shine ev - 'ry day, There's sun-shine
yes, ev - 'ry day,
all the way; With Je - sus ev - er near No
the heav'n-ly way;
darkness will I fear, I've sun-shine ev - 'ry day.
yes, ev - 'ry day.

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No. 68. My Soul is Filled with Glory.

J. M. H. J. M. Harris.

1. Je - sus found me when a - far I wandered, Bro't me par-don from the
2. Thro' His word He taught me full sal-va-tion, How His blood could cleanse and
3. Tri - als ma - ny will be - set my path-way, And temp-ta-tions I shall
throne a - bove; Gave me peace that pass-eth un - der-stand-ing, Joy un-
sanc - ti - fy; Then by faith I plunged in - to the fount-ain; Now I'm
sure - ly meet; But my Sav - ior prom-ised grace to help me, Till I
CHORUS.
speak-a - ble and full of love. Praise the Lord! my soul is filled with glo-ry!
look - ing for that home on high. Praise the Lord! my soul is filled with glo-ry!
lay my trophies at His feet. Praise the Lord! my soul is filled with glo-ry!
Praise the Lord! I love to tell the sto - ry, Of His grace that
Praise the Lord! I love to tell the sto - ry, Of His grace that
Praise the Lord! I love to tell the sto - ry, Of His grace that
jus - ti - fies me free-ly, And I'm shout-ing glo-ry! till I get home.
sanc-ti - fies me whol-ly, And I'm shout-ing glo-ry! till I get home.
keeps, and gives me vic - t'ry, And I'm shout-ing glo-ry! till I get home.

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No. 69. Jesus is Calling Today.

C. F. W. C. F. Weigele.

1. Wea-ry one, Je-sus is call-ing to rest, Call-ing to-day,
2. Long He has call'd you, He calls you to-day, Call-ing to-day,
3. Judgment is com-ing, when ma-ny shall weep, Ban-ished a-way,
4. Voices you've heard, but no voice such as His, Call-ing to-day,
do not de-lay; Lay down your bur-den and lean on His breast,
do not de-lay; He may cease call-ing if you turn a-way,
ever to stay, Je-sus can not on-ly save you but keep,
do not de-lay; Hell will be aw-ful if heav-en you miss,
CHORUS.
Je-sus is call-ing to-day. . . . . Je-sus is call-ing, is
is call-ing to-day.
call-ing to-day, Call-ing, my brother, oh, do not de-lay; Je-sus is
call-ing, is call-ing to-day, Je-sus is call-ing to-day . . . . .
is call-ing to-day

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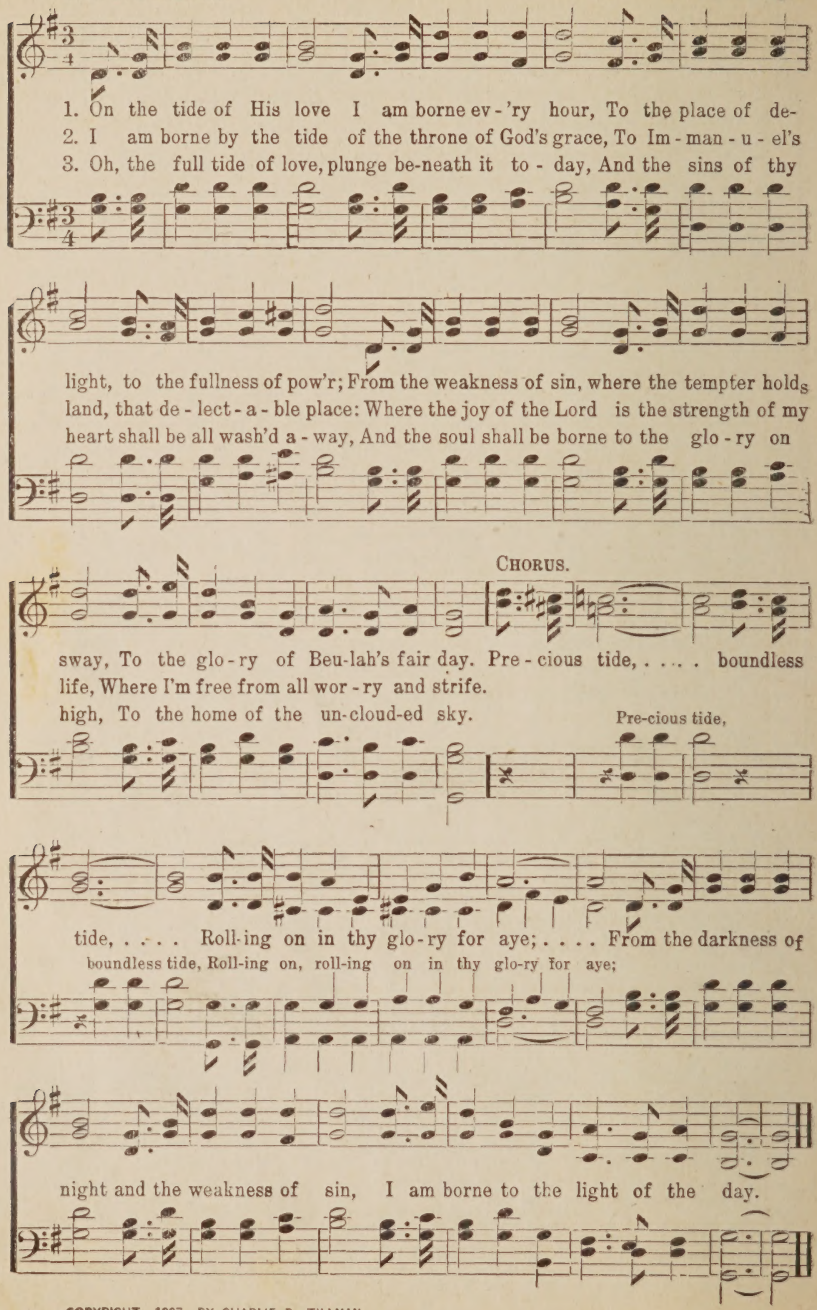
No. 70. On the Tide of His Love.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. A. Harding.


1. On the tide of His love I am borne ev-'ry hour, To the place of de-
2. I am borne by the tide of the throne of God's grace, To Im-man-u-el's
3. Oh, the full tide of love, plunge be-neath it to-day, And the sins of thy
light, to the fullness of pow'r; From the weakness of sin, where the tempter holds
land, that de-lect-a-ble place: Where the joy of the Lord is the strength of my
heart shall be all wash'd a-way, And the soul shall be borne to the glo-ry on
CHORUS.
sway, To the glo-ry of Beu-lah's fair day. Pre-cious tide, ... boundless
life, Where I'm free from all wor-ry and strife.
high, To the home of the un-cloud-ed sky.
Pre-cious tide,
tide, ... Roll-ing on in thy glo-ry for aye; . . . . From the darkness of
boundless tide, Roll-ing on, roll-ing on in thy glo-ry for aye;
night and the weakness of sin, I am borne to the light of the day.

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No. 71. Calling For Thee.

Minnie B. Johnson. E. L. Ozendorff. C. D. T.

1. Lo! the Shepherd's calling Those who've gone astray, Out up - on the mountain
2. Je - sus calls the chil-dren As He did of old, For He longs to make them
3. Ev- - 'ry heart that's yearning Shall behold His face, Fold-ed to His bo - som
Wand'rers far a-way; Sweet the ac-cents fall - ing Now up - on your ear,
Lambs of His own fold; Je - sus will re-ceive them—He will not say nay—
Ev - 'ry child of grace; In His last - ing king-dom, King-dom of His love,
CHORUS.
Will you not this ten - der Shep-herd hear.
As He did once He will do to - day. Call - ing, call-ing
He will make them heirs with Him a - bove. Call-ing now for thee, yes,
now for thee, Hear oh, hear His welcome voice; To His call now heeding,
Hear His welcome voice,
In His pas-tures feeding, Shepherd of the sheep-fold, Thou art now our choice.

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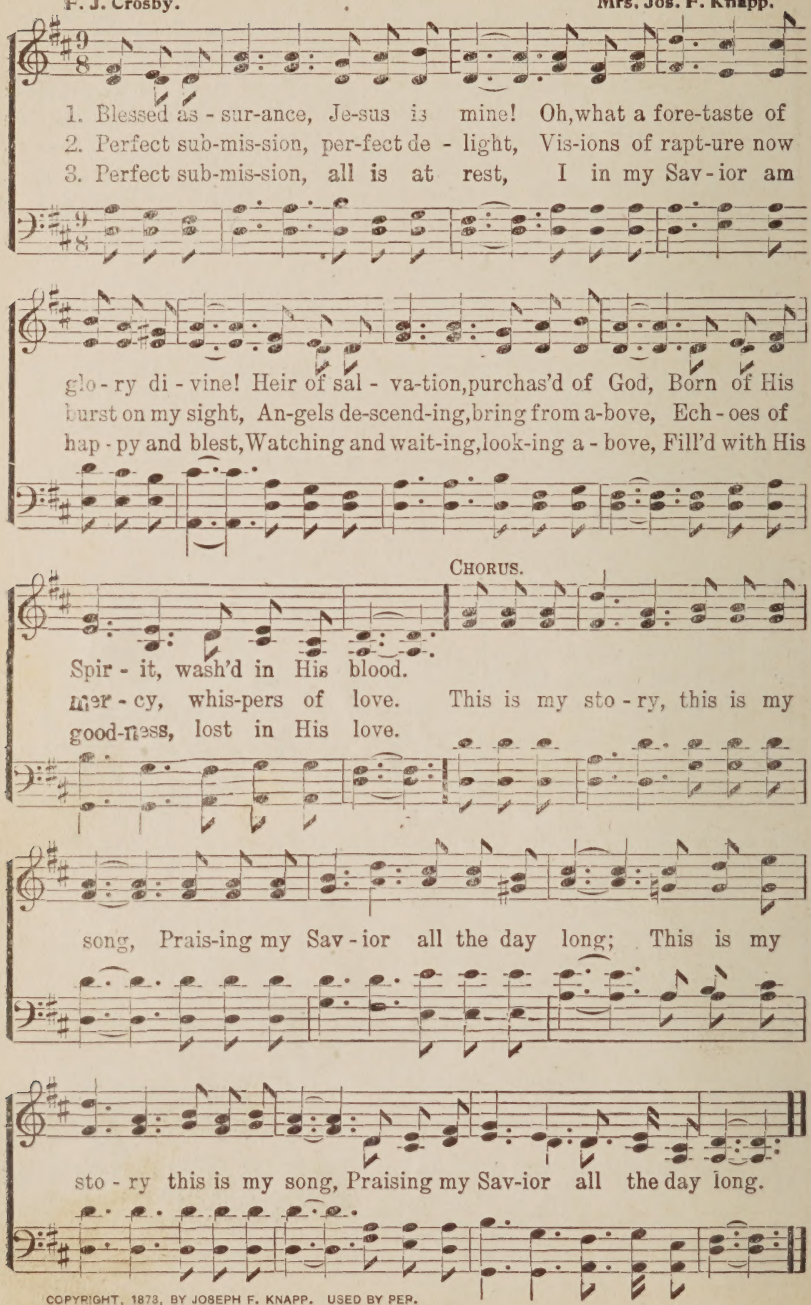
No. 72. Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.


1. Blessed as - sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
2. Perfect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de - light, Vis-ions of rapt-ure now
3. Perfect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - ior am
glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va-tion, purchas'd of God, Born of His
burst on my sight, An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove, Ech - oes of
hap - py and blest, Watching and wait-ing, look-ing a - bove, Fill'd with His
CHORUS.
Spir - it, wash'd in His blood.
mer - cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my
good-ness, lost in His love.
song, Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my
sto - ry this is my song, Praising my Sav-ior all the day long.

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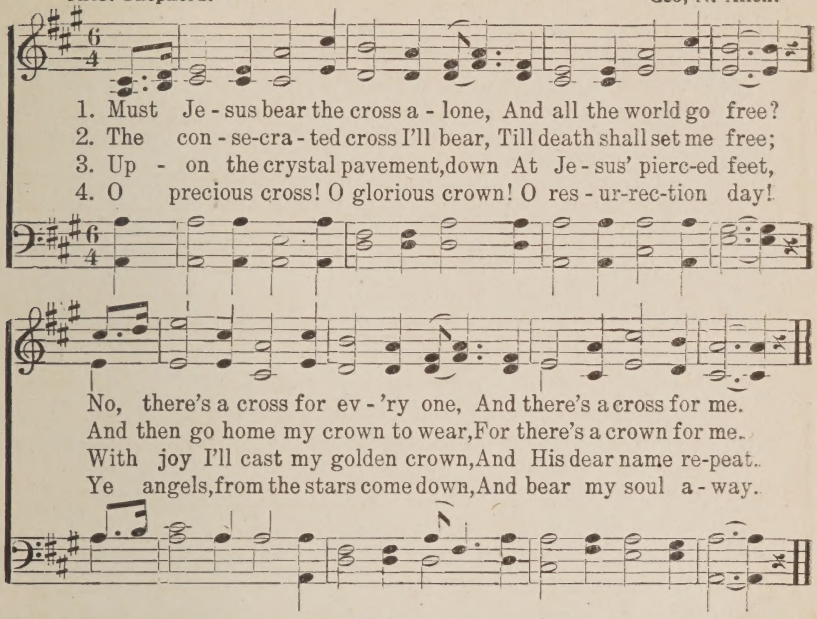
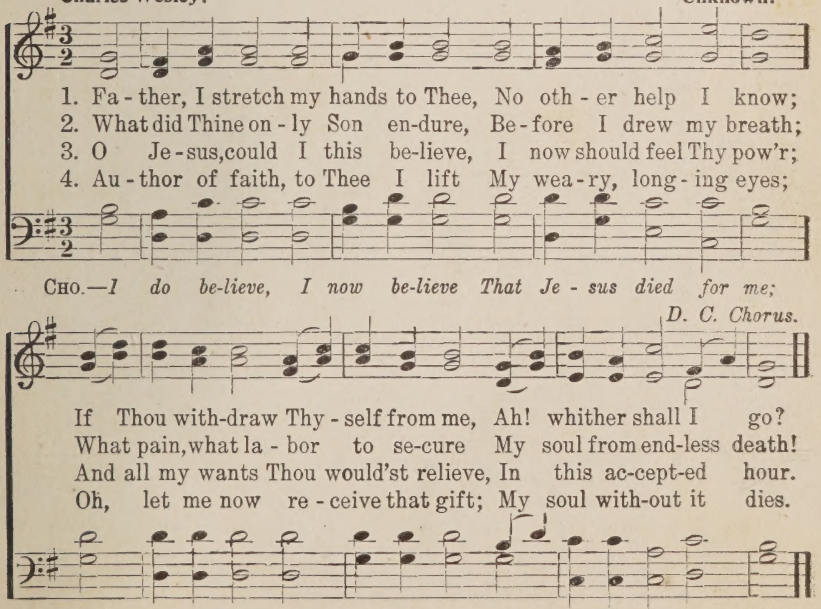
No. 73. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd. Geo, N. Allen.


1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se-cra - ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
3. Up - on the crystal pavement, down At Je - sus' pierc-ed feet,
4. O precious cross! O glorious crown! O res - ur-rec-tion day!
No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
With joy I'll cast my golden crown, And His dear name re-peat.
Ye angels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

No. 74. Father, I Stretch My Hands to Thee.

Charles Wesley. Unknown.


1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee, No oth - er help I know;
2. What did Thine on - ly Son en-dure, Be - fore I drew my breath;
3. O Je - sus, could I this be-lieve, I now should feel Thy pow'r;
4. Au - thor of faith, to Thee I lift My wea - ry, long - ing eyes;
Cho.—I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve That Je - sus died for me;
D. C. Chorus.
If Thou with-draw Thy - self from me, Ah! whither shall I go?
What pain, what la - bor to se-cure My soul from end-less death!
And all my wants Thou would'st relieve, In this ac-cept-ed hour.
Oh, let me now re - ceive that gift; My soul with-out it dies.
And thro' His blood, His pre-cious blood, I shall from sin be free!

No. 75. We'll Wear a Crown.

Mrs. A. B. H. Mrs. A. B. Horton.

1. When we have pass'd this vale of tears, We'll wear a crown;
2. While age on age shall roll a-long, We'll wear a crown;
3. Too daz-ling for a sinner's sight, We'll wear a crown;
4. And all who too such bliss as-pire, We'll wear a crown;
5. Faith wings the soul be-yond the sky, We'll wear a crown;
6. We all may have a spotless dress, We'll wear a crown;
We'll wear a crown, we'll wear a crown;
All thro' the nev-er-end-ing years, We'll wear a crown.
With gold-en harps we'll sing the song, We'll wear a crown.
All pure and gemm'd with liv-ing light, We'll wear a crown.
Must win their way thro' blood and fire, We'll wear a crown.
Up to that glo-rious world on high, We'll wear a crown.
It is the robe of ho-li-ness, We'll wear a crown.
We'll wear a star-ry crown.
CHORUS. Arr.
And when the bat-tle's o-ver, We shall wear a crown, We shall
wear a crown, We shall wear a crown! And when the bat-tle's
o-ver, We shall wear a crown In the new Je-ru-sa-lem.

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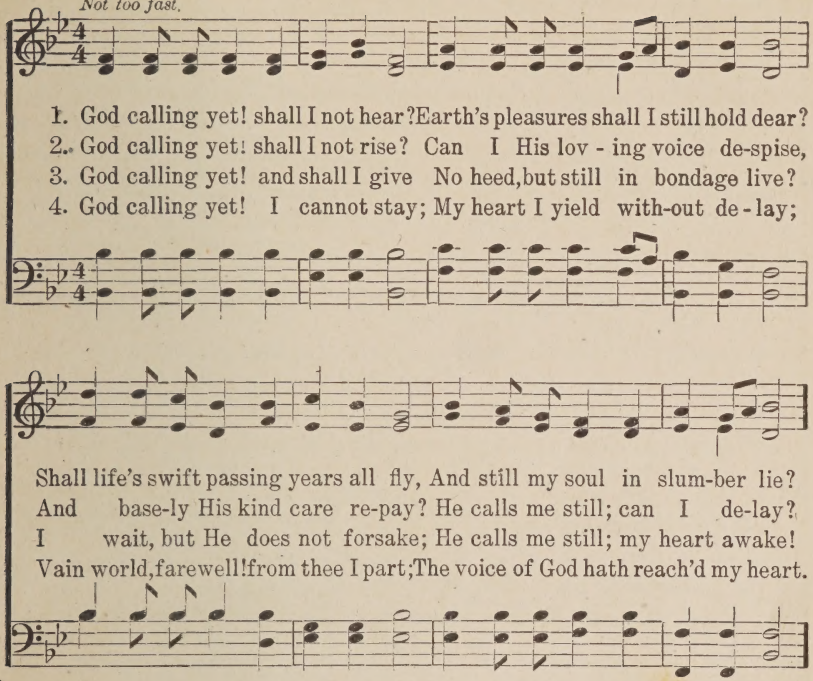
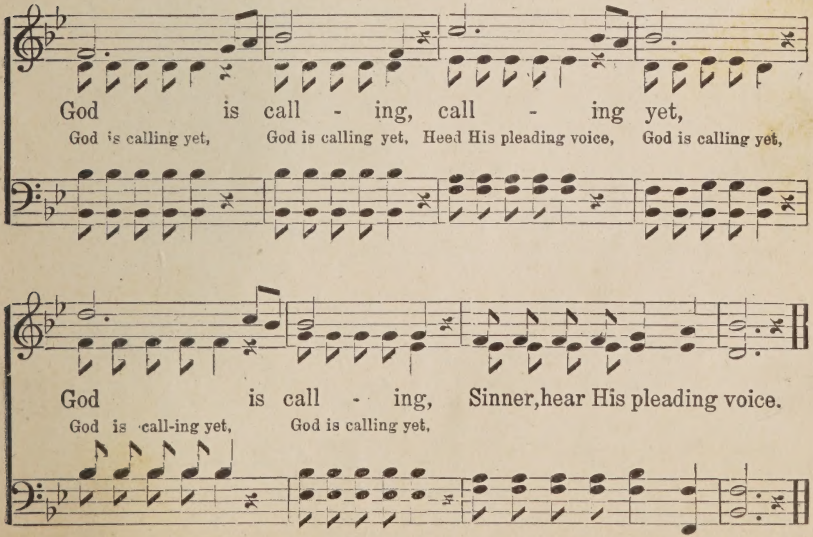
No. 76. God Calling Yet.

J. Borthwick. *Not too fast.* John.

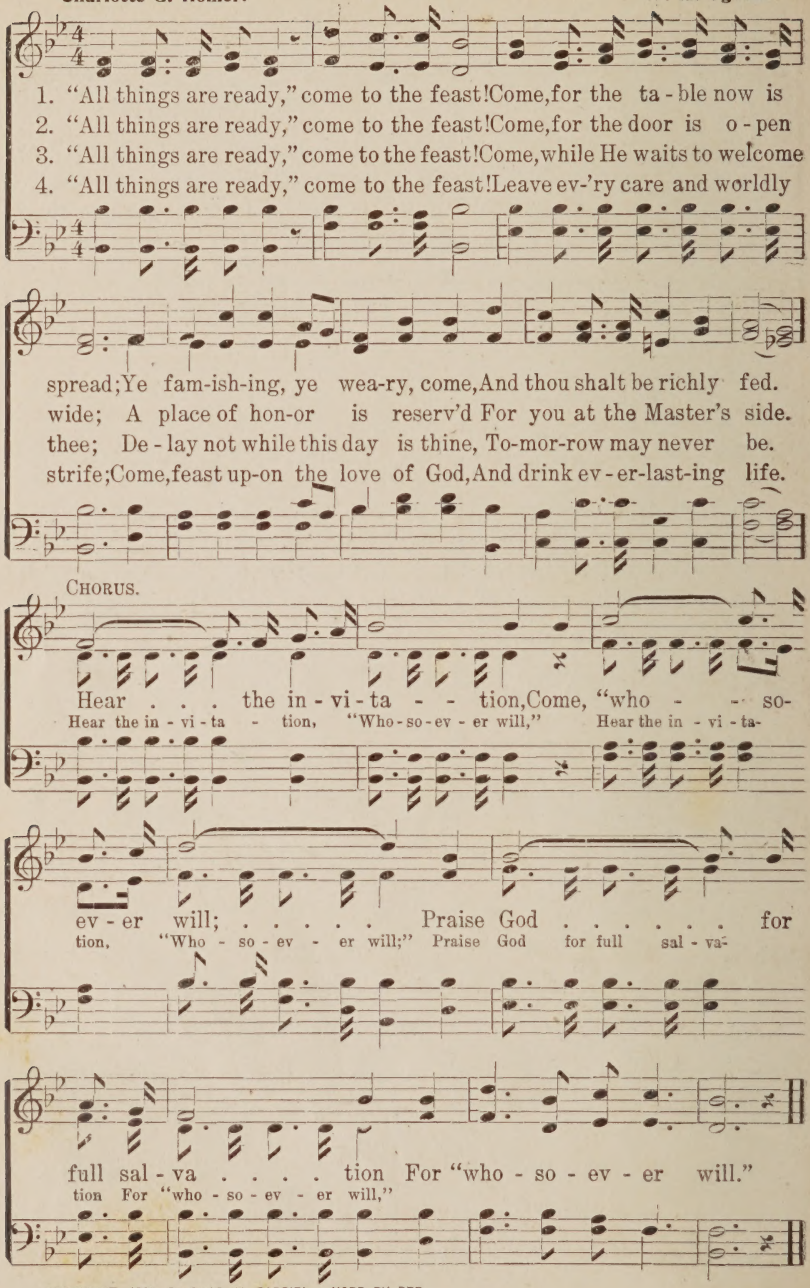

1. God calling yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God calling yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov - ing voice de-spise,
3. God calling yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in bondage live?
4. God calling yet! I cannot stay; My heart I yield with-out de - lay;
Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie?
And base-ly His kind care re-pay? He calls me still; can I de-lay?
I wait, but He does not forsake; He calls me still; my heart awake!
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part; The voice of God hath reach'd my heart.

CHORUS.


God is call - ing, call - ing yet,
God is calling yet, God is calling yet, Heed His pleading voice, God is calling yet,
God is call - ing, Sinner, hear His pleading voice.
God is call-ing yet, God is calling yet,

No. 77. Come to the Feast.

Charlotte G. Homer. W. A. Ogden.


1. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, for the ta - ble now is
2. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, for the door is o - pen
3. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, while He waits to welcome
4. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Leave ev-'ry care and worldly
spread; Ye fam-ish-ing, ye wea-ry, come, And thou shalt be richly fed.
wide; A place of hon-or is reserv'd For you at the Master's side.
thee; De - lay not while this day is thine, To-mor-row may never be.
strife; Come, feast up-on the love of God, And drink ev - er-last-ing life.
CHORUS.
Hear . . . the in - vi - ta - - tion, Come, "who - - so-
Hear the in - vi - ta - tion, "Who - so - ev - er will," Hear the in - vi - ta-
ev - er will; . . . . . Praise God . . . . . for
tion, "Who - so - ev - er will;" Praise God for full sal - va-
full sal - va . . . . tion For "who - so - ev - er will."
tion For "who - so - ev - er will,"

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No. 78. Going to the Feast.

J. R. B. Jno. R. Bryant.

1. We have heard the in - vi - ta - tion, And are go - ing to the feast, For the
2. Would you stand a-mong the num-ber Of the heav'nly guests up there? You must
3. Then be read - y when the door is O-pened for that grand e - vent; Do not
Prince of glo-ry spreads a ta - ble rare; All His cho-sen ones are gath'ring
then a robe of righteousness put on; Those that en - ter with that company
let it find you lacking in the least; Should the door be opened suddenly?
f
FINE.
With the wedding garments on, For the marriage sup-per of the Lamb pre-pare.
Must cleanse their souls from stain, For your sins the blood of Je - sus doth a - tone.
And you be ush-ered in, Would you be prepared to cel - e-brate the feast!
CHORUS.
D. S.–Soon shall come the grand re-cep-tion of our Lord.
We are go - ing, we are go - ing To the marriage sup-per
go - ing to the feast, go - ing to the feast,
D. S.
of the Lamb of God; We are read - y, ev - er read - y
read-y ev - 'ry day, read-y ev - 'ry day;

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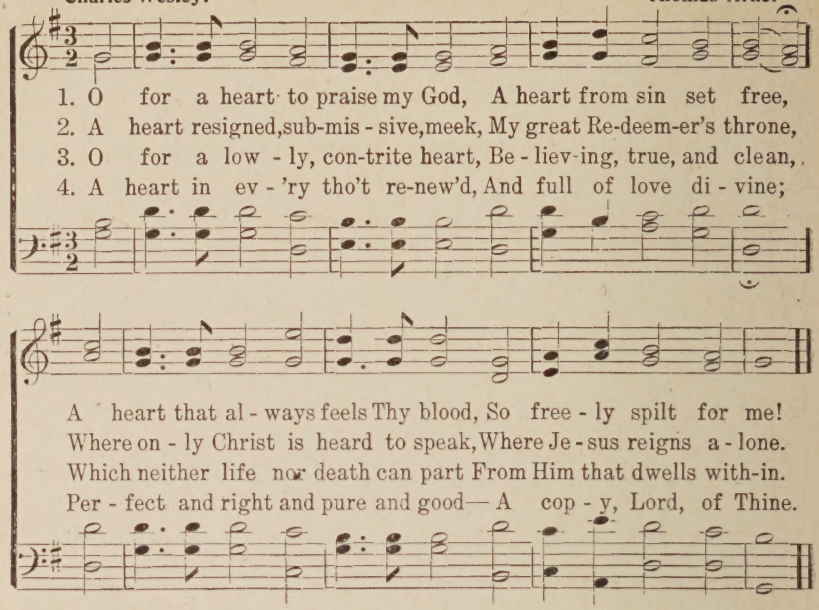
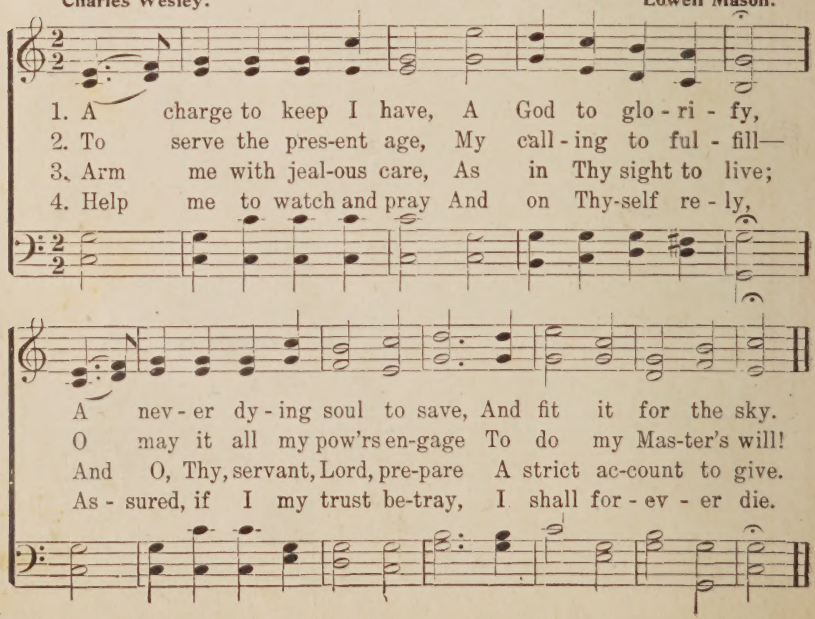
No. 79. O For a Heart to Praise My God.

Charles Wesley. Thomas Arne.


1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free,
2. A heart resigned, sub-mis - sive, meek, My great Re-deem-er's throne,
3. O for a low - ly, con-trite heart, Be - liev-ing, true, and clean,
4. A heart in ev - 'ry tho't re-new'd, And full of love di - vine;
A heart that al - ways feels Thy blood, So free - ly spilt for me!
Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je - sus reigns a - lone.
Which neither life nor death can part From Him that dwells with-in.
Per - fect and right and pure and good— A cop - y, Lord, of Thine.

No. 80. A Charge to Keep I Have.

Charles Wesley. Lowell Mason.


1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy,
2. To serve the pres-ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill—
3. Arm me with jeal-ous care, As in Thy sight to live;
4. Help me to watch and pray And on Thy-self re - ly,
A nev - er dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
O may it all my pow'rs en-gage To do my Mas-ter's will!
And O, Thy, servant, Lord, pre-pare A strict ac-count to give.
As - sured, if I my trust be-tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

No. 81. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

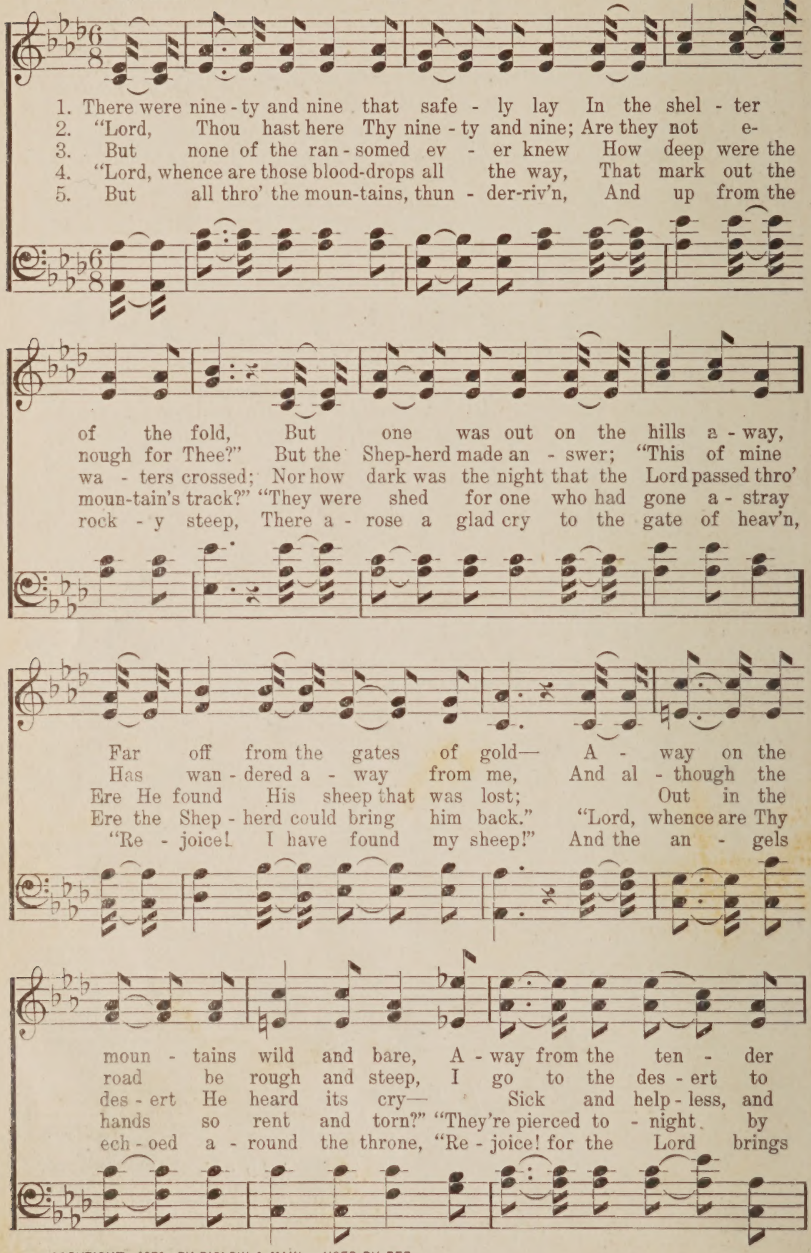
S. B. Gould. A. S. Sullivan.

1. On - ward, christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the church of God, Brothers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the church of
4. On - ward, then, ye people! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your
Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter
tread-ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
Je - sus Constant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
voic - es In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or
Leads a-gainst the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His
All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in
'Gainst that church prevail; We have Christ's own prom - ise, And that
Un - to Christ, the King; This thro' countless a - ges Men and
REFRAIN.
ban-ners go!
char - i - ty. Onward, christian sol - diers! Marching as to
can - not fail.
an - gels sing.
war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be-fore.

No. 82. The Ninety and Nine.

(Should be sung only as a Solo ad libitum.)

E. C. Clephane. Ira D. Sankey.


1. There were nine-ty and nine that safe-ly lay In the shel-ter
2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy nine-ty and nine; Are they not e-
3. But none of the ran-somed ev-er knew How deep were the
4. "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way, That mark out the
5. But all thro' the moun-tains, thun-der-riv'n, And up from the
of the fold, But one was out on the hills a-way,
nough for Thee?" But the Shep-herd made an-swer; "This of mine
wa-ters crossed; Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed thro'
moun-tain's track?" "They were shed for one who had gone a-stray
rock-y steep, There a-rose a glad cry to the gate of heav'n,
Far off from the gates of gold— A-way on the
Has wan-dered a-way from me, And al-though the
Ere He found His sheep that was lost; Out in the
Ere the Shep-herd could bring him back." "Lord, whence are Thy
"Re-joice! I have found my sheep!" And the an-gels
moun-tains wild and bare, A-way from the ten-der
road be rough and steep, I go to the des-ert to
des-ert He heard its cry— Sick and help-less, and
hands so rent and torn?" "They're pierced to-night by
ech-oed a-round the throne, "Re-joice! for the Lord brings

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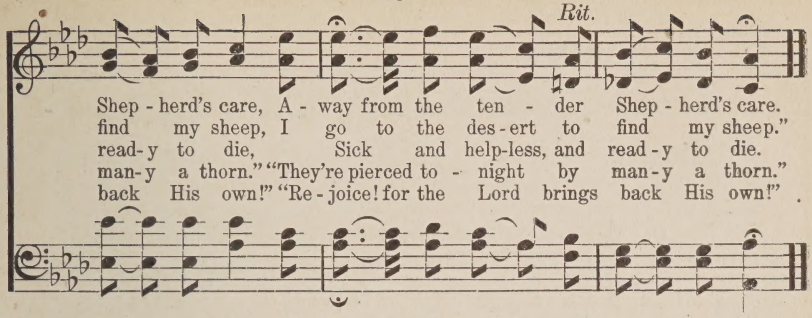
The Ninety and Nine.


Rit.
Shep - herd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shep - herd's care.
find my sheep, I go to the des - ert to find my sheep."
read - y to die, Sick and help - less, and read - y to die.
man - y a thorn." "They're pierced to - night by man - y a thorn."
back His own!" "Re - joice! for the Lord brings back His own!"

No. 83. I Surrender All.

J. W. Van De Venter. DUET. W. S. Weeden.

1. All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, All to Him I free - ly give;
I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His pres-ence dai - ly live.
2. All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, Hum - bly at His feet I bow;
World - ly pleas-ures all for-sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now.
3. All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, Make me, Sav - ior, whol-ly thine;
Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that Thou art mine.
CHORUS.
I sur - ren - der all, I sur-ren - der all,
I sur - ren-der all, I sur - ren-der all,
All to thee, my bless - ed Sav - ior, I sur - ren - der all.

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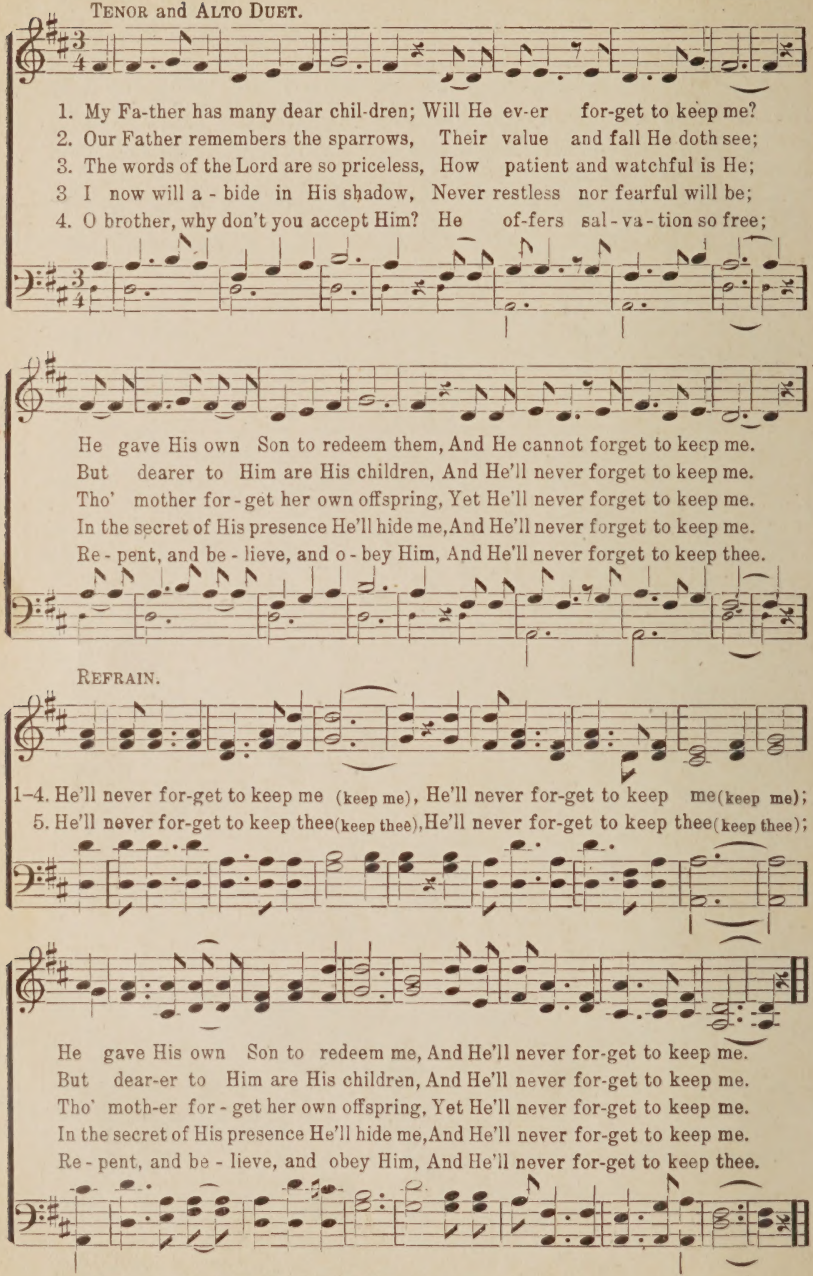
4 All to Jesus I surrender,
Lord, I give myself to Thee;
Fill me with Thy love and power,
Let thy blessing fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,
Now I feel the sacred flame;
O the joy of full salvation!
Glory, glory to His name!

No. 84. He'll Never Forget to Keep Me.

F. A. G. F. A. Graves.

TENOR and ALTO DUET.


1. My Fa-ther has many dear chil-dren; Will He ev-er for-get to keep me?
2. Our Father remembers the sparrows, Their value and fall He doth see;
3. The words of the Lord are so priceless, How patient and watchful is He;
3 I now will a - bide in His shadow, Never restless nor fearful will be;
4. O brother, why don't you accept Him? He of-fers sal-va-tion so free;
He gave His own Son to redeem them, And He cannot forget to keep me.
But dearer to Him are His children, And He'll never forget to keep me.
Tho' mother for-get her own offspring, Yet He'll never forget to keep me.
In the secret of His presence He'll hide me, And He'll never forget to keep me.
Re-pent, and be-lieve, and o-bey Him, And He'll never forget to keep thee.
REFRAIN.
1–4. He'll never for-get to keep me (keep me), He'll never for-get to keep me (keep me);
5. He'll never for-get to keep thee (keep thee), He'll never for-get to keep thee (keep thee);
He gave His own Son to redeem me, And He'll never for-get to keep me.
But dear-er to Him are His children, And He'll never for-get to keep me.
Tho' moth-er for-get her own offspring, Yet He'll never for-get to keep me.
In the secret of His presence He'll hide me, And He'll never for-get to keep me.
Re-pent, and be-lieve, and obey Him, And He'll never for-get to keep thee.

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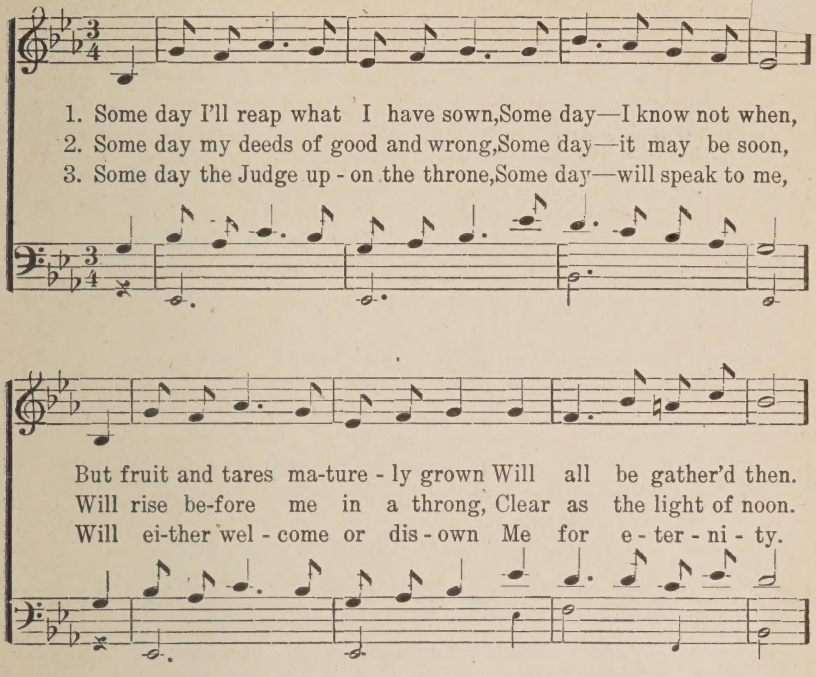
No. 85. Some Happy Day.

Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabr


1. Some day I'll reap what I have sown, Some day—I know not when,
2. Some day my deeds of good and wrong, Some day—it may be soon,
3. Some day the Judge up - on the throne, Some day—will speak to me,
But fruit and tares ma-ture - ly grown Will all be gather'd then.
Will rise be-fore me in a throng, Clear as the light of noon.
Will ei-ther wel - come or dis - own Me for e - ter - ni - ty.
CHORUS.
Some day— I cannot tell . . . . . Just when! but Lord, I pray,
Some day—but O, I can - not tell, I cannot tell Just when 'twill be, but this, O Lord, I pray,
That I may go to dwell With Thee some happy day.
That I may go, may go to dwell with Thee, With Thee some happy, happy, hap - py day.

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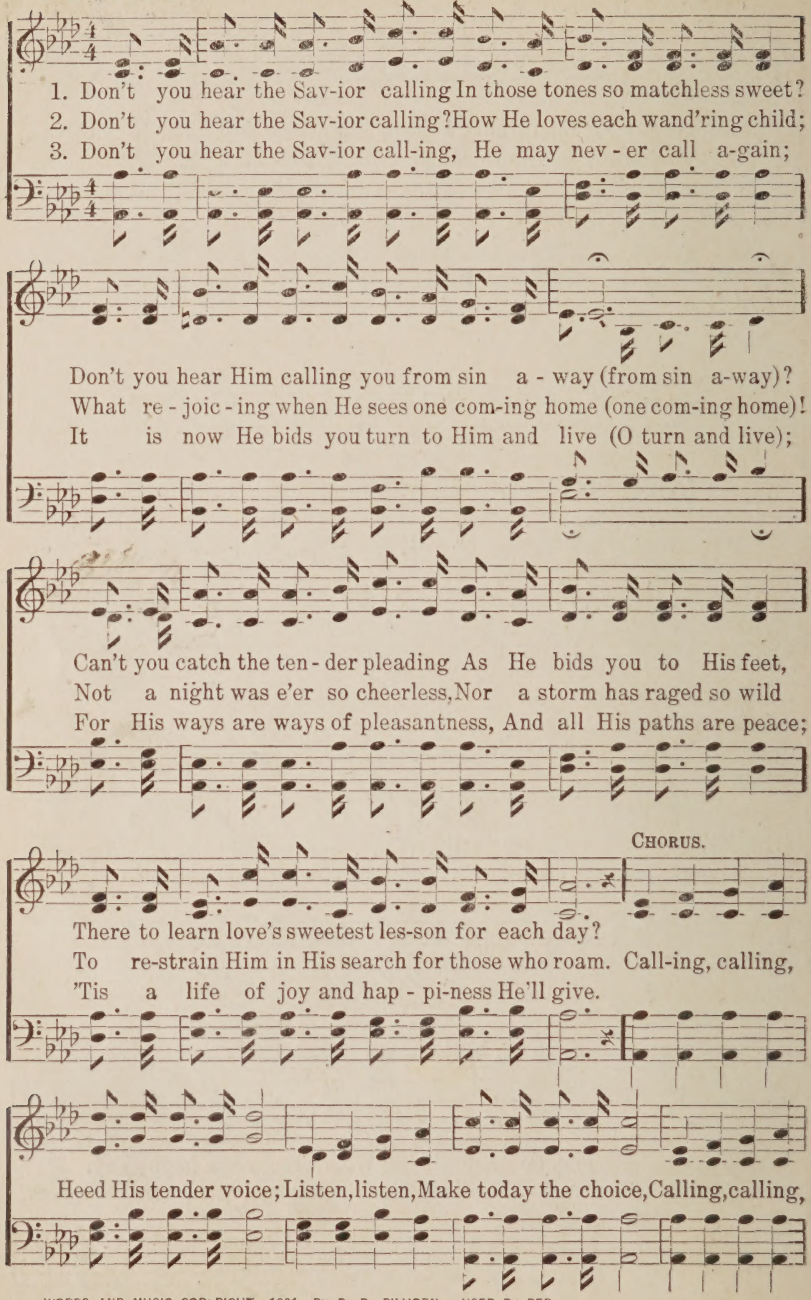
No. 86. Hear Him Calling.

Jno. R. Clements. P. P. Bilhorn.


1. Don't you hear the Sav-ior calling In those tones so matchless sweet?
2. Don't you hear the Sav-ior calling? How He loves each wand'ring child;
3. Don't you hear the Sav-ior call-ing, He may nev-er call a-gain;
Don't you hear Him calling you from sin a-way (from sin a-way)?
What re-joic-ing when He sees one com-ing home (one com-ing home)!
It is now He bids you turn to Him and live (O turn and live);
Can't you catch the ten-der pleading As He bids you to His feet,
Not a night was e'er so cheerless, Nor a storm has raged so wild
For His ways are ways of pleasantness, And all His paths are peace;
CHORUS.
There to learn love's sweetest les-son for each day?
To re-strain Him in His search for those who roam. Call-ing, calling,
'Tis a life of joy and hap-pi-ness He'll give.
Heed His tender voice; Listen, listen, Make today the choice, Calling, calling,

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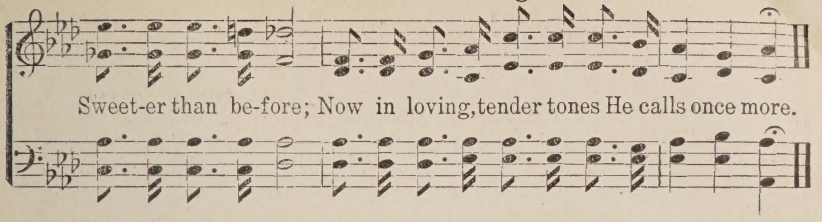
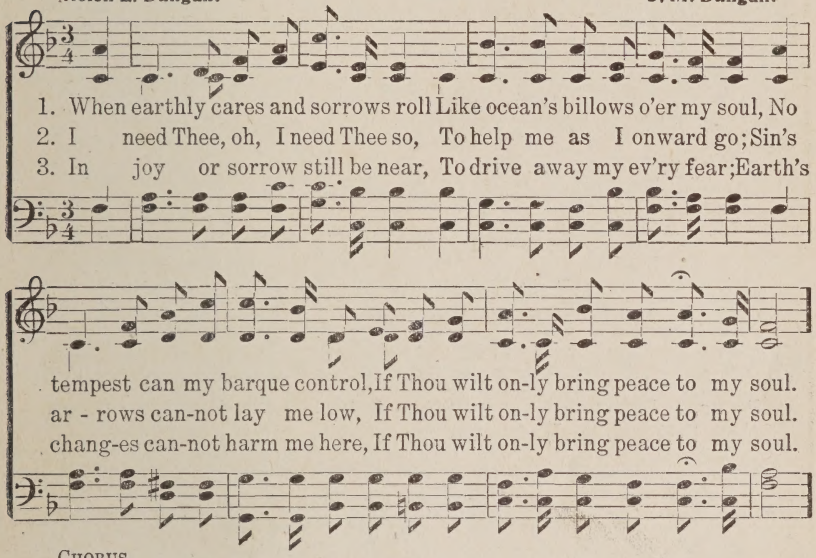
Hear Him Calling.

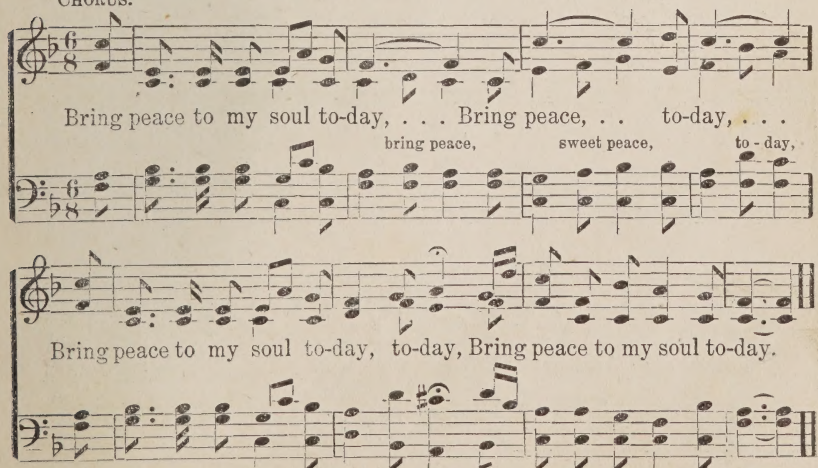


No. 87. Bring Peace to My Soul.

Helen L. Dungan. J. M. Dungan.


1. When earthly cares and sorrows roll Like ocean's billows o'er my soul, No
2. I need Thee, oh, I need Thee so, To help me as I onward go; Sin's
3. In joy or sorrow still be near, To drive away my ev'ry fear; Earth's
tempest can my barque control, If Thou wilt on-ly bring peace to my soul.
ar - rows can-not lay me low, If Thou wilt on-ly bring peace to my soul.
chang-es can-not harm me here, If Thou wilt on-ly bring peace to my soul.

CHORUS.


Bring peace to my soul to-day, . . . Bring peace, . . to-day, . . .
bring peace, sweet peace, to - day,
Bring peace to my soul to-day, to-day, Bring peace to my soul to-day.

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No. 88. There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a
great day com-ing by and by; When the saints and the sinners shall be
bright day com-ing by and by; But its brightness shall on-ly come to
sad day com-ing by and by; When the sinner shall hear his doom, "de-
part-ed right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?
them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
part, I know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come?
CHORUS.
m
pp
m
Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the
m
pp
m
judgment day? Are you ready? Are you ready for the judgment day?

USED BY PER. W. L. THOMPSON & CO., EAST LIVERPOOL, O., AND CHICAGO.

No. 89. Where Shall I Be?

C, P. J. Chas. P. Jones.

Moderato.

1. When judg-ment day is draw - ing nigh, Where shall I be?
When east and west the fire shall roll, Where shall I be?
2. When wick - ed men His wrath shall see, Where shall I be?
When hills and mountains flee a - way, Where shall I be?
3. When heav'n and earth as some great scroll, Where shall I be?
When all the saints redeem'd shall stand, Where shall I be?
When God the works of men shall try, Where shall I be?
How will it be with my poor soul? Where shall I be?
And to the rocks and mount-ains flee, Where shall I be?
When all the works of men de - cay, Where shall I be?
Shall from God's an - gry pres - ence roll, Where shall I be?
For - ev - er blest at God's right hand, Where shall I be?
CHORUS.
O where shall I be when the first trum - pet sounds, O
where shall I be when it sounds so loud? When it sounds so loud
as to wake up the dead? O where shall I be when it sounds?

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No. 90. More Like Jesus.

Kate Ulmer. Warren W. Bentley.

1. More and more like Je - sus I would ev - er be, Walk-ing in His
2. More and more like Je - sus, Showing forth His love, Look-ing ev - er
3. More and more like Je - sus till I see His face, Chang'd in - to His
footsteps, for He died for me; And my Sav - ior shin-eth with a
up - ward to my home a - bove; Hope and comfort bringing in His
like - ness by His wondrous grace; More and more like Je - sus thro' e-
stead-fast light, Trusting, tho' the pathway lead thro' darkest night.
bless - ed name, Tell - ing how in mer - cy to re-deem He came.
ter - ni - ty; More and more like Je - sus, this my song shall be.
REFRAIN.
More and more, more and more Like Him I would be;
More and more like Je - sus, Who once died for me.

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No. 91. It is Safe to Follow Jesus.

F. S. S. F. S. Shephard.

1. It is al-ways safe to fol-low Where the Savior shows the way;
2. It is al-ways safe to fol-low Where the blessed Mas-ter leads,
3. It is al-ways safe to fol-low In the footsteps of the Lord;
4. It is al-ways safe to fol-low In the path the Sav-ior trod,
5. When we reach the golden cit-y, In the land be-yond the blue;
While walk-ing by His guid-ance, We can nev-er go a-stray.
For He, know-ing all our tri-als, Will sup-ply our dai-ly needs.
For He lead-eth on to vic-t'ry As is prom-ised in His Word.
For although 'tis sometimes rug-ged, Yet it al-ways leads to God.
Thro' the a-ges we will praise Him, Now e-ter-nal-ly in view.
CHORUS.
Then fol-low Je-sus, In the nar-row way. . . .
Fol-low Je-sus, fol-low Je-sus, nar-row way,
Then fol-low Je-sus, On to vic-to-ry.
Fol-low Je-sus, fol-low Je-sus,

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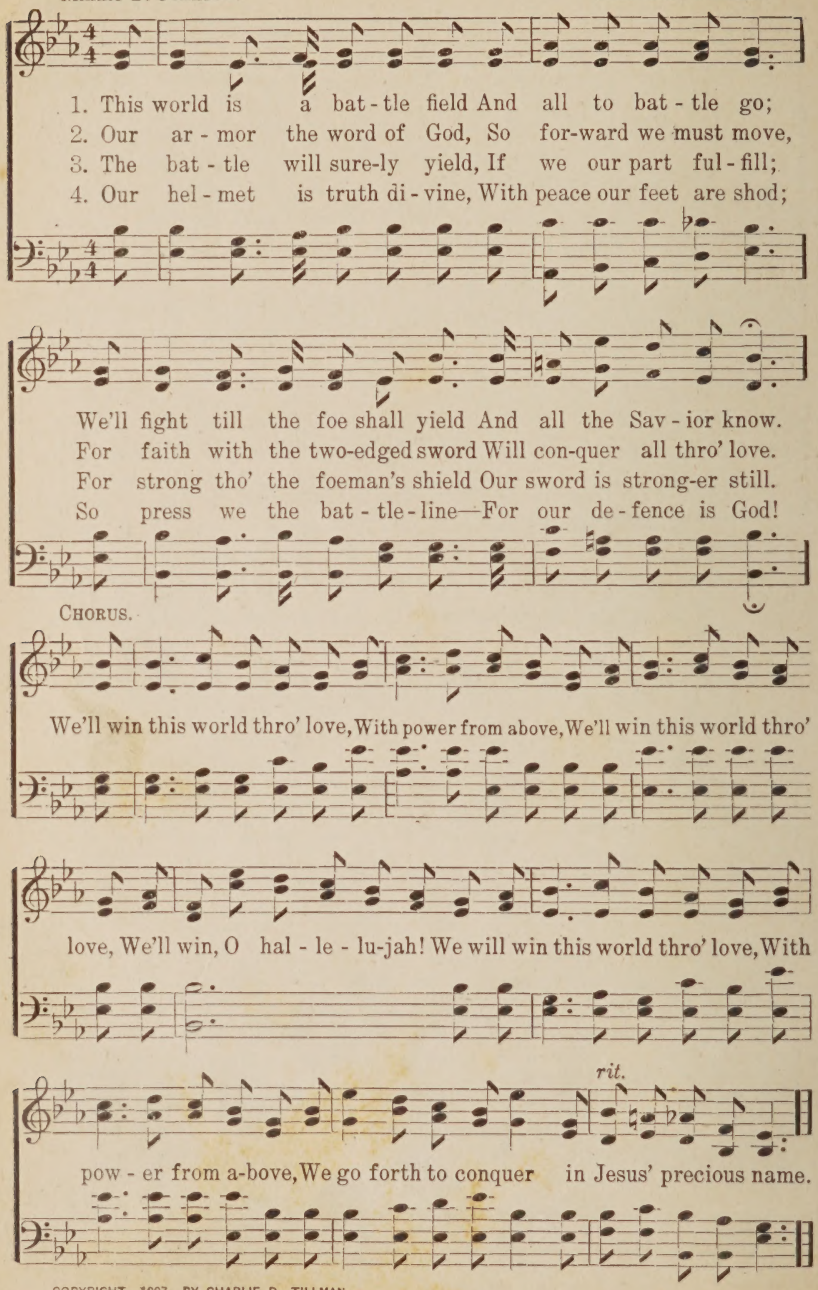
No. 92. We'll Win Thro' Love.

Minnie B. Johnson. Charlie D. Tillman.


1. This world is a bat-tle field And all to bat-tle go;
2. Our ar-mor the word of God, So for-ward we must move,
3. The bat-tle will sure-ly yield, If we our part ful-fill;
4. Our hel-met is truth di-vine, With peace our feet are shod;
We'll fight till the foe shall yield And all the Sav-ior know.
For faith with the two-edged sword Will con-quer all thro' love.
For strong tho' the foeman's shield Our sword is strong-er still.
So press we the bat-tle-line—For our de-fence is God!
CHORUS.
We'll win this world thro' love, With power from above, We'll win this world thro'
love, We'll win, O hal-le-lu-jah! We will win this world thro' love, With
rit.
pow-er from a-bove, We go forth to conquer in Jesus' precious name.

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No. 93. Tell It to Jesus Alone.

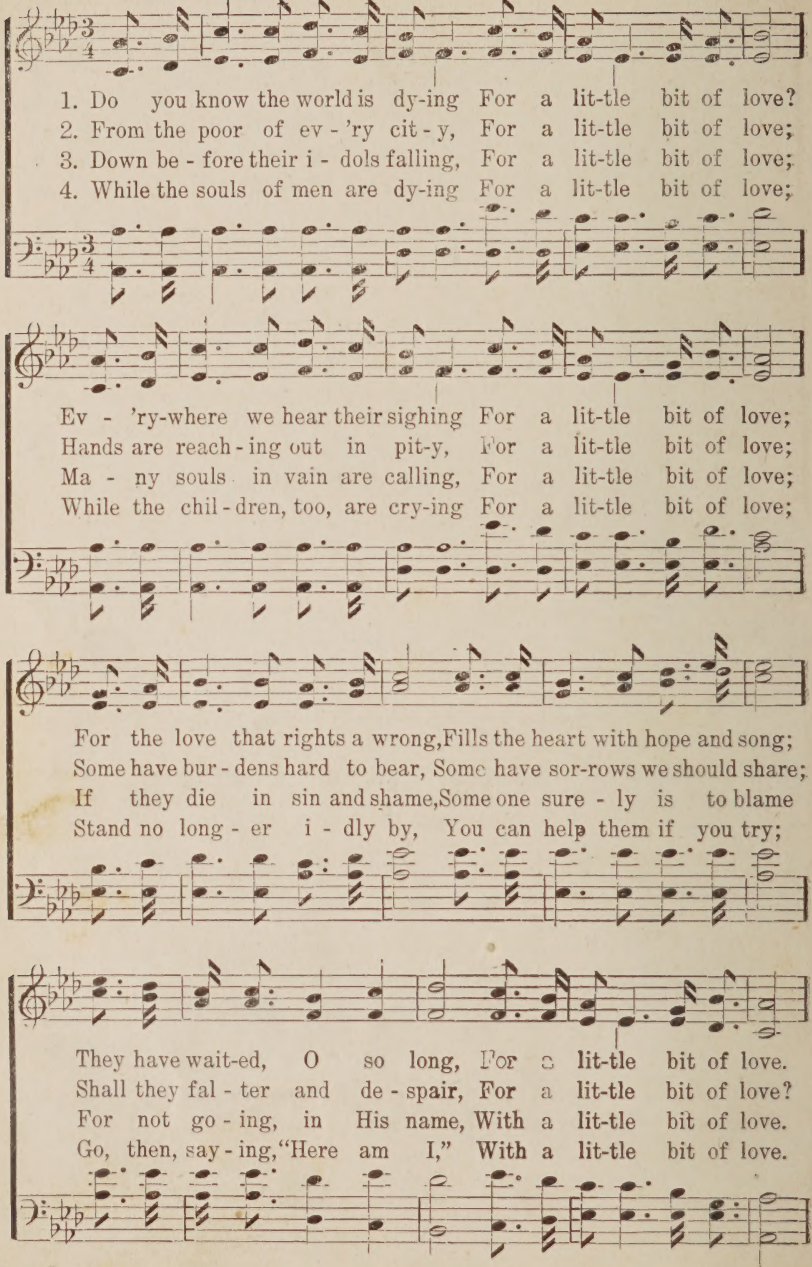
J. E. Rankin, D. D. Rev. E. S. Lorenz, by per.

1. Are you wea - ry, are you heav-y-heart-ed? Tell it to Je-sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden? Tell it to Je-sus,
3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sorrow? Tell it to Je-sus,
4. Are you troub-led at the tho't of dy-ing? Tell it to Je-sus,
Tell it to Je - sus; Are you griev-ing o - ver joys de-part - ed?
Tell it to Je - sus; Have you sins that to man's eyes are hid - den?
Tell it to Je - sus; Are you anx-ious what shall be to - mor-row?
Tell it to Je - sus; For Christ's coming Kingdom are you sigh-ing?
CHORUS.
Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to
Je - sus, He is a friend that's well known; You have no oth - er
such a friend or broth - er; Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

No. 94. A Little Bit of Love.

To my friend, Marion Lawrence.

E. O. E. E. O. Excell.


1. Do you know the world is dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love?
2. From the poor of ev - 'ry cit - y, For a lit-tle bit of love;
3. Down be - fore their i - dols falling, For a lit-tle bit of love;
4. While the souls of men are dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;
Ev - 'ry-where we hear their sighing For a lit-tle bit of love;
Hands are reach - ing out in pit-y, For a lit-tle bit of love;
Ma - ny souls in vain are calling, For a lit-tle bit of love;
While the chil - dren, too, are cry-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;
For the love that rights a wrong, Fills the heart with hope and song;
Some have bur - dens hard to bear, Some have sor-rows we should share;
If they die in sin and shame, Some one sure - ly is to blame
Stand no long - er i - dly by, You can help them if you try;
They have wait-ed, O so long, For a lit-tle bit of love.
Shall they fal - ter and de - spair, For a lit-tle bit of love?
For not go - ing, in His name, With a lit-tle bit of love.
Go, then, say - ing, "Here am I," With a lit-tle bit of love.

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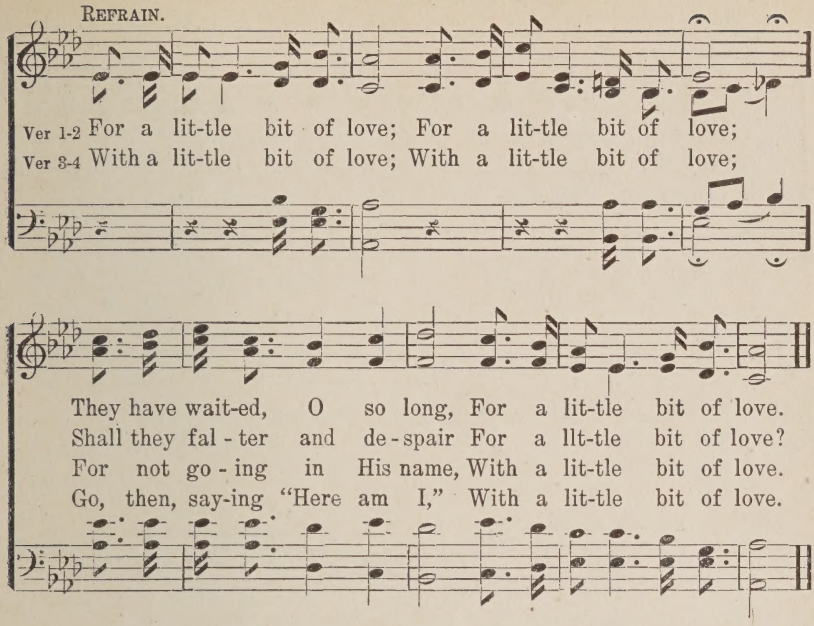
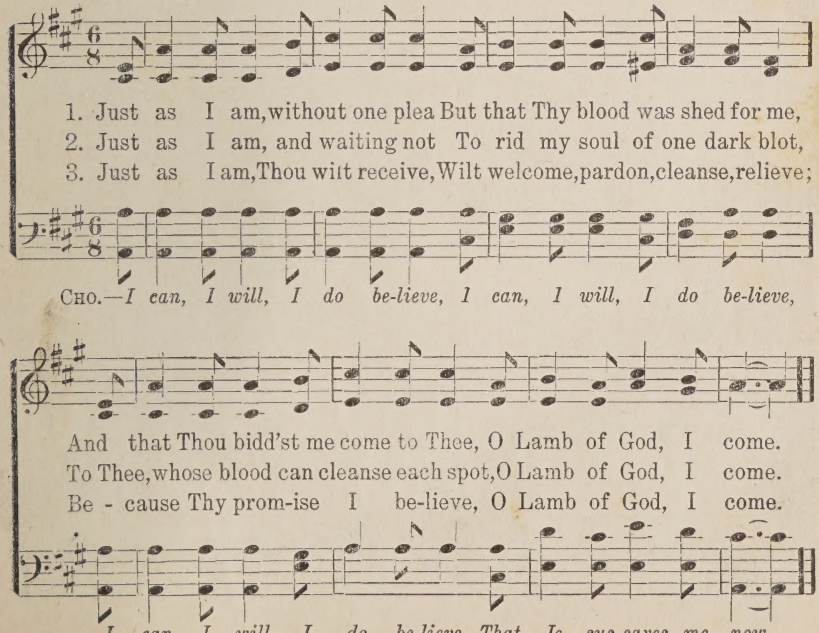
A Little Bit of Love.


REFRAIN.
Ver 1-2 For a lit-tle bit of love; For a lit-tle bit of love;
Ver 3-4 With a lit-tle bit of love; With a lit-tle bit of love;
They have wait-ed, O so long, For a lit-tle bit of love.
Shall they fal - ter and de - spair For a llt-tle bit of love?
For not go - ing in His name, With a lit-tle bit of love.
Go, then, say-ing "Here am I," With a lit-tle bit of love.

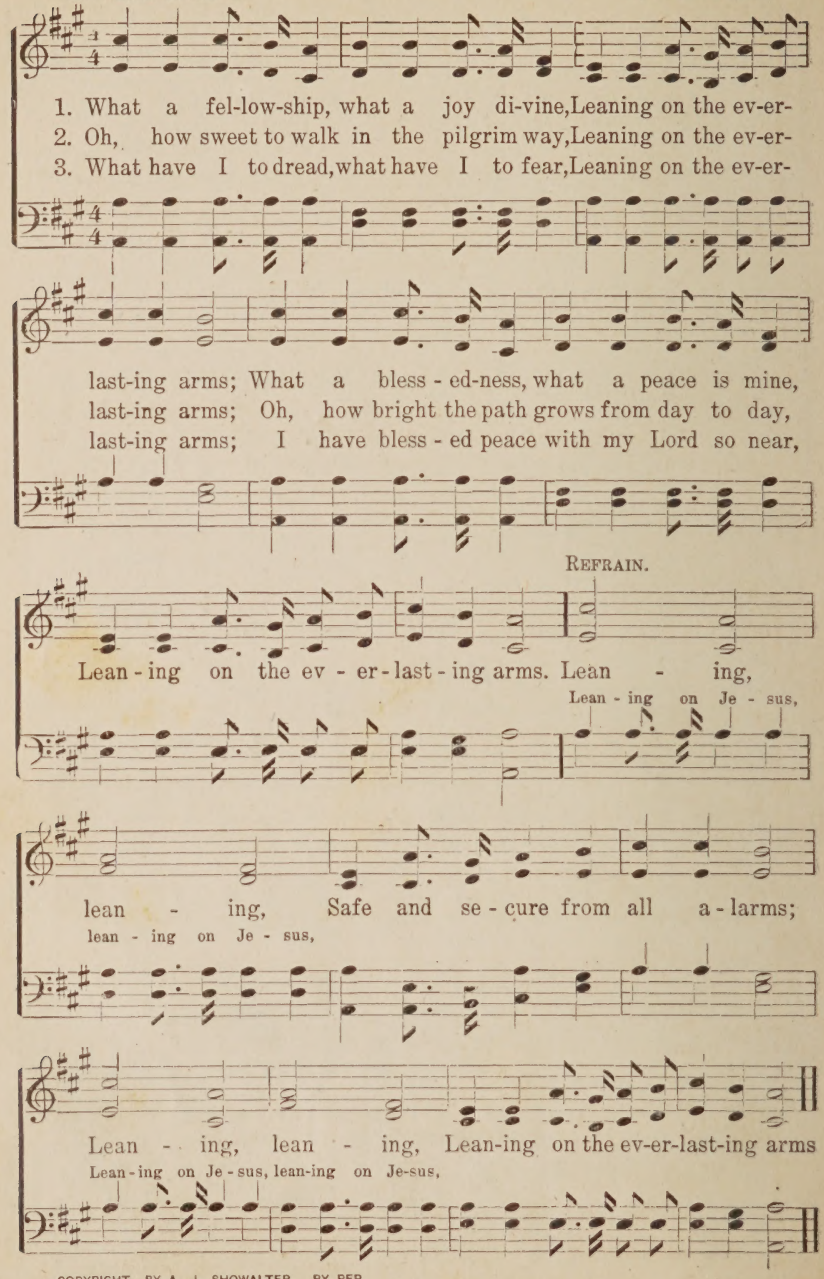
No. 95. I Can, I Will, I Do Believe.

Charlotte Elliott.


1. Just as I am, without one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
CHO.—I can, I will, I do be-lieve, I can, I will, I do be-lieve,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come.
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come.
Be - cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come.
I can, I will, I do be-lieve That Je - sus saves me now.

No. 96. Leaning On the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. A, J. Showalter.


1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Leaning on the ev-er-
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in the pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev-er-
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev-er-
last-ing arms; What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
last-ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last-ing arms; I have bless-ed peace with my Lord so near,
REFRAIN.
Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms. Lean-ing,
Lean-ing on Je-sus,
lean-ing, Safe and se-cure from all a-larms;
lean-ing on Je-sus,
Lean-ing, lean-ing, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms
Lean-ing on Je-sus, lean-ing on Je-sus,

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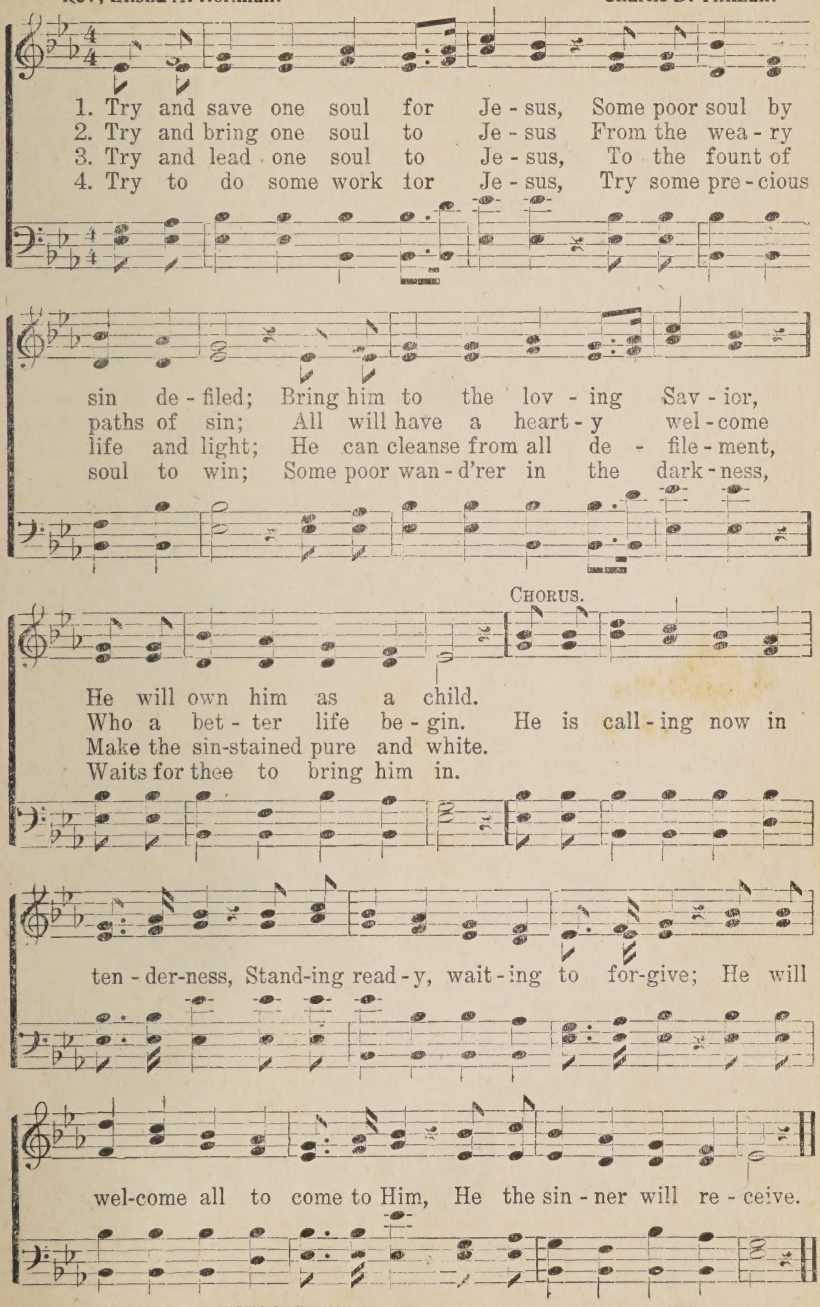
No. 97. Save One Soul for Jesus.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. Charlie D. Tillman.


1. Try and save one soul for Je - sus, Some poor soul by
2. Try and bring one soul to Je - sus From the wea - ry
3. Try and lead one soul to Je - sus, To the fount of
4. Try to do some work for Je - sus, Try some pre - cious
sin de - filed; Bring him to the lov - ing Sav - ior,
paths of sin; All will have a heart - y wel - come
life and light; He can cleanse from all de - file - ment,
soul to win; Some poor wan - d'rer in the dark - ness,
CHORUS.
He will own him as a child.
Who a bet - ter life be - gin. He is call - ing now in
Make the sin-stained pure and white.
Waits for thee to bring him in.
ten - der-ness, Stand-ing read - y, wait - ing to for-give; He will
wel-come all to come to Him, He the sin - ner will re - ceive.

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No. 98. What a Savior!

Charlotte G. Homer — Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. What a Sav - ior Je - sus is! He is mine, and I am His!
2. What a Sav - ior! praise His name, That to earth for me He came;
3. What a Sav - ior! all the way Walk-ing with me, day by day,
4. What a Sav - ior! and I know When to that bright world I go,
5. What a Sav - ior! how He lives, Ev - 'ry hour His mer - cy proves;
He the price of sin has paid, And for me a - tonement made.
Not the least, but all He gave, My im - mor - tal soul to save.
Guid-ing by His ho - ly will, Guarding me from ev - 'ry ill.
Saved by His re - deem-ing grace, I shall see Him face to face.
List - en, for He speaks to thee: "Take thy cross, and fol - low Me."
CHORUS.
What a Sav - ior, what a Sav - ior, What a
What a Sav - ior, what a pre - cious Sav - ior, What a
Sav - ior Je - sus is! . . . . . I will praise . . Him, ev - er
Sav-ior Je-sus is, What a Sav-ior Je-sus is! I will praise Him,
praise Him, He is mine, ... and I am His! . . . . . .
ev - er praise Him, He is mine, and I am His, He is mine, and I am His!

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No. 99. The Green Hill Far Away

Mrs. C. F. Alexander. H. P. Danks.

1. There is a green hill far a - way, With-out a cit - y wall,
2. He died that we might be for-giv'n, He died to make us good,
3. There was no oth - er good e-nough, To pay the price of sin,
4. Oh, dear - ly, dear-ly was He loved! And we must love Him too,
Where our dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
That we might go at last to heav'n, Saved by His pre-cious blood.
He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heav'n, and let us in.
And trust in His re - deeming blood, And try His works to do.
CHORUS.
We may not know, ... we can-not tell, ... What
We may not know, we can - not tell,
pains He had to bear, ... But we be - lieve, it
He had to bear,
was for us He hung and suf-fered there, He suf - fered there.

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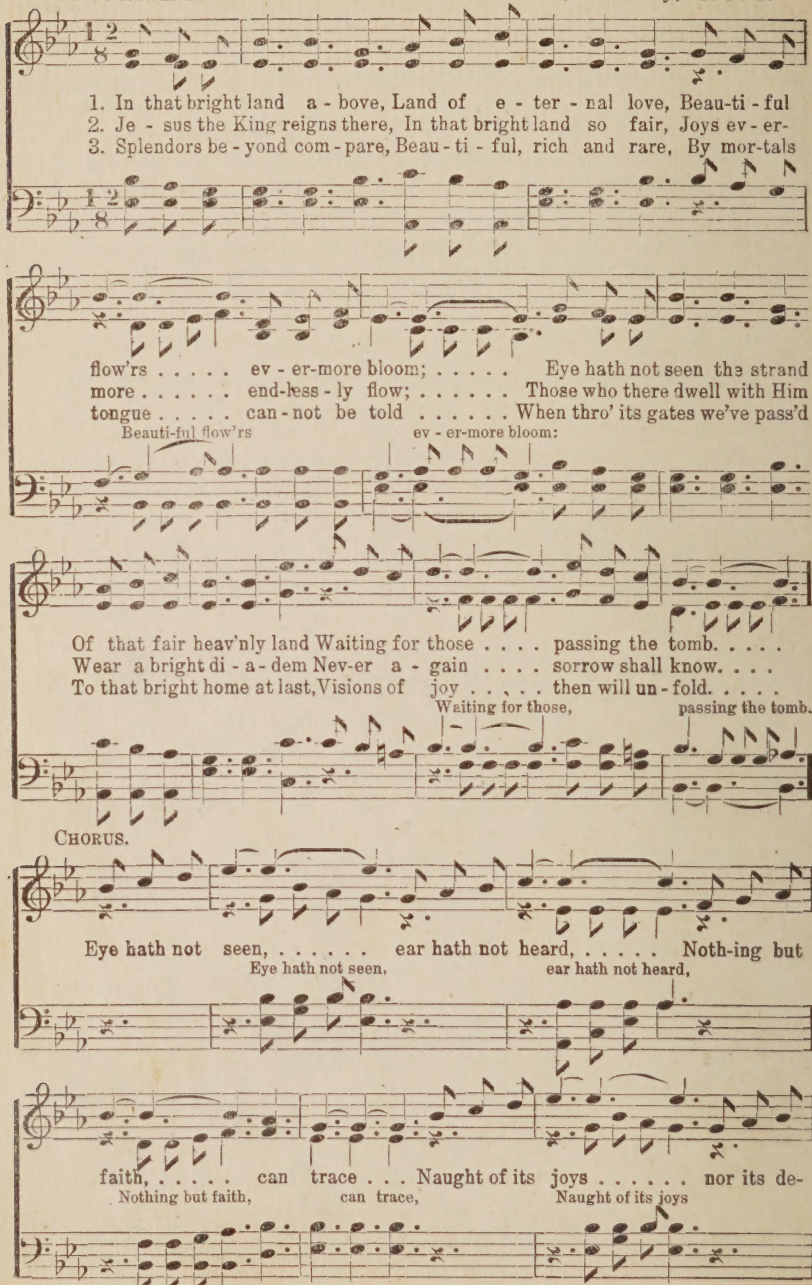
No. 100. Home Beyond.

Nellie Edwards. Ran C. Story, C. D. T.


1. In that bright land a - bove, Land of e - ter - nal love, Beau-ti - ful
2. Je - sus the King reigns there, In that bright land so fair, Joys ev - er-
3. Splendors be - yond com - pare, Beau - ti - ful, rich and rare, By mor-tals
flow'rs . . . . . ev - er-more bloom; . . . . . Eye hath not seen the strand
more . . . . . end-less - ly flow; . . . . . Those who there dwell with Him
tongue . . . . . can - not be told . . . . . When thro' its gates we've pass'd
Beauti-ful flow'rs
ev - er-more bloom:
Of that fair heav'nly land Waiting for those . . . . passing the tomb. . . . .
Wear a bright di - a - dem Nev-er a - gain . . . . sorrow shall know. . . .
To that bright home at last, Visions of joy . . . . . then will un - fold. . . . .
Waiting for those,
passing the tomb.
CHORUS.
Eye hath not seen, ... ear hath not heard, ... Noth-ing but
Eye hath not seen,
ear hath not heard,
faith, ... can trace . . . Naught of its joys . . . . . nor its de-
Nothing but faith,
can trace,
Naught of its joys

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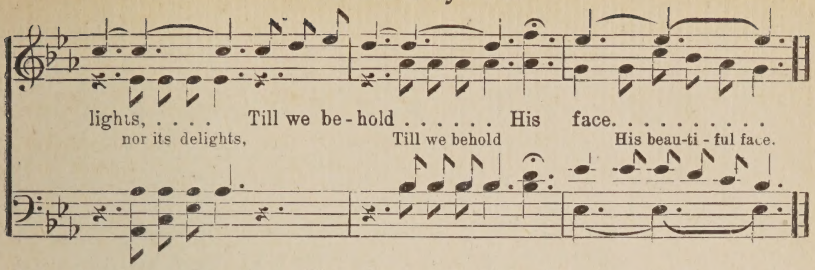
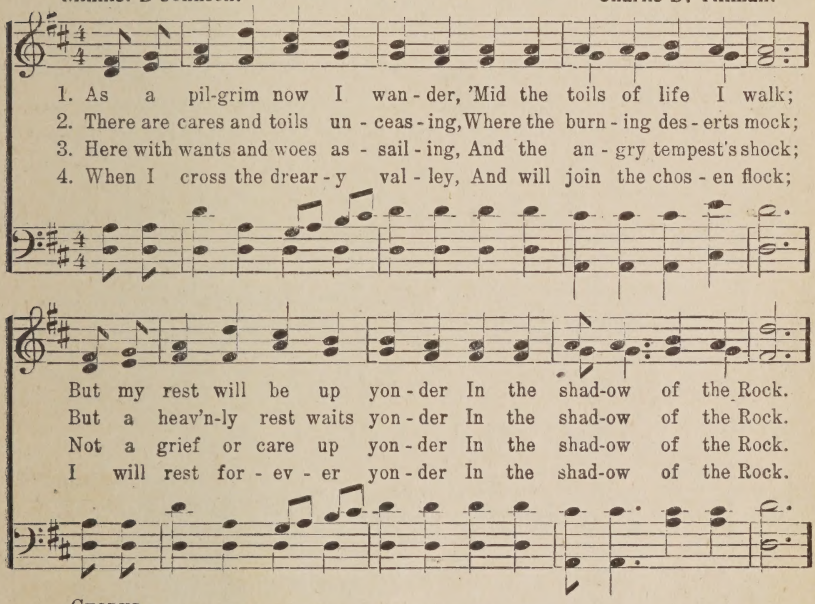
Home Beyond.

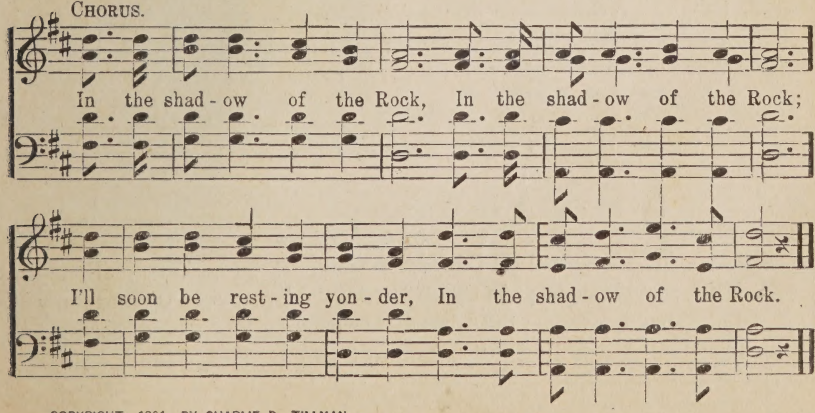


No. 101. In the Shadow of the Rock.

Minnie. B Johnson. Charlie D. Tillman.


1. As a pil-grim now I wan-der, 'Mid the toils of life I walk;
2. There are cares and toils un-ceas-ing, Where the burn-ing des-erts mock;
3. Here with wants and woes as-sail-ing, And the an-gry tempest's shock;
4. When I cross the drear-y val-ley, And will join the chos-en flock;
But my rest will be up yon-der In the shad-ow of the Rock.
But a heav'n-ly rest waits yon-der In the shad-ow of the Rock.
Not a grief or care up yon-der In the shad-ow of the Rock.
I will rest for-ev-er yon-der In the shad-ow of the Rock.

CHORUS.



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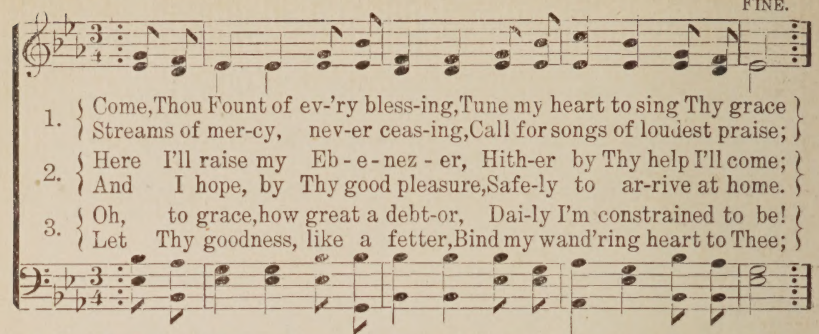
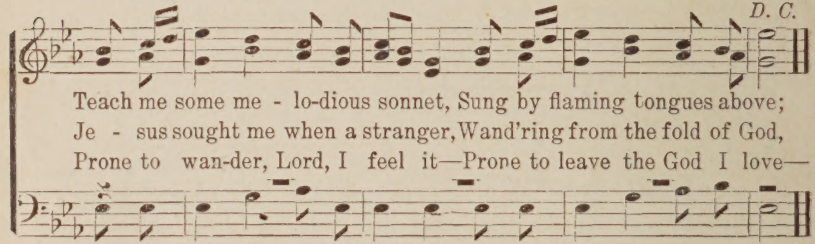
No. 102. Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson. Unknown.

FINE.

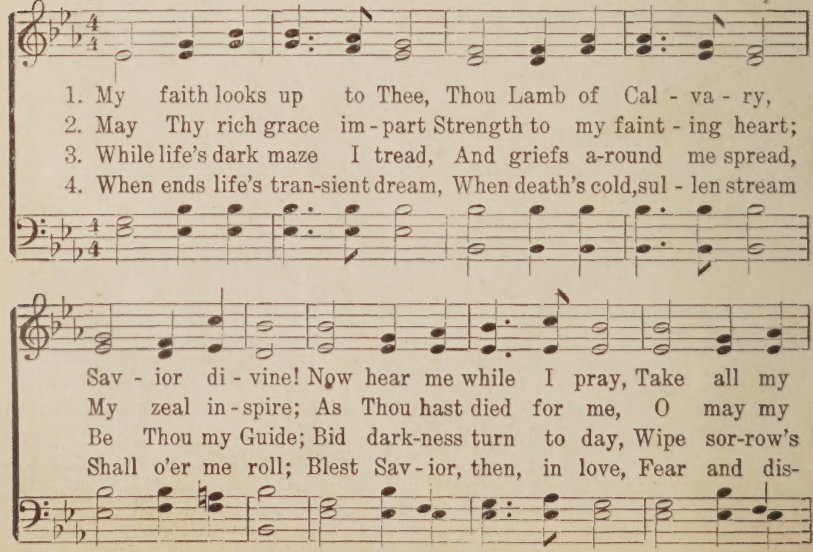

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace
Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise;
2. Here I'll raise my Eb-e-nez-er, Hith-er by Thy help I'll come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home.
3. Oh, to grace, how great a debt-or, Dai-ly I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee;

D.C.—Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it! Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.
D.C.—He to res-cue me from danger, In-terposed His precious blood.
D.C.—Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it, Seal it for thy courts a-bove.

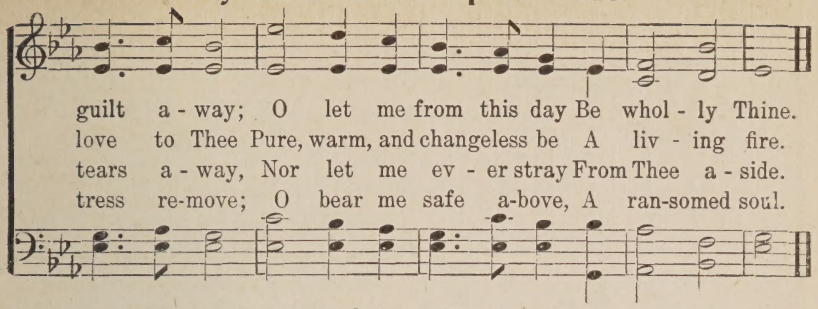

D. C.
Teach me some me-lo-dious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above;
Je-sus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God,
Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it—Prone to leave the God I love—

No. 103. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Dr. Lowell Mason.

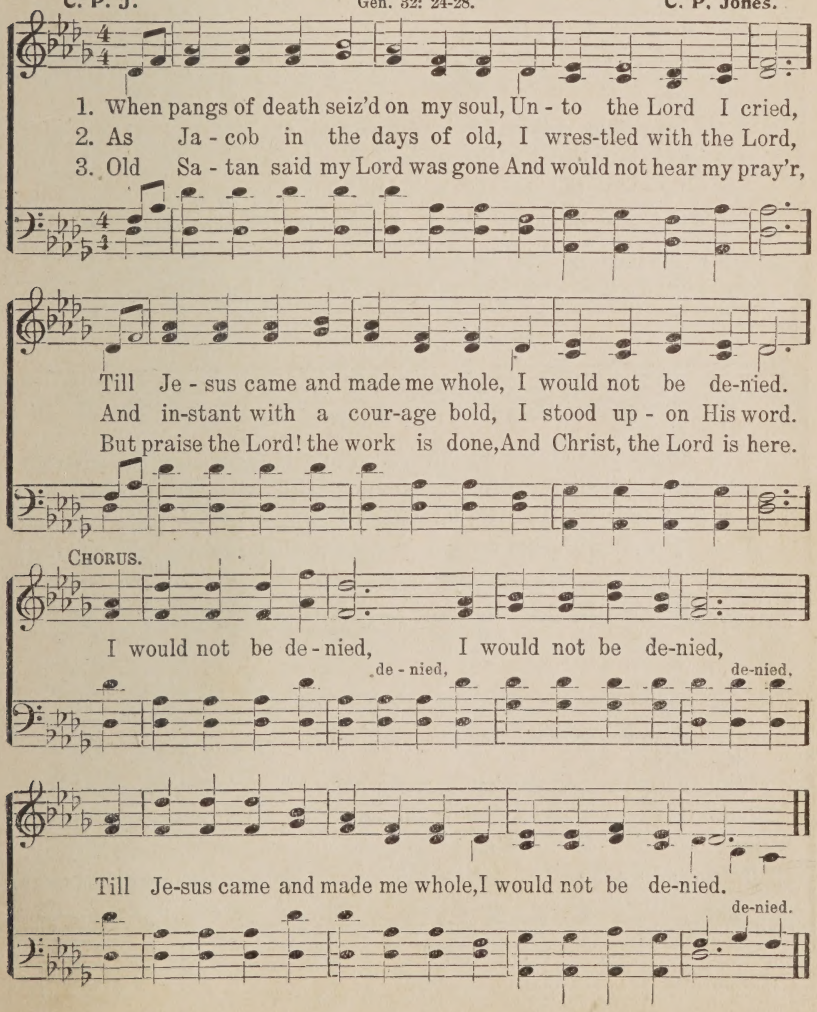

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im-part Strength to my faint-ing heart;
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran-sient dream, When death's cold, sul-len stream
Sav-ior di-vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in-spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my
Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor-row's
Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav-ior, then, in love, Fear and dis-

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.


guilt a - way; O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be A liv - ing fire.
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
tress re-move; O bear me safe a-bove, A ran-somed soul.

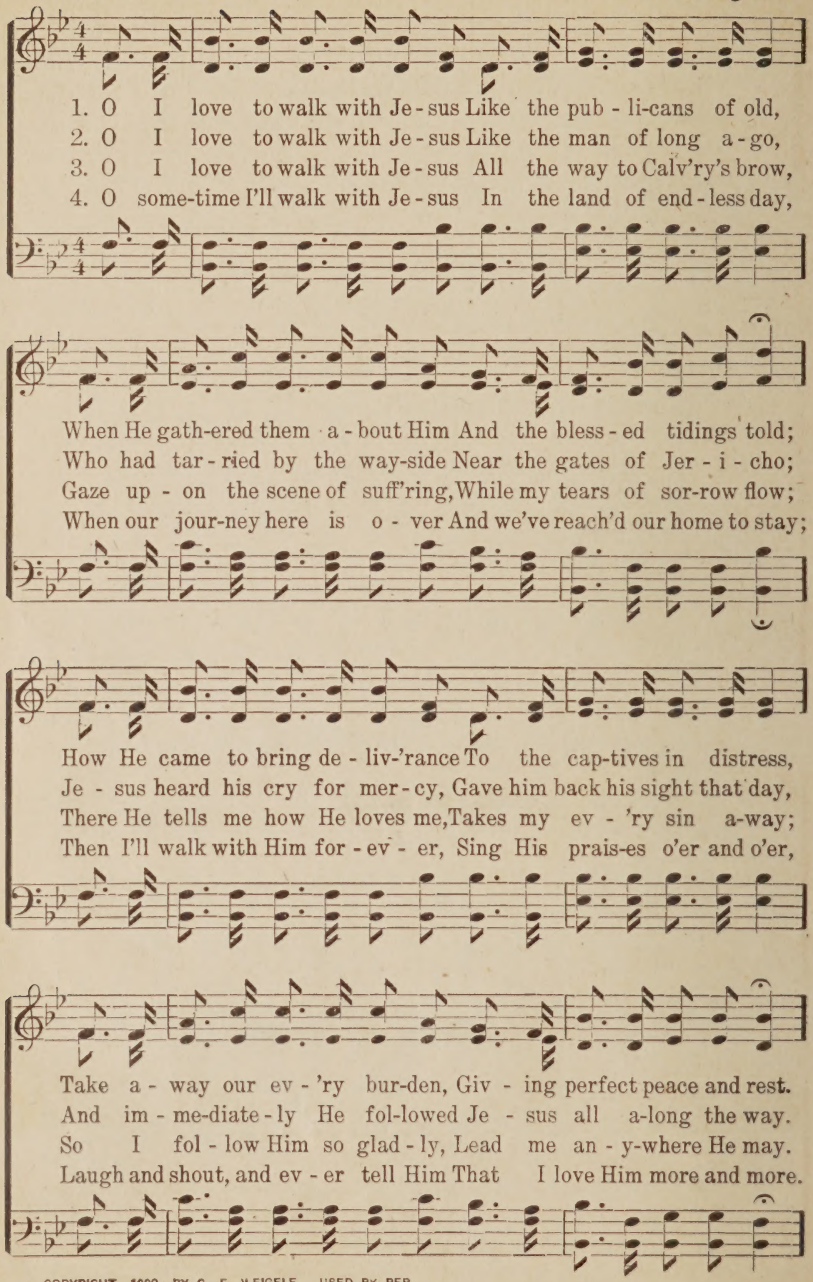
No. 104. I Would Not Be Denied.

C. P. J. Gen. 32: 24-28. C. P. Jones.


1. When pangs of death seiz'd on my soul, Un - to the Lord I cried,
2. As Ja - cob in the days of old, I wres-tled with the Lord,
3. Old Sa - tan said my Lord was gone And would not hear my pray'r,
Till Je - sus came and made me whole, I would not be de-nied.
And in-stant with a cour-age bold, I stood up - on His word.
But praise the Lord! the work is done, And Christ, the Lord is here.
CHORUS.
I would not be de - nied, I would not be de-nied,
de - nied, de-nied.
Till Je-sus came and made me whole, I would not be de-nied.
de-nied.

No. 105. I Love to Walk With Jesus.

C. F. W. C. F. Weigele.


1. O I love to walk with Je - sus Like the pub - li-cans of old,
2. O I love to walk with Je - sus Like the man of long a - go,
3. O I love to walk with Je - sus All the way to Calv'ry's brow,
4. O some-time I'll walk with Je - sus In the land of end - less day,
When He gath-ered them a - bout Him And the bless - ed tidings told;
Who had tar - ried by the way-side Near the gates of Jer - i - cho;
Gaze up - on the scene of suff'ring, While my tears of sor-row flow;
When our jour-ney here is o - ver And we've reach'd our home to stay;
How He came to bring de - liv-'rance To the cap-tives in distress,
Je - sus heard his cry for mer - cy, Gave him back his sight that day,
There He tells me how He loves me, Takes my ev - 'ry sin a-way;
Then I'll walk with Him for - ev - er, Sing His prais-es o'er and o'er,
Take a - way our ev - 'ry bur-den, Giv - ing perfect peace and rest.
And im - me-diate - ly He fol-lowed Je - sus all a-long the way.
So I fol - low Him so glad - ly, Lead me an - y-where He may.
Laugh and shout, and ev - er tell Him That I love Him more and more.

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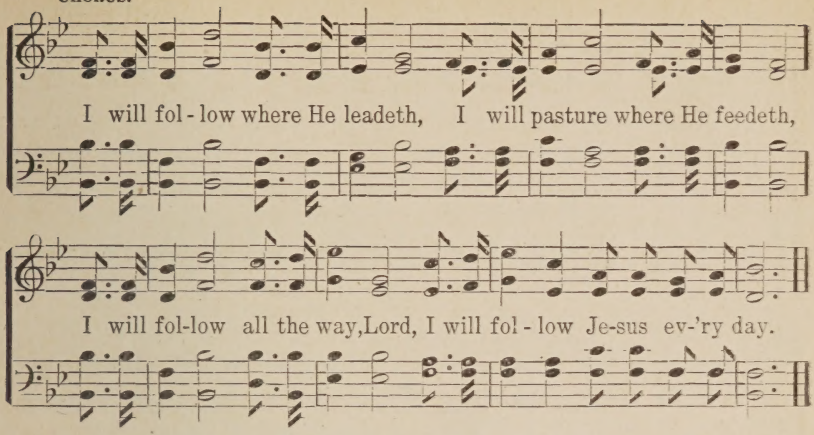
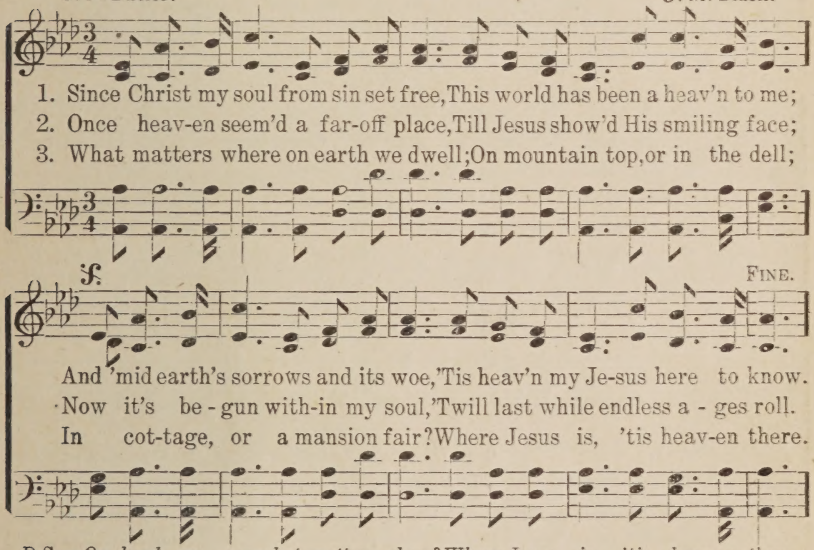
I Love to Walk With Jesus.

CHORUS.

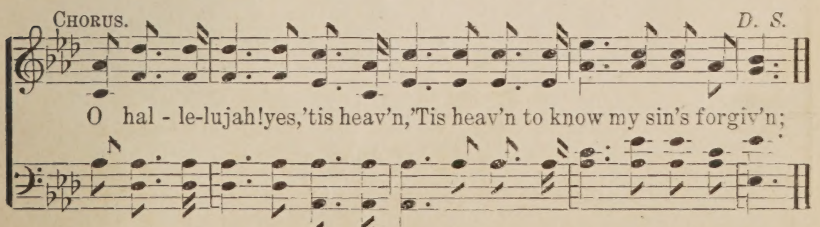


No. 106. Where Jesus Is, 'Tis Heaven.

S. F. Butler. J. M. Black.


1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free,This world has been a heav'n to me;
2. Once heav-en seem'd a far-off place,Till Jesus show'd His smiling face;
3. What matters where on earth we dwell;On mountain top,or in the dell;
And 'mid earth's sorrows and its woe,'Tis heav'n my Je-sus here to know.
Now it's be - gun with-in my soul,'Twill last while endless a - ges roll.
In cot-tage, or a mansion fair?Where Jesus is, 'tis heav-en there.
FINE.
D.S.—*On land or sea,what matters where? Where Jesus is, 'tis heav-en there.*

CHORUS. *D. S.*



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No. 107. As the Day Breaks.

A. A. Payn. C. Austin Miles.

1. As the shadows of the night round are falling, I am thinking of that
2. When we gather home at last there'll be singing, Such as angels round the
3. I shall rise to be with Je - sus for - ev - er, I shall meet the ones who
day by and by; When the trumpet of the Lord shall be call - ing,
throne never heard; For the song of souls redeem'd shall go ring - ing,
pass'd on be - fore: We shall meet to part no more, nev-er, nev - er,
CHORUS.
As the day breaks o'er the hills.
As the day breaks o'er the hills. I'll go singing, I'll go shouting on my
When the day breaks o'er the hills.
journey home, Till the day breaks, till the day breaks; There'll be singing, there'll be
shouting, when we all get home, When the day breaks o'er the hills. . . . .
the heav'nly hills.

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No. 108. Since He Came to Stay.

Fistoria Mieler. Charlie D. Tillman.

1. If you'll list - en un - to me, A sto-ry to you I'll tell, How Je - sus
2. Be - fore He came to stay I had my doubts and fears, I longed to
3. Yes, since my Sav-ior came With-in my heart to dwell, He helps me
Christ the Son of God Came in my heart to dwell; And by His
know the peace and joy I felt in oth - er years; Now Sa - tan
learn the liv - ing way, And do His bless - ed will; And when at
D. S.—He's taken them all a - way, And by His
might-y pow'r He's chang'd my night to day, And now I've a life that's
is cast out, And ev - 'ry pass - ing day God gives me strength my
last He sees My work on earth is done, I'll then go shout - ing
might-y pow'r, He's chang'd my night to day, And now I've a life that's
FINE. CHORUS.
filled with joy, Since Je - sus came to stay.
foes to meet, Since Je - sus came to stay. I bless the hap - py day When
home to God, To receive the crown I've won.
filled with joy, Since Je - sus came to stay.
D. S.
Je - sus came to stay, And tho' my sins were crim - son red,

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No. 109. Lift the Banner High.

Minnie B. Johnson. E. L. Ozendorff.

1. We will lift the ban-ner high, We will wave it to the sky, For the
2. Lift the ban-ner for the right, See it gleams with glo - ry bright, Ev - 'ry-
3. Lift the ban-ner high for peace, Till all earth-ly strife shall cease, Thro' the
King, ... for the King; . . . . To the na - tions of the world
where, . . . ev - 'ry - where; . . . En - sign of the might-y God,
land, ... thro' the land; . . . . Bid the peo - ple now re-joice,
For the King, for the King;
Let the ban-ner be un-furled; Gladly sing, . . . glad-ly sing. . . .
Praise Him for His precious word And His care, . . . and His care. . . .
Who hath heard His ten - der voice And command, . . and command. . . .
Glad-ly sing, glad - ly sing.
CHORUS.
Wave the banner high, Wave it to the sky,
Wave the ban - ner high, Wave it to the sky; Let it
Let it wave, let it wave; Let it be un-furled,
wave, . . let it wave; . . Let it be un - furled, Tell to

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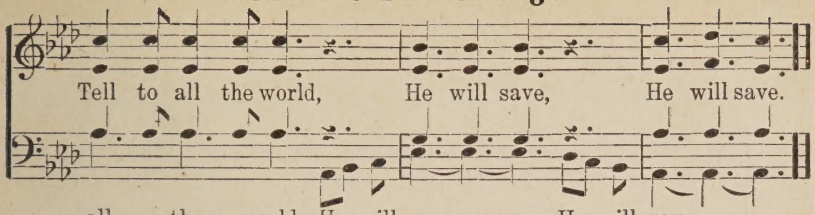
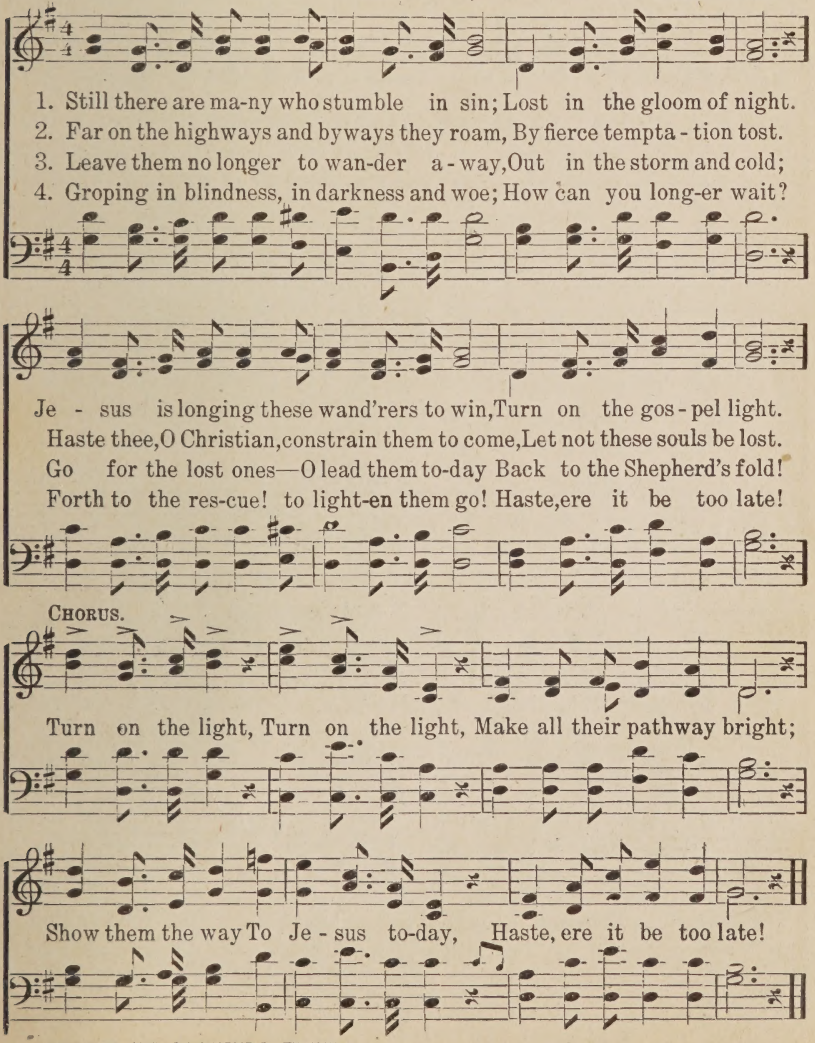
Lift the Banner High.



No. 110. Turn on the Light.

T. H. Thoro Harris.


1. Still there are ma-ny who stumble in sin; Lost in the gloom of night.
2. Far on the highways and byways they roam, By fierce tempta - tion tost.
3. Leave them no longer to wan-der a - way, Out in the storm and cold;
4. Groping in blindness, in darkness and woe; How can you long-er wait?
Je - sus is longing these wand'rers to win, Turn on the gos - pel light.
Haste thee, O Christian, constrain them to come, Let not these souls be lost.
Go for the lost ones—O lead them to-day Back to the Shepherd's fold!
Forth to the res-cue! to light-en them go! Haste, ere it be too late!
CHORUS.
Turn on the light, Turn on the light, Make all their pathway bright;
Show them the way To Je - sus to-day, Haste, ere it be too late!

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No. 111. In the Hallelujah Ranks To-day.

Nina Clarke. E. L. Ozendorff.

1. There's a joy-ful cho-rus sounding In the ar-my of the King
2. Now the bu-gle notes are peal-ing And the marching or-ders come,
3. Would you know why they're rejoicing? Their Redeemer goes be-fore.
'Tis the love of God a-bounding Makes the hal-le-lu-jahs ring;
Ev-'ry sol-dier now re-joic-es, For he'll soon be marching home;
And they fol-low on to Canaan, There to rest for-ev-er-more;
Ev-'ry voice is joined in prais-ing, In a glad ex-ult-ant lay
There's no foe that can defeat them, Whom the Sav-ior leads a-way
For His pres-ence is as-sur-ance, That we'll ev-er keep the way
CHORUS.
In the hal-le-lu-jah ranks to-day. In the hal-le-lu-jah ranks
I am standing to-day, I am read-y for the com-ing

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In the Hallelujah Ranks To-day.

No. 112. Step Out on the Promise.

The Highway. **E. F. Miller.**

1. O mourner in Zi - on, how bless-ed art thou, For Je - sus is
2. Oh, ye that are hun-gry and thirst-y re-joice; For ye shall be
3. Who sighs for a heart from in - iq - ui - ty free? Oh, poor troubled
4. The promise don't save, tho' the promise is true; 'Tis the blood we get
wait - ing to com - fort you now; Fear not to re - ly on the
filled; do you hear that sweet voice In - vit - ing now to the
soul! there's a prom - ise for thee; There's rest, wea-ry one, in the
un - der, that cleans-es us thro': It cleans-es me now, hal - le-
word of thy God. Step out on the promise, get un-der the blood.
ban - quet of God? Step out on the promise, get un-der the blood.
bo - som of God. Step out on the promise, get un-der the blood.
lu - jah to God. I rest on the promise, I'm un-der the blood.

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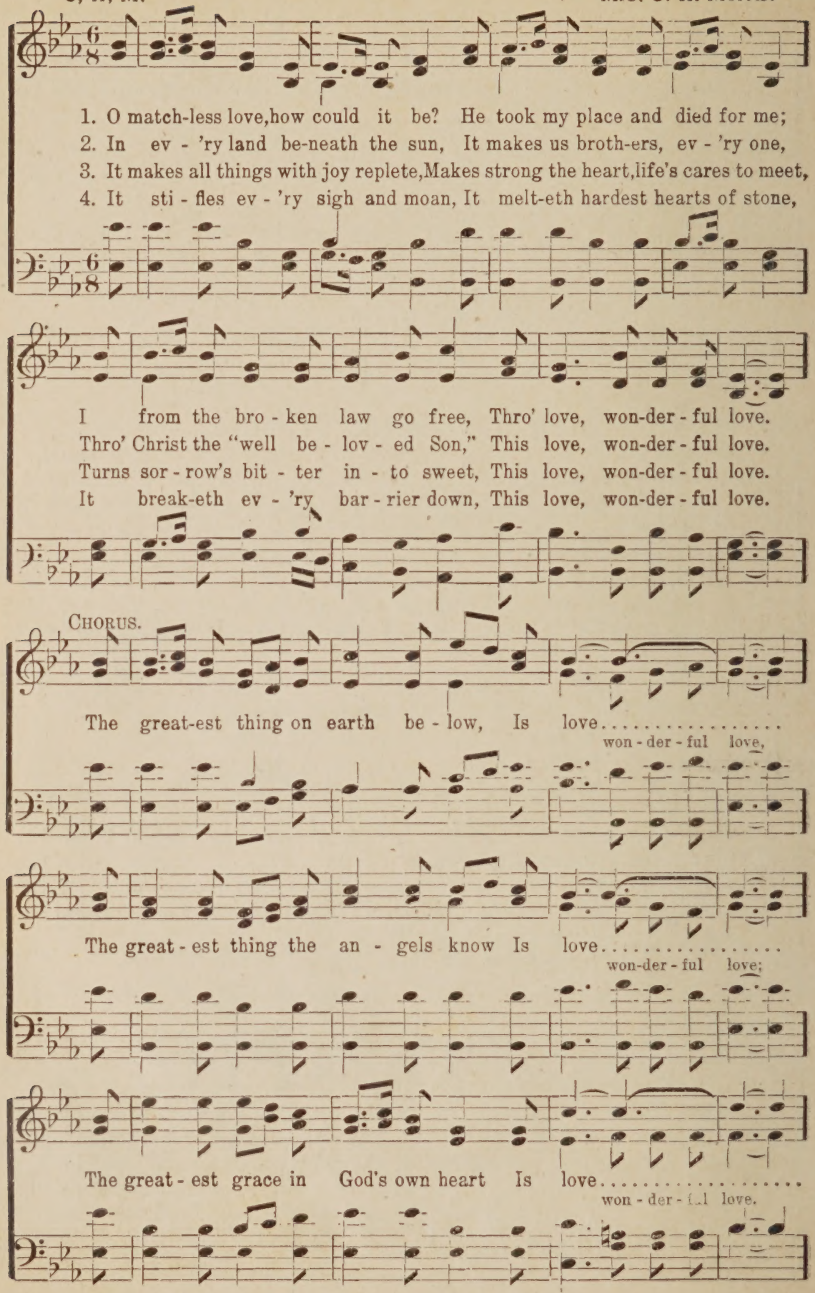
No. 113. The Greatest Thing is Love.

C, H, M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. O match-less love, how could it be? He took my place and died for me;
2. In ev - 'ry land be-neath the sun, It makes us broth-ers, ev - 'ry one,
3. It makes all things with joy replete, Makes strong the heart, life's cares to meet,
4. It sti - fles ev - 'ry sigh and moan, It melt-eth hardest hearts of stone,
I from the bro - ken law go free, Thro' love, won-der - ful love.
Thro' Christ the "well be - lov - ed Son," This love, won-der - ful love.
Turns sor - row's bit - ter in - to sweet, This love, won-der - ful love.
It break-eth ev - 'ry bar - rier down, This love, won-der - ful love.
CHORUS.
The great-est thing on earth be - low, Is love.....
won - der - ful love.
The great - est thing the an - gels know Is love.....
won-der - ful love;
The great - est grace in God's own heart Is love.....
won - der - ful love.

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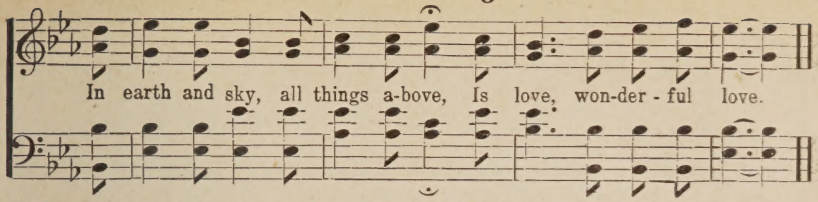
The Greatest Thing is Love.

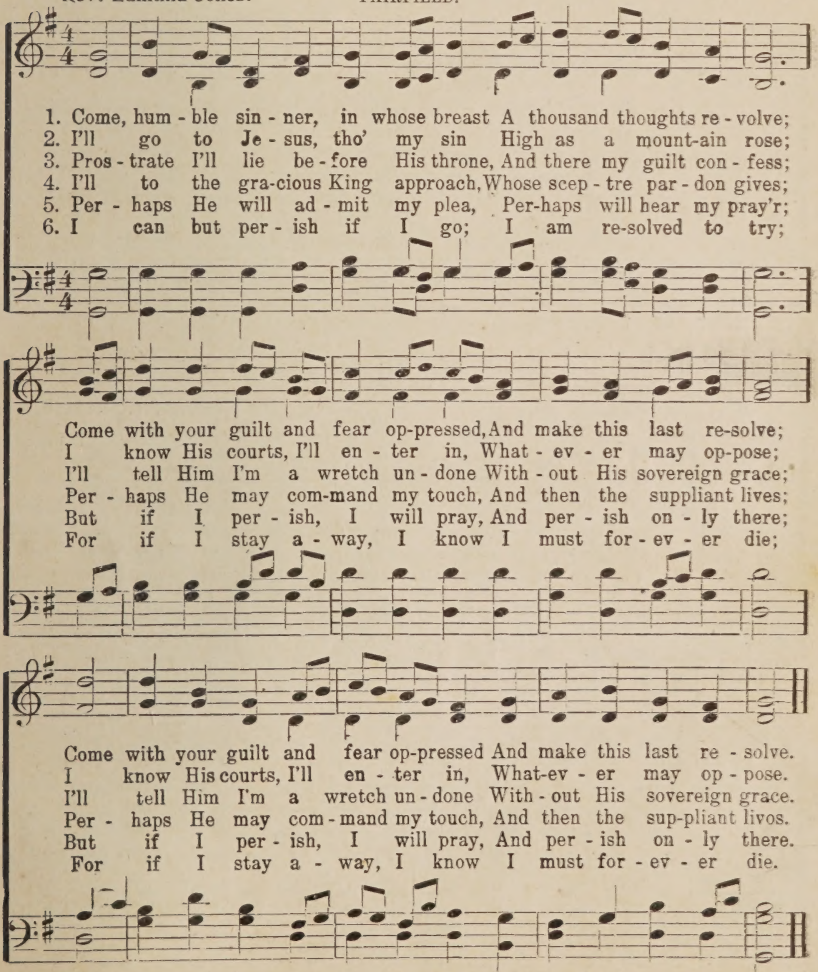


5 The stripes that should on me been laid,
He bore, an suffered in my stead,
Like as the lamb to slaughter led,
Through love, wonderful love.

6 Where souls in sin and sadness droop,
We go with Him and gladly stoop
To lift a fallen brother up,
Through love, wonderful love.

No. 114. Come Humble Sinner.

Rev. Edmund Jones. FAIRFIELD.


1. Come, hum - ble sin - ner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts re - volve;
2. I'll go to Je - sus, tho' my sin High as a mount-ain rose;
3. Pros - trate I'll lie be - fore His throne, And there my guilt con - fess;
4. I'll to the gra-cious King approach, Whose scep - tre par - don gives;
5. Per - haps He will ad - mit my plea, Per-haps will hear my pray'r;
6. I can but per - ish if I go; I am re-solved to try;
Come with your guilt and fear op-pressed, And make this last re-solve;
I know His courts, I'll en - ter in, What - ev - er may op-pose;
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch un - done With - out His sovereign grace;
Per - haps He may com-mand my touch, And then the suppliant lives;
But if I per - ish, I will pray, And per - ish on - ly there;
For if I stay a - way, I know I must for - ev - er die;
Come with your guilt and fear op-pressed And make this last re - solve.
I know His courts, I'll en - ter in, What-ev - er may op - pose.
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch un - done With - out His sovereign grace.
Per - haps He may com - mand my touch, And then the sup-pliant livos.
But if I per - ish, I will pray, And per - ish on - ly there.
For if I stay a - way, I know I must for - ev - er die.

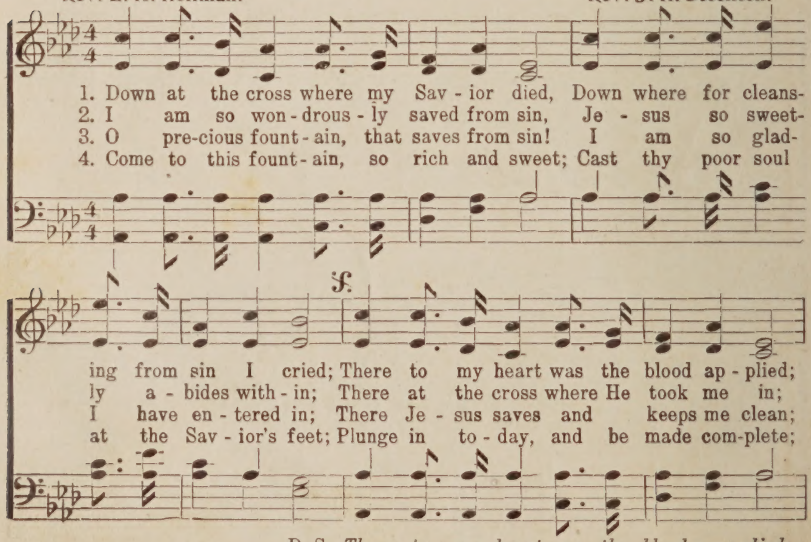
No. 115. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams. Lowell Mason.

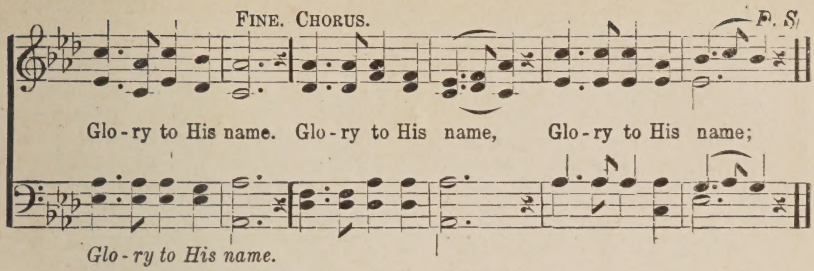
1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like the wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,
4. Then, with my waking tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my stony griefs
5. Or if, on joy-ful wing, Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon and stars for-got,
D. S.–Near-er, my God, to Thee,
FINE.
D. S.
That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
In mer-cy giv'n; An-gels to beck-on me Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Up-ward I fly, Still all my song shall be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Near-er to Thee!

No. 116. Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton.


1. Down at the cross where my Sav-ior died, Down where for cleans-
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je-sus so sweet-
3. O pre-cious fount-ain, that saves from sin! I am so glad-
4. Come to this fount-ain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul
ing from sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap-plied;
ly a-bides with-in; There at the cross where He took me in;
I have en-tered in; There Je-sus saves and keeps me clean;
at the Sav-ior's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made com-plete;
D. S.–There to my heart was the blood ap-plied;

Glory to His Name:



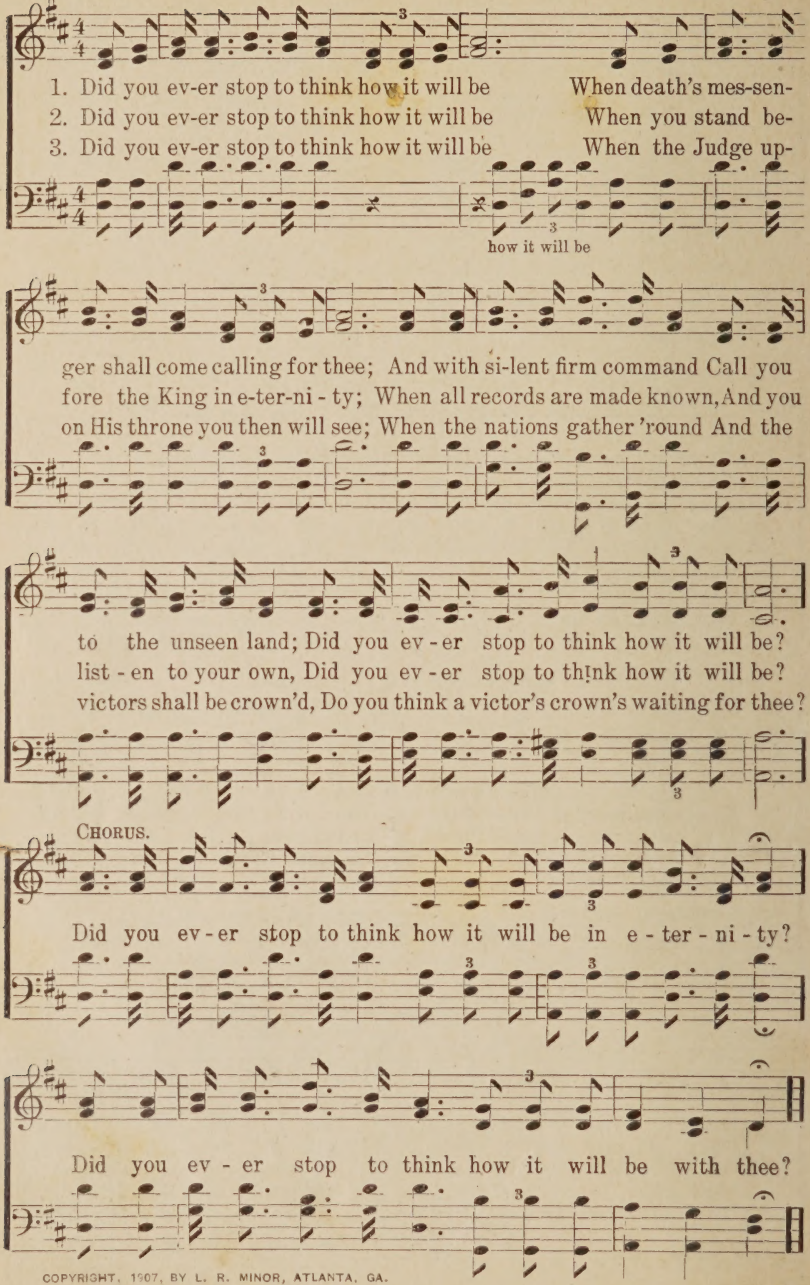
No. 117. There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper. Lowell Mason.

1. There is a fount-ain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im - man-uel's veins;
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That fount-ain in his day;
3. Dear dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,
5. Then, in a no - bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,
S.
FINE.
And sin-ners plung'd be - neath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Till all the ran-somed Church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
When this poor lisp - ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.
D. S.
Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains,
Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way,
Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved, to sin no more,
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die,
Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave,

No. 118. Did You Ever Stop to Think?

L. R. M. L. R. Minor.


1. Did you ev-er stop to think how it will be When death's mes-sen-
2. Did you ev-er stop to think how it will be When you stand be-
3. Did you ev-er stop to think how it will be When the Judge up-
how it will be
ger shall come calling for thee; And with si-lent firm command Call you
fore the King in e-ter-ni-ty; When all records are made known, And you
on His throne you then will see; When the nations gather 'round And the
to the unseen land; Did you ev-er stop to think how it will be?
list-en to your own, Did you ev-er stop to think how it will be?
victors shall be crown'd, Do you think a victor's crown's waiting for thee?
CHORUS.
Did you ev-er stop to think how it will be in e-ter-ni-ty?
Did you ev-er stop to think how it will be with thee?

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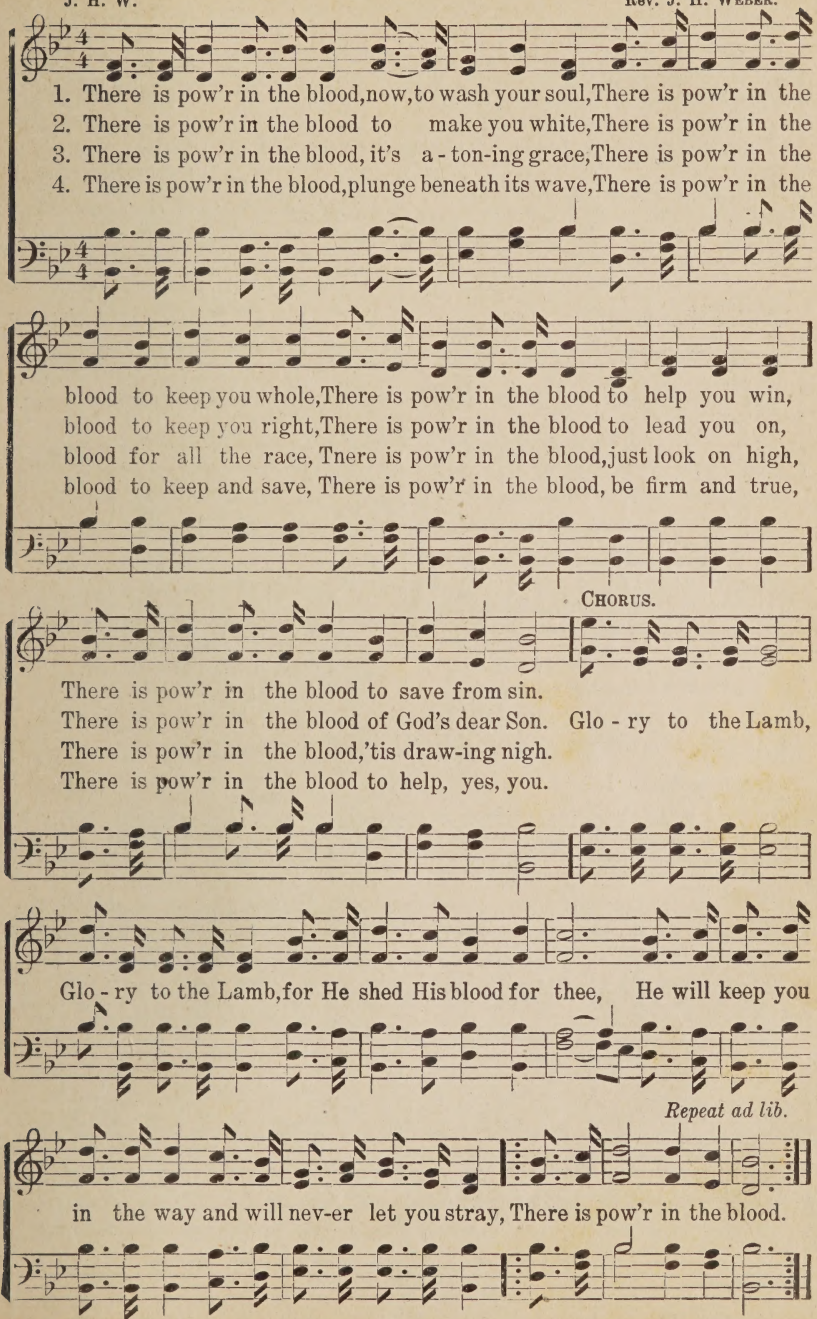
No. 119. Power in the Blood.

J. H. W. Rev. J. H. WEBER.


1. There is pow'r in the blood, now, to wash your soul, There is pow'r in the
2. There is pow'r in the blood to make you white, There is pow'r in the
3. There is pow'r in the blood, it's a - ton-ing grace, There is pow'r in the
4. There is pow'r in the blood, plunge beneath its wave, There is pow'r in the
blood to keep you whole, There is pow'r in the blood to help you win,
blood to keep you right, There is pow'r in the blood to lead you on,
blood for all the race, Tnere is pow'r in the blood, just look on high,
blood to keep and save, There is pow'r in the blood, be firm and true,
CHORUS.
There is pow'r in the blood to save from sin.
There is pow'r in the blood of God's dear Son. Glo - ry to the Lamb,
There is pow'r in the blood, 'tis draw-ing nigh.
There is pow'r in the blood to help, yes, you.
Glo - ry to the Lamb, for He shed His blood for thee, He will keep you
Repeat ad lib.
in the way and will nev-er let you stray, There is pow'r in the blood.

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No. 120. Joy to the World.

Isaac Watts. ANTIOCH. Handel.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King; { Let ev - 'ry heart prepare Him room, }
And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.
And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing,

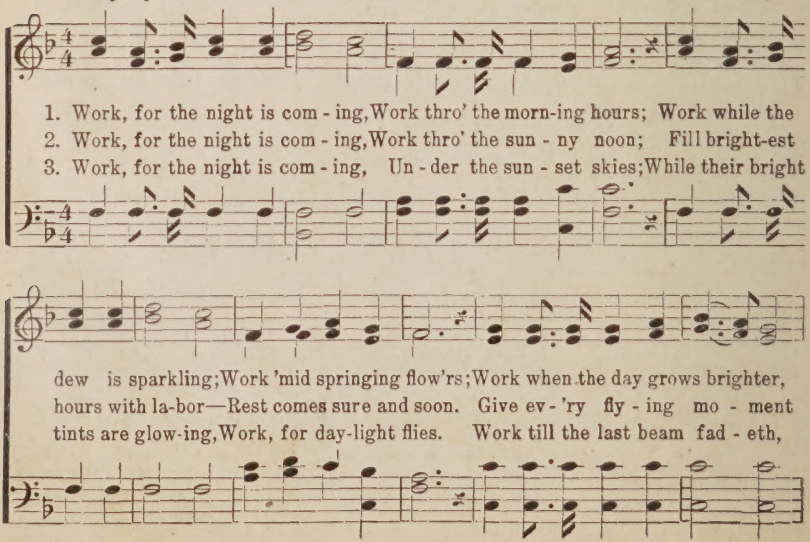
2 Joy to the earth! the Savior reigns:
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

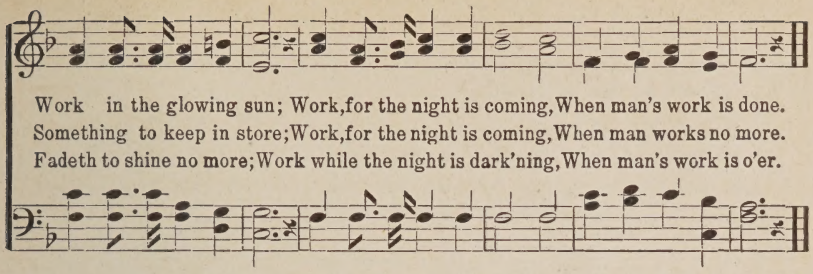
4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

No. 121. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Sidney Dyer. WORK SONG. Lowell Mason.

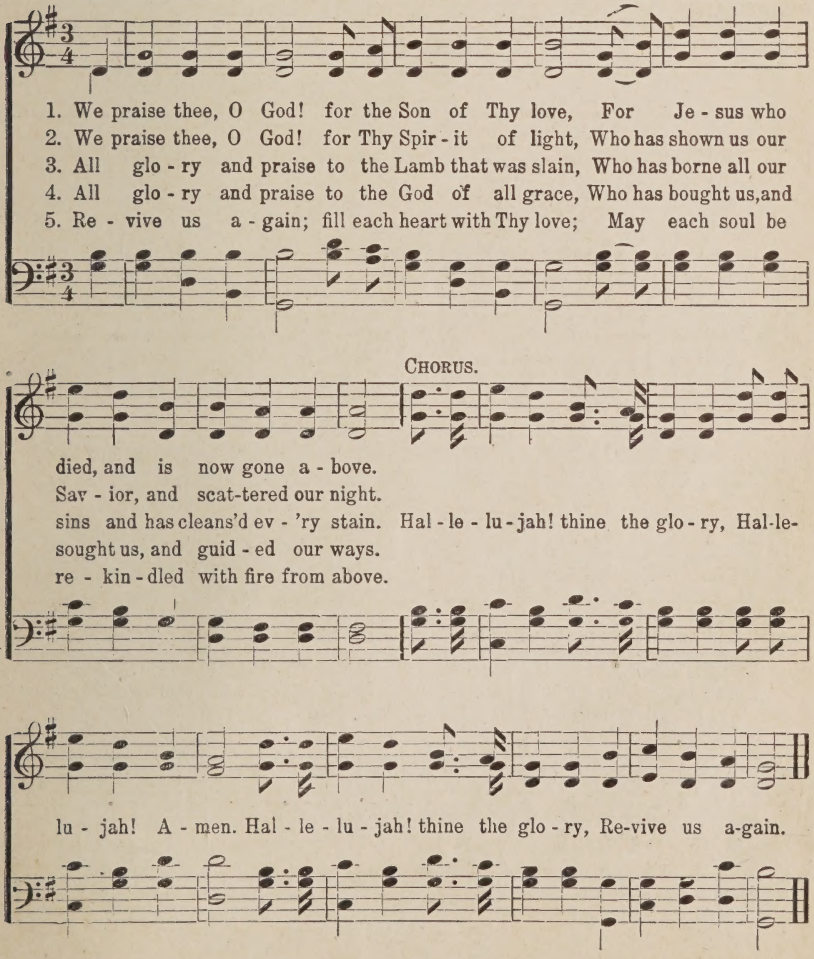

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn-ing hours; Work while the
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon; Fill bright-est
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies; While their bright
dew is sparkling; Work 'mid springing flow'rs; Work when the day grows brighter,
hours with la-bor—Rest comes sure and soon. Give ev - 'ry fly - ing mo - ment
tints are glow-ing, Work, for day-light flies. Work till the last beam fad - eth,

Work, For the Night is Coming.


Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.
Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.
Fadeth to shine no more; Work while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er.

No. 122. We Praise Thee, O God.

Wm. P. Mackay. J. J. Husband.


1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
2. We praise thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and
5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be
CHORUS.
died, and is now gone a - bove.
Sav - ior, and scat-tered our night.
sins and has cleans'd ev - 'ry stain. Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glo - ry, Hal-le-
sought us, and guid - ed our ways.
re - kin - dled with fire from above.
lu - jah! A - men. Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glo - ry, Re-vive us a-gain.

No. 123. I Will Meet You There.

E. E. Hewitt. E. O. Excell.

1. You told me the story of Christ and His love, You showed me the
3. You show'd me the fountain that cleanseth the soul, The streams of sal-
3. You told me of mercies that fail nev-er-more, Of grace all-suf-
4. The lights of that country shall nev-er grow dim, So bright is the
path-way to man-sions a-bove; I called to the Sav-ior, He
va-tion that won-drous-ly roll, I sought the Great Healer, the
fi-cient, of love's boundless store; And now I am trusting the
glo-ry that stream-eth from Him; O joy ev-er-last-ing, be-
an-swered my pray'r; You led me to Je-sus, I will meet you there.
bless-ing to share; You led me to Je-sus, I will meet you there.
Fa-ther's kind care; You led me to Je-sus, I will meet you there.
yond all compare! You led me to Je-sus, I will meet you there.

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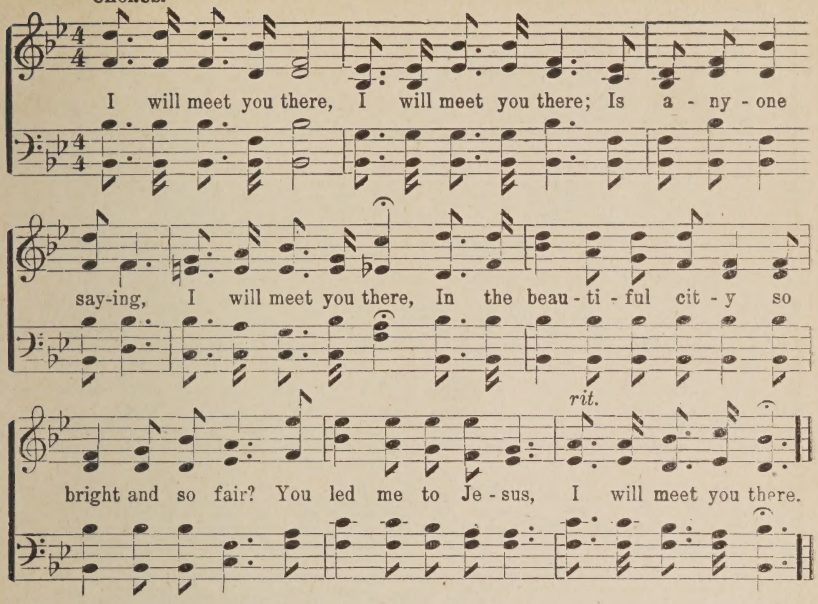
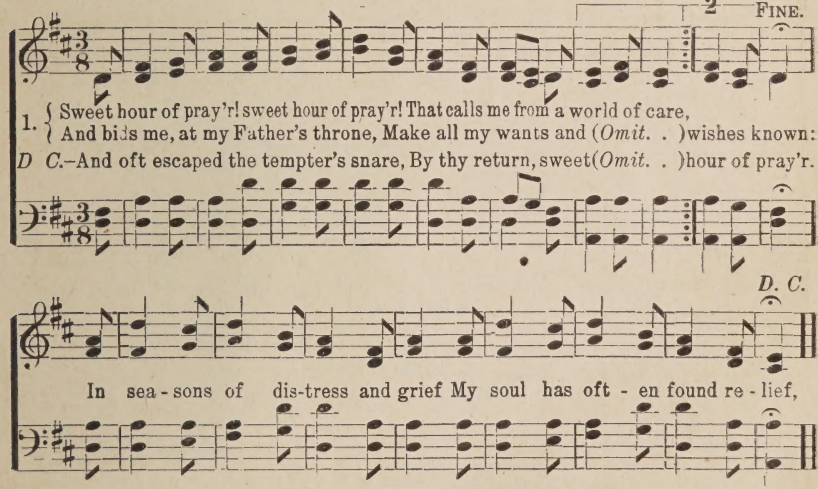
I Will Meet You There.

CHORUS.


I will meet you there, I will meet you there; Is a - ny - one
say-ing, I will meet you there, In the beau - ti - ful cit - y so
rit.
bright and so fair? You led me to Je - sus, I will meet you there.

No. 124. Sweet Hour of Prayer!

W. W. Walford. W. B. Bradbury.

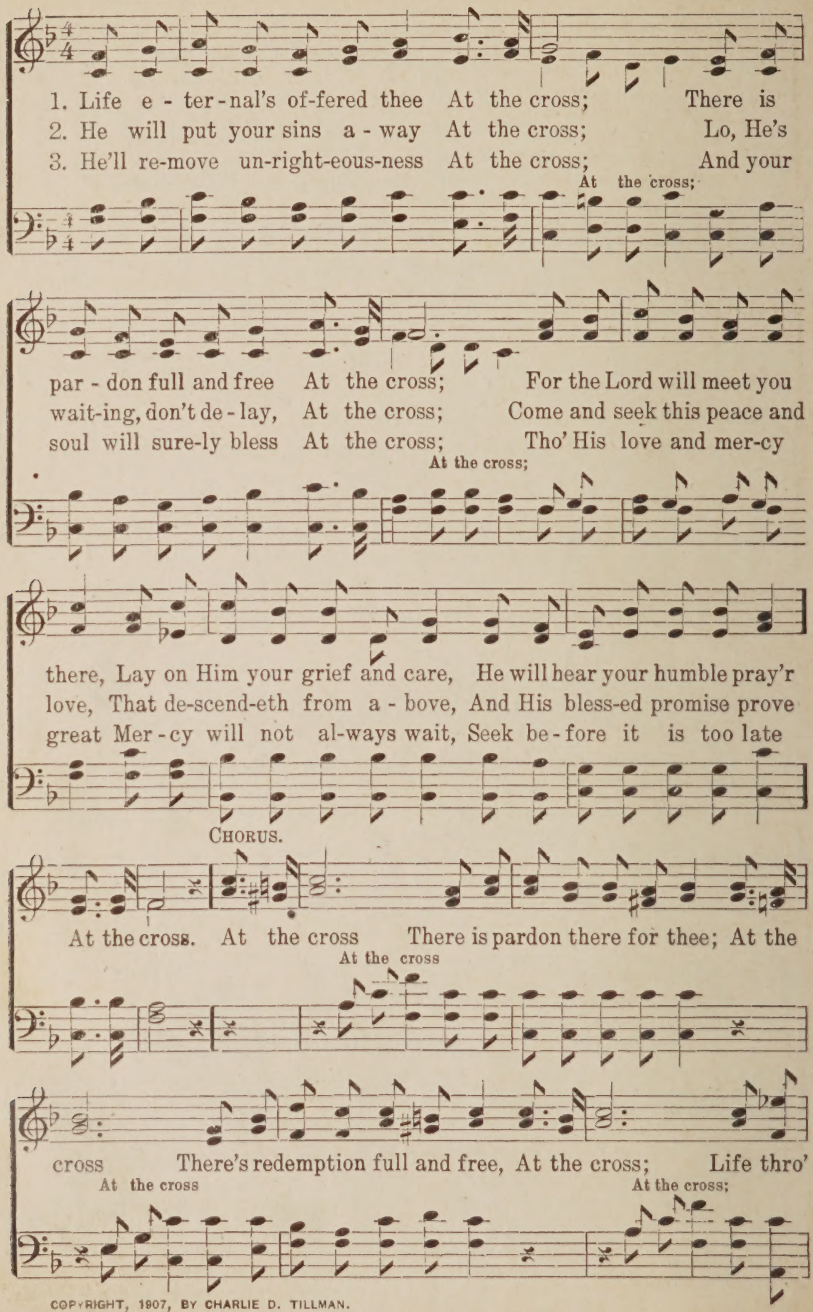

2
FINE.
1. { Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care,
{ And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and (Omit. .)wishes known:
D C.–And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet(Omit. .)hour of pray'r.
D. C.
In sea - sons of dis-tress and grief My soul has oft - en found re - lief,

2 Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting souls to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.

3 Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r!
May I thy consolation share;
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r.

No. 125. At the Cross.

F. M. Atkinson. Charlie D. Tillman.


1. Life e - ter - nal's of-fered thee At the cross; There is
2. He will put your sins a - way At the cross; Lo, He's
3. He'll re-move un-right-eous-ness At the cross; And your
At the cross;
par - don full and free At the cross; For the Lord will meet you
wait-ing, don't de - lay, At the cross; Come and seek this peace and
soul will sure-ly bless At the cross; Tho' His love and mer-cy
At the cross;
there, Lay on Him your grief and care, He will hear your humble pray'r
love, That de-scend-eth from a - bove, And His bless-ed promise prove
great Mer - cy will not al-ways wait, Seek be - fore it is too late
CHORUS.
At the cross. At the cross There is pardon there for thee; At the
At the cross
cross There's redemption full and free, At the cross; Life thro'
At the cross
At the cross;

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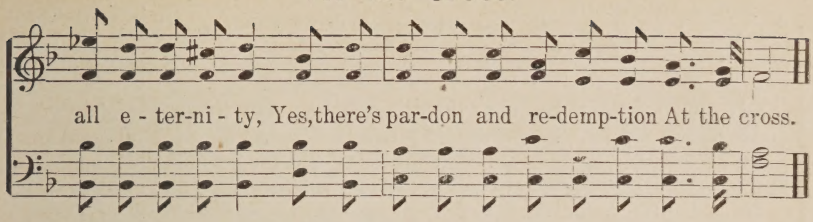
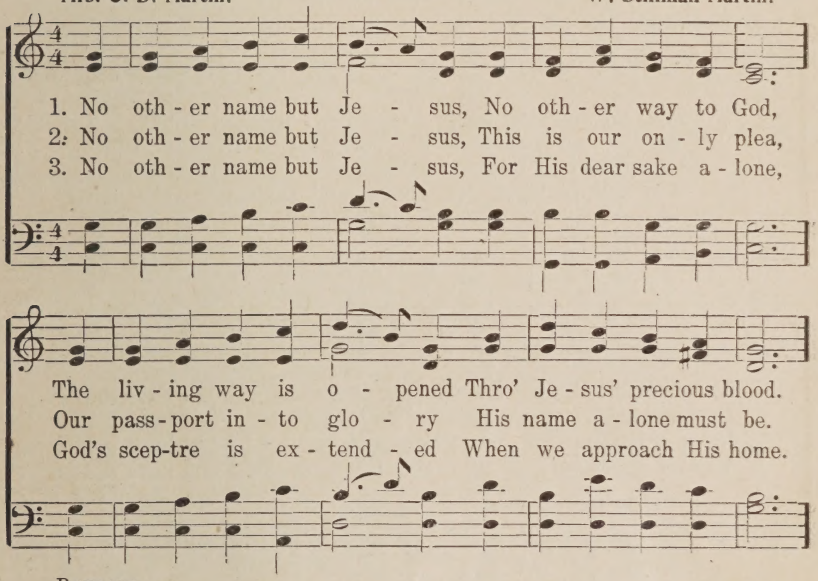
At the Cross.

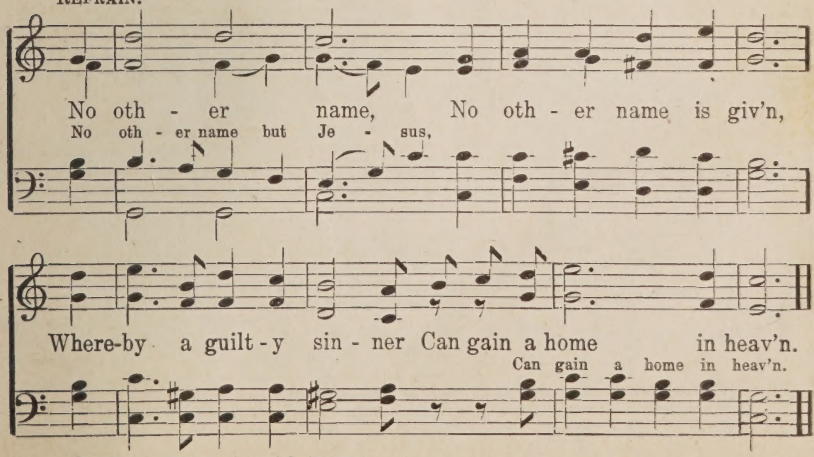


No. 126. No Other Name.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.


1. No oth - er name but Je - sus, No oth - er way to God,
2. No oth - er name but Je - sus, This is our on - ly plea,
3. No oth - er name but Je - sus, For His dear sake a - lone,
The liv - ing way is o - pened Thro' Je - sus' precious blood.
Our pass - port in - to glo - ry His name a - lone must be.
God's scep-tre is ex - tend - ed When we approach His home.

REFRAIN.


No oth - er name, No oth - er name is giv'n,
No oth - er name but Je - sus,
Where-by a guilt - y sin - ner Can gain a home in heav'n.
Can gain a home in heav'n.

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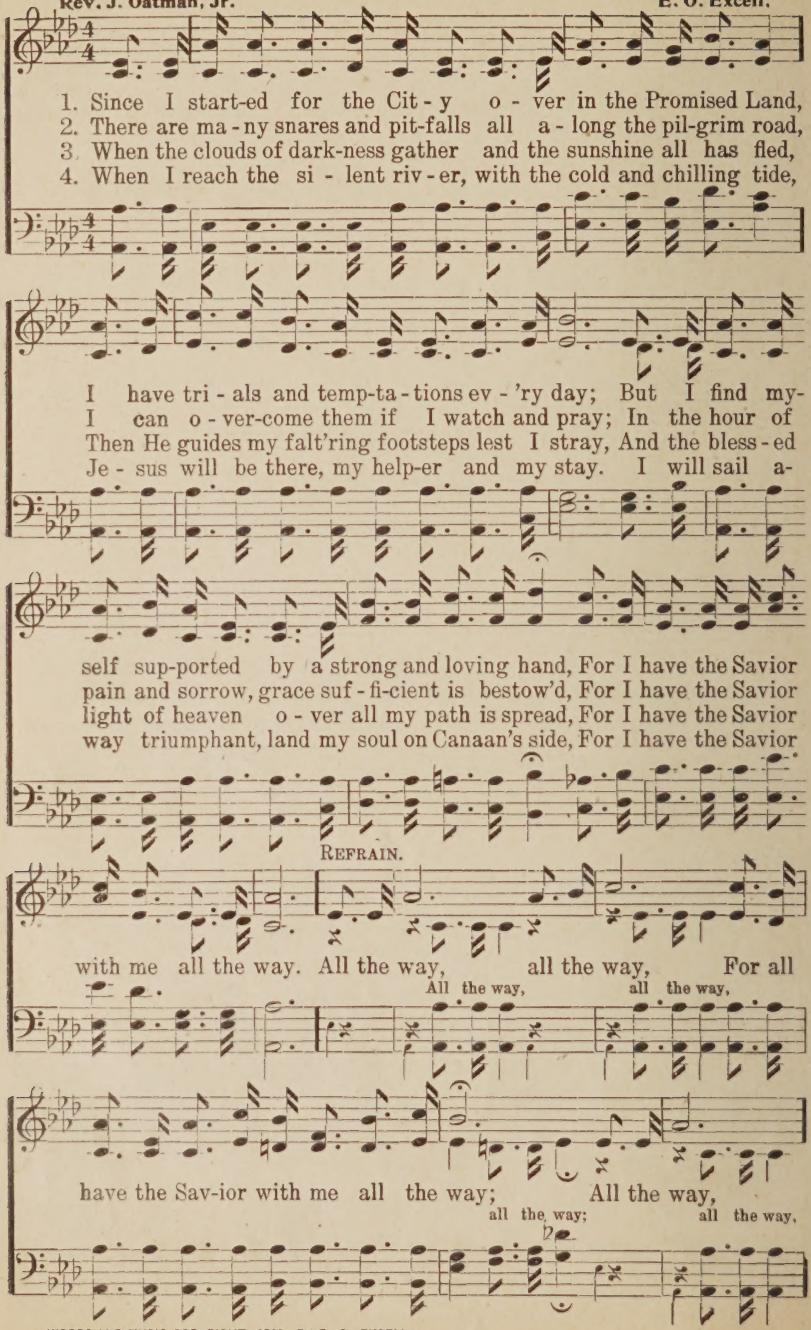
No. 127. All the Way.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. E. O. Excell.


1. Since I start-ed for the Cit - y o - ver in the Promised Land,
2. There are ma - ny snares and pit-falls all a - long the pil-grim road,
3. When the clouds of dark-ness gather and the sunshine all has fled,
4. When I reach the si - lent riv - er, with the cold and chilling tide,
I have tri - als and temp-ta - tions ev - 'ry day; But I find my-
I can o - ver-come them if I watch and pray; In the hour of
Then He guides my falt'ring footsteps lest I stray, And the bless - ed
Je - sus will be there, my help-er and my stay. I will sail a-
self sup-ported by a strong and loving hand, For I have the Savior
pain and sorrow, grace suf - fi-cient is bestow'd, For I have the Savior
light of heaven o - ver all my path is spread, For I have the Savior
way triumphant, land my soul on Canaan's side, For I have the Savior
REFRAIN.
with me all the way. All the way, all the way, For all
All the way, all the way,
have the Sav-ior with me all the way; All the way,
all the way; all the way,

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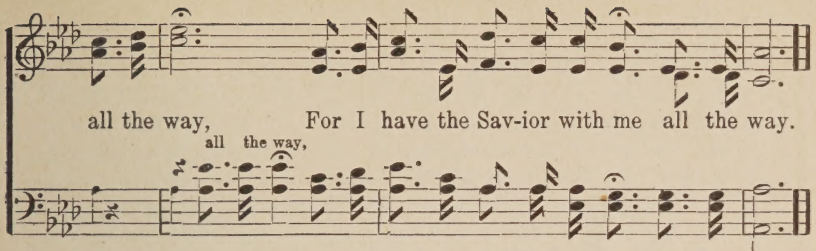
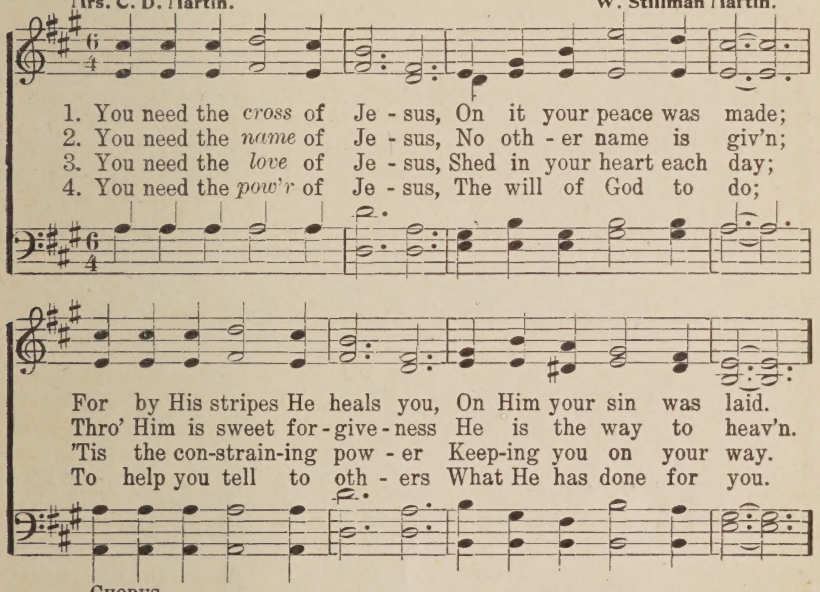
All the Way.

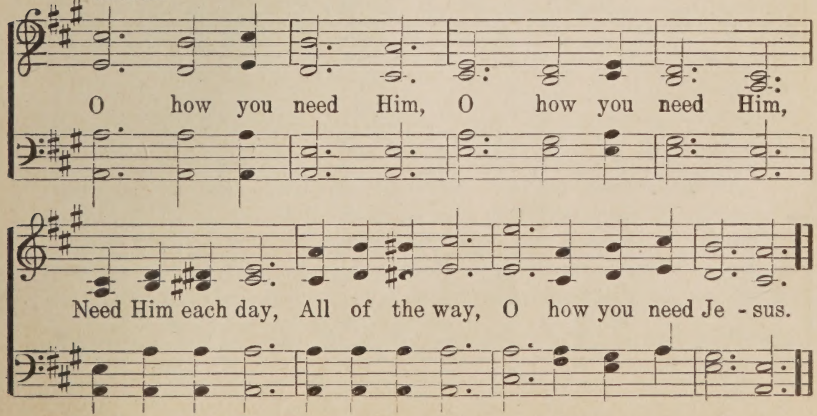


No. 128. O How You Need Him.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.


1. You need the *cross* of Je - sus, On it your peace was made;
2. You need the *name* of Je - sus, No oth - er name is giv'n;
3. You need the *love* of Je - sus, Shed in your heart each day;
4. You need the *pow'r* of Je - sus, The will of God to do;
For by His stripes He heals you, On Him your sin was laid.
Thro' Him is sweet for - give - ness He is the way to heav'n.
'Tis the con-strain-ing pow - er Keep-ing you on your way.
To help you tell to oth - ers What He has done for you.

CHORUS.



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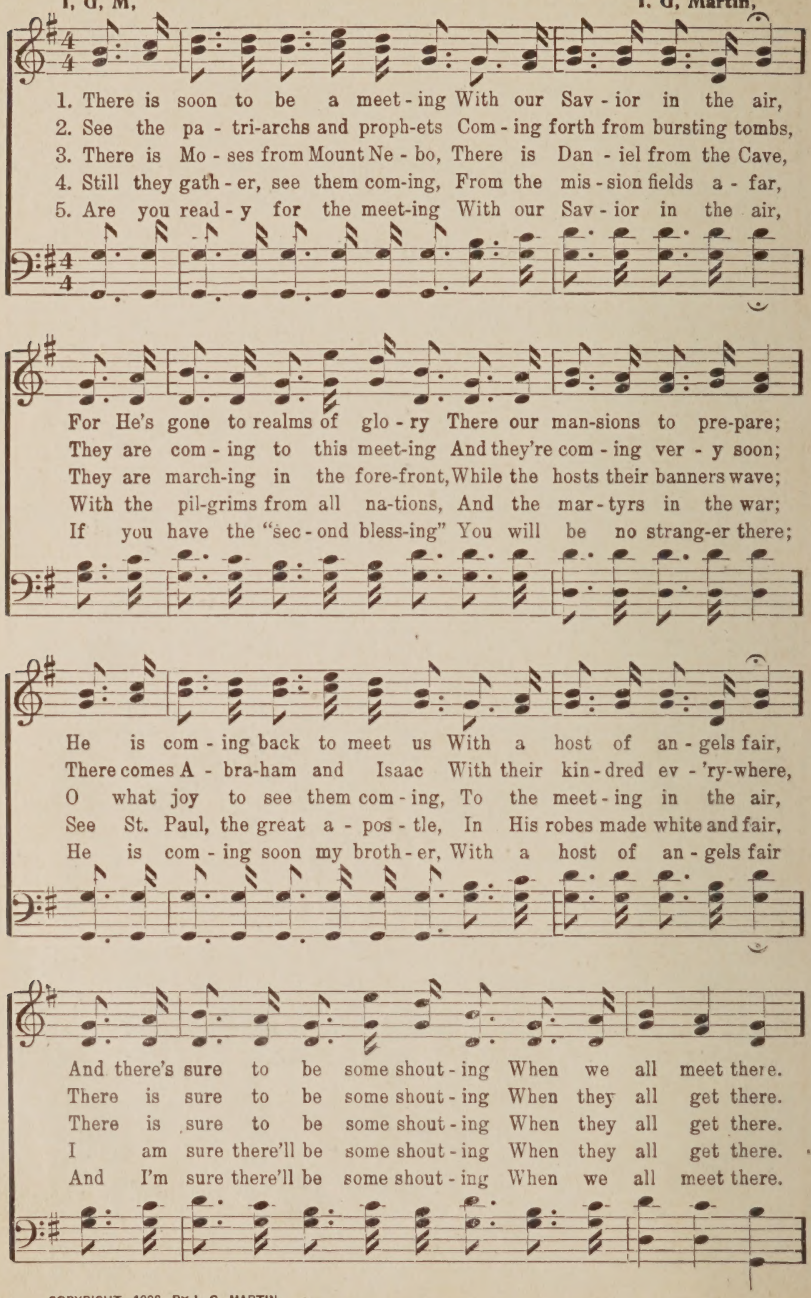
No. 129. The Meeting in the Air.

I. G. M. I. G. Martin.


1. There is soon to be a meet - ing With our Sav - ior in the air,
2. See the pa - tri-archs and proph-ets Com - ing forth from bursting tombs,
3. There is Mo - ses from Mount Ne - bo, There is Dan - iel from the Cave,
4. Still they gath - er, see them com-ing, From the mis - sion fields a - far,
5. Are you read - y for the meet-ing With our Sav - ior in the air,
For He's gone to realms of glo - ry There our man-sions to pre-pare;
They are com - ing to this meet-ing And they're com - ing ver - y soon;
They are march-ing in the fore-front, While the hosts their banners wave;
With the pil-grims from all na-tions, And the mar - tyrs in the war;
If you have the "sec - ond bless-ing" You will be no strang-er there;
He is com - ing back to meet us With a host of an - gels fair,
There comes A - bra-ham and Isaac With their kin - dred ev - 'ry-where,
O what joy to see them com - ing, To the meet - ing in the air,
See St. Paul, the great a - pos - tle, In His robes made white and fair,
He is com - ing soon my broth - er, With a host of an - gels fair
And there's sure to be some shout - ing When we all meet there.
There is sure to be some shout - ing When they all get there.
There is sure to be some shout - ing When they all get there.
I am sure there'll be some shout - ing When they all get there.
And I'm sure there'll be some shout - ing When we all meet there.

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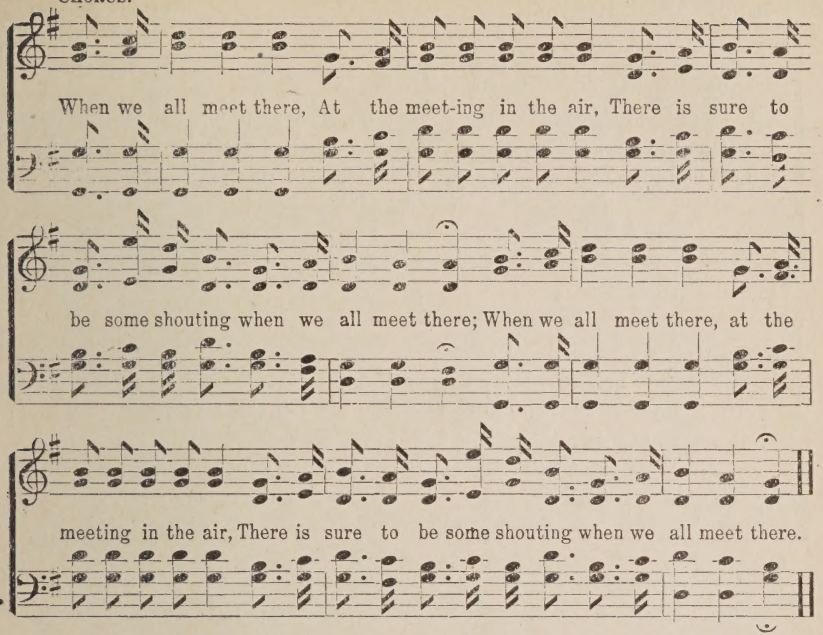
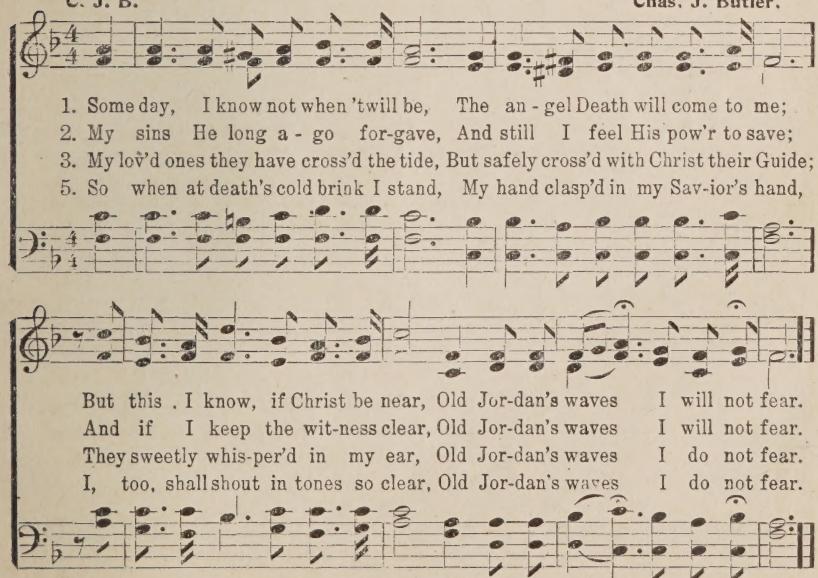
The Meeting in the Air.

CHORUS.


When we all meet there, At the meet-ing in the air, There is sure to
be some shouting when we all meet there; When we all meet there, at the
meeting in the air, There is sure to be some shouting when we all meet there.

No. 130. Old Jordan's Waves I Do Not Fear.

C. J. B. Chas. J. Butler.


1. Some day, I know not when 'twill be, The an - gel Death will come to me;
2. My sins He long a - go for-gave, And still I feel His pow'r to save;
3. My lov'd ones they have cross'd the tide, But safely cross'd with Christ their Guide;
5. So when at death's cold brink I stand, My hand clasp'd in my Sav-ior's hand,
But this I know, if Christ be near, Old Jor-dan's waves I will not fear.
And if I keep the wit-ness clear, Old Jor-dan's waves I will not fear.
They sweetly whis-per'd in my ear, Old Jor-dan's waves I do not fear.
I, too, shall shout in tones so clear, Old Jor-dan's waves I do not fear.

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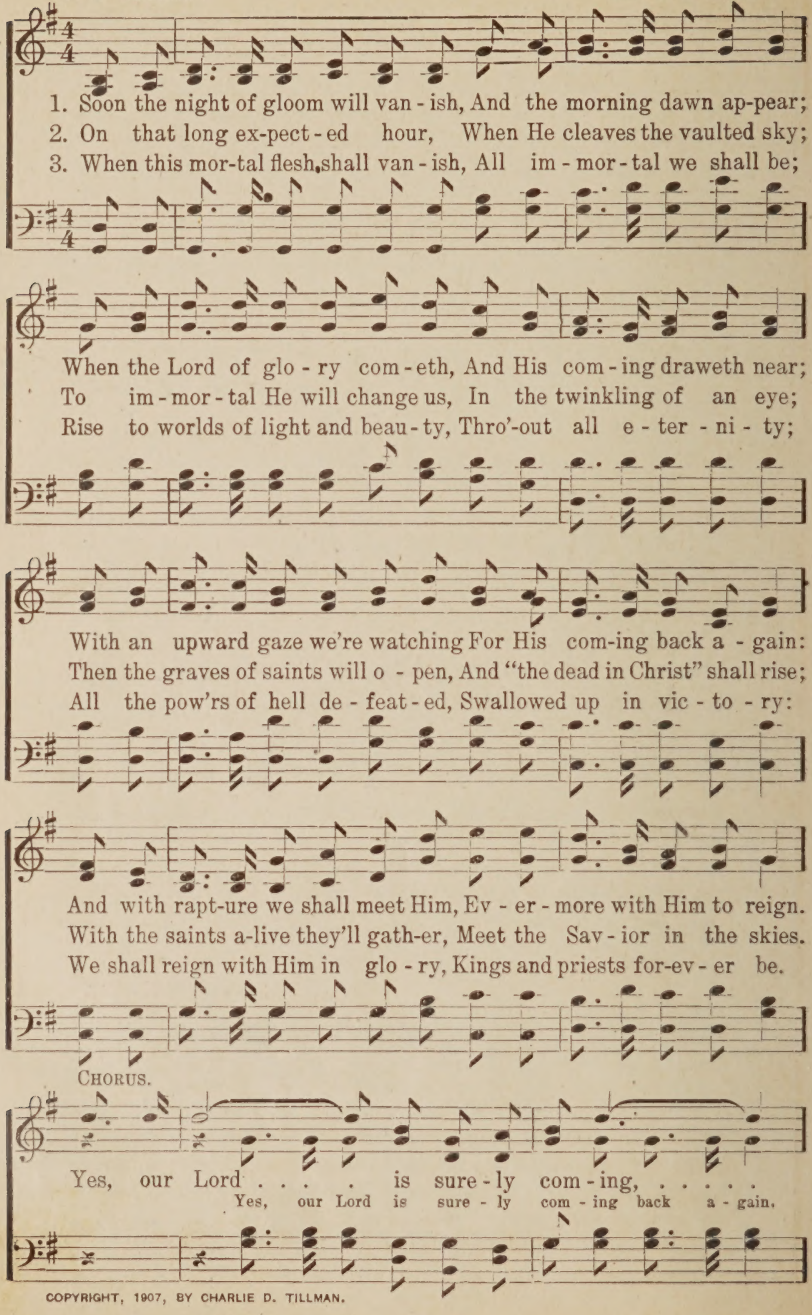
No. 131. He is Surely Coming.

F. M. Atkinson. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. Soon the night of gloom will van - ish, And the morning dawn ap-pear;
2. On that long ex-pect - ed hour, When He cleaves the vaulted sky;
3. When this mor-tal flesh shall van - ish, All im - mor - tal we shall be;
When the Lord of glo - ry com - eth, And His com - ing draweth near;
To im - mor - tal He will change us, In the twinkling of an eye;
Rise to worlds of light and beau - ty, Thro'-out all e - ter - ni - ty;
With an upward gaze we're watching For His com-ing back a - gain:
Then the graves of saints will o - pen, And "the dead in Christ" shall rise;
All the pow'rs of hell de - feat - ed, Swallowed up in vic - to - ry:
And with rapt-ure we shall meet Him, Ev - er - more with Him to reign.
With the saints a-live they'll gath-er, Meet the Sav - ior in the skies.
We shall reign with Him in glo - ry, Kings and priests for-ev - er be.
CHORUS.
Yes, our Lord . . . . is sure - ly com - ing, ...
Yes, our Lord is sure - ly com - ing back a - gain.

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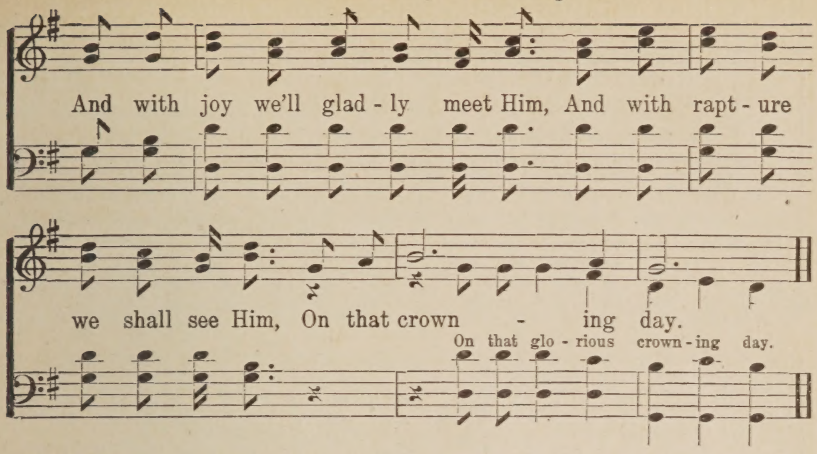
He is Surely Coming.



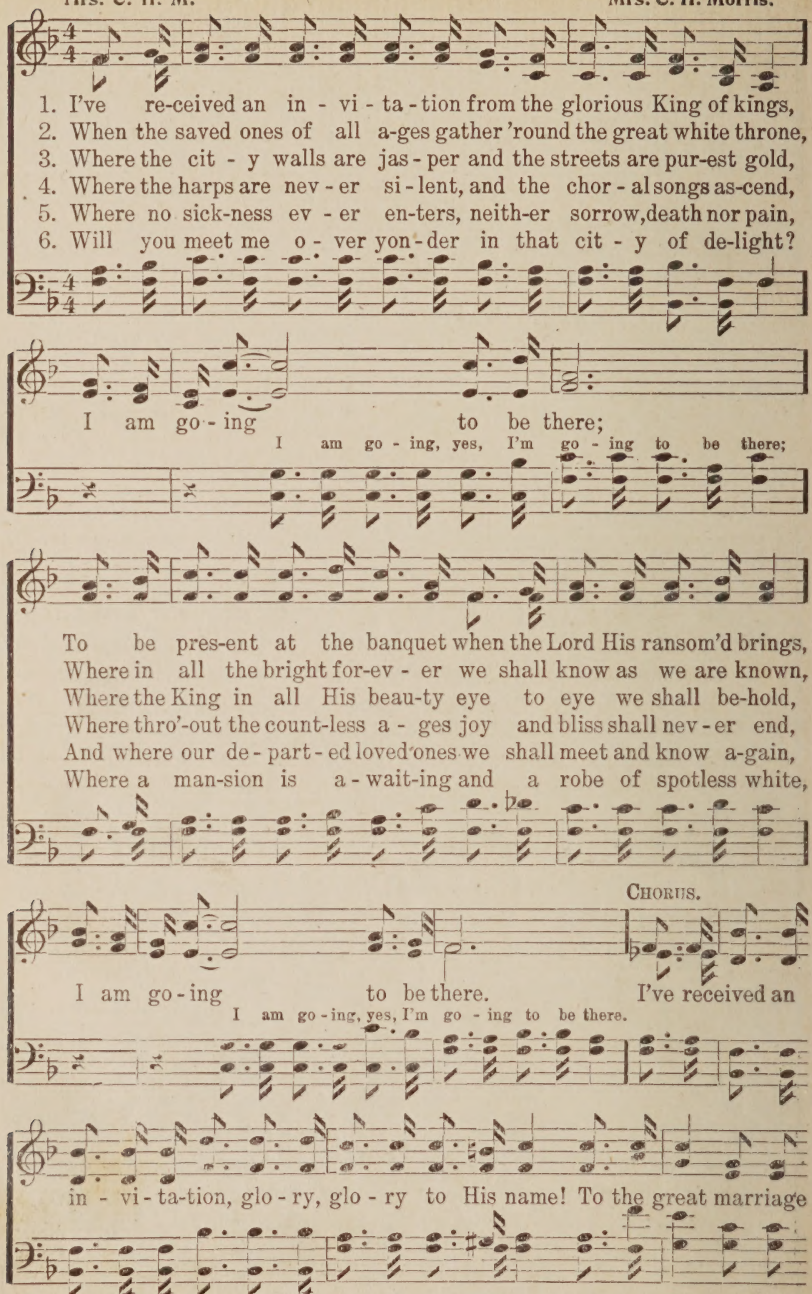
No. 132. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. A: J: Gordon:

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee be-cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de-light, I'll ev - er a-
fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra-cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va-ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing
Sav - ior art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

No. 133. I've Received An Invitation.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. I've re-ceived an in - vi - ta - tion from the glorious King of kings,
2. When the saved ones of all a-ges gather 'round the great white throne,
3. Where the cit - y walls are jas - per and the streets are pur-est gold,
4. Where the harps are nev - er si - lent, and the chor - al songs as-cend,
5. Where no sick-ness ev - er en-ters, neith-er sorrow, death nor pain,
6. Will you meet me o - ver yon - der in that cit - y of de-light?
I am go - ing to be there;
I am go - ing, yes, I'm go - ing to be there;
To be pres-ent at the banquet when the Lord His ransom'd brings,
Where in all the bright for-ev - er we shall know as we are known,
Where the King in all His beau-ty eye to eye we shall be-hold,
Where thro'-out the count-less a - ges joy and bliss shall nev - er end,
And where our de - part - ed loved ones we shall meet and know a-gain,
Where a man-sion is a - wait-ing and a robe of spotless white,
CHORUS.
I am go - ing to be there. I've received an
I am go - ing, yes, I'm go - ing to be there.
in - vi - ta-tion, glo - ry, glo - ry to His name! To the great marriage

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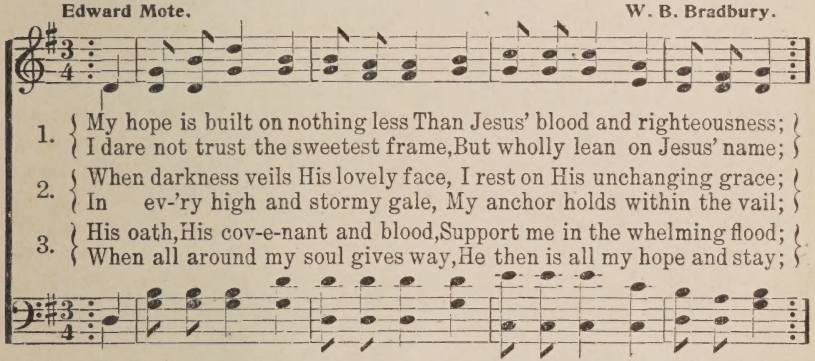
I've Received An Invitation.

sup-per of the Lamb; And the Lord command has giv - en for the
summons to prepare, I am go - ing to be there.
I am go - ing, yes, I'm go - ing to be there.

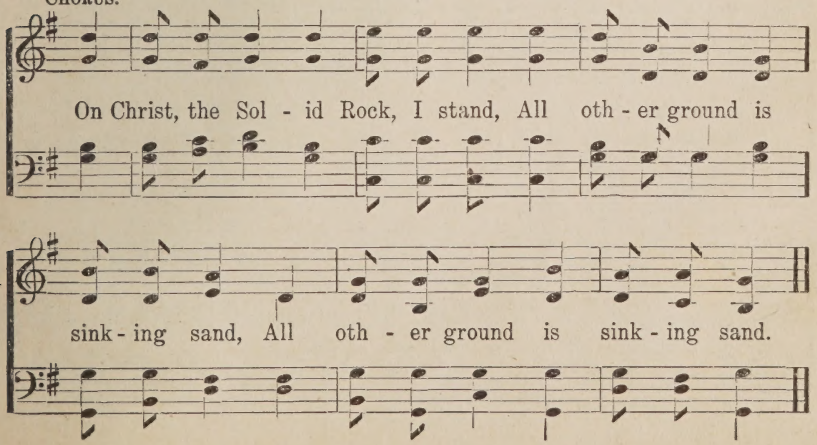
No. 134. Solid Rock.

Edward Mote. W. B. Bradbury.



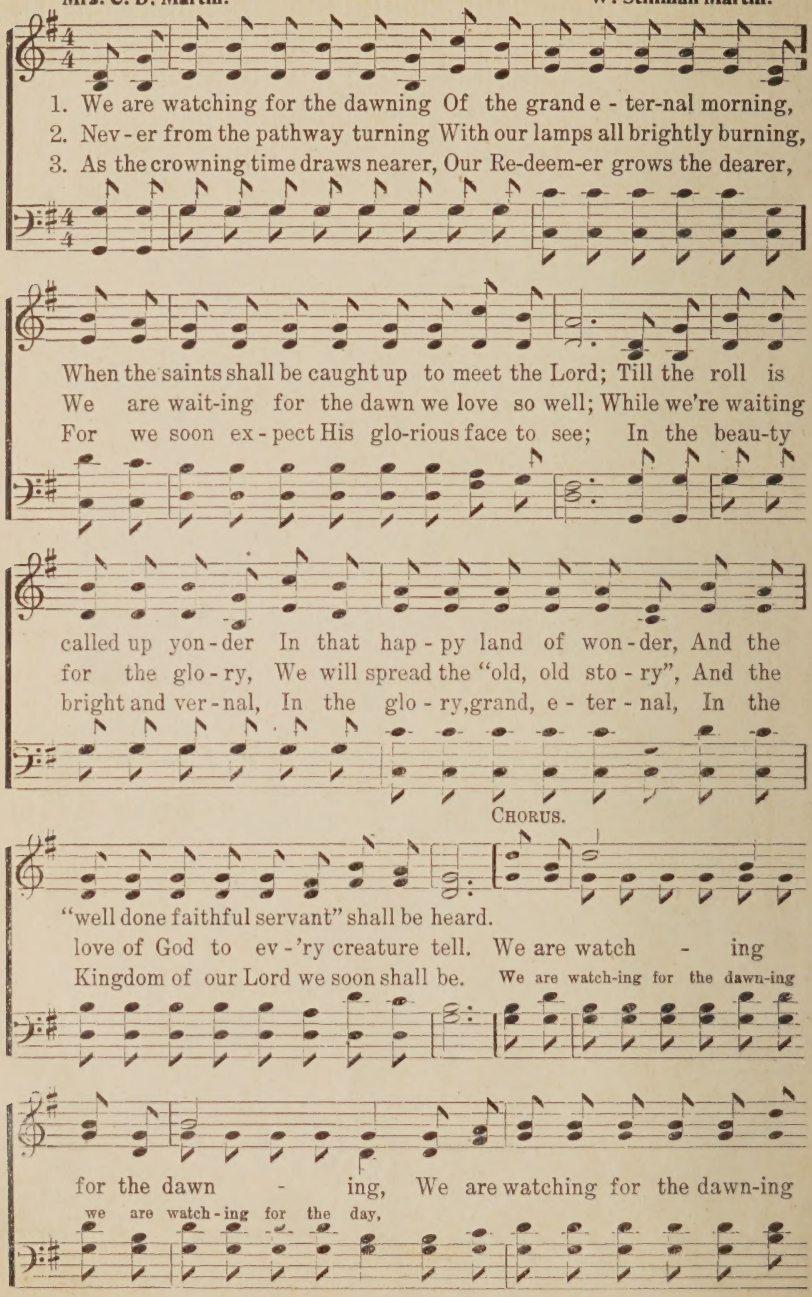
1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
   I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Jesus' name;
2. When darkness veils His lovely face, I rest on His unchanging grace;
   In ev-'ry high and stormy gale, My anchor holds within the vail;
3. His oath, His cov-e-nant and blood, Support me in the whelming flood;
   When all around my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay;

CHORUS.



No. 135. Watching For the Dawning.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.


1. We are watching for the dawning Of the grand e - ter-nal morning,
2. Nev - er from the pathway turning With our lamps all brightly burning,
3. As the crowning time draws nearer, Our Re-deem-er grows the dearer,
When the saints shall be caught up to meet the Lord; Till the roll is
We are wait-ing for the dawn we love so well; While we're waiting
For we soon ex - pect His glo-rious face to see; In the beau-ty
called up yon - der In that hap - py land of won - der, And the
for the glo - ry, We will spread the "old, old sto - ry", And the
bright and ver - nal, In the glo - ry, grand, e - ter - nal, In the
CHORUS.
"well done faithful servant" shall be heard.
love of God to ev - 'ry creature tell. We are watch - ing
Kingdom of our Lord we soon shall be. We are watch-ing for the dawn-ing
for the dawn - ing, We are watching for the dawn-ing
we are watch - ing for the day,

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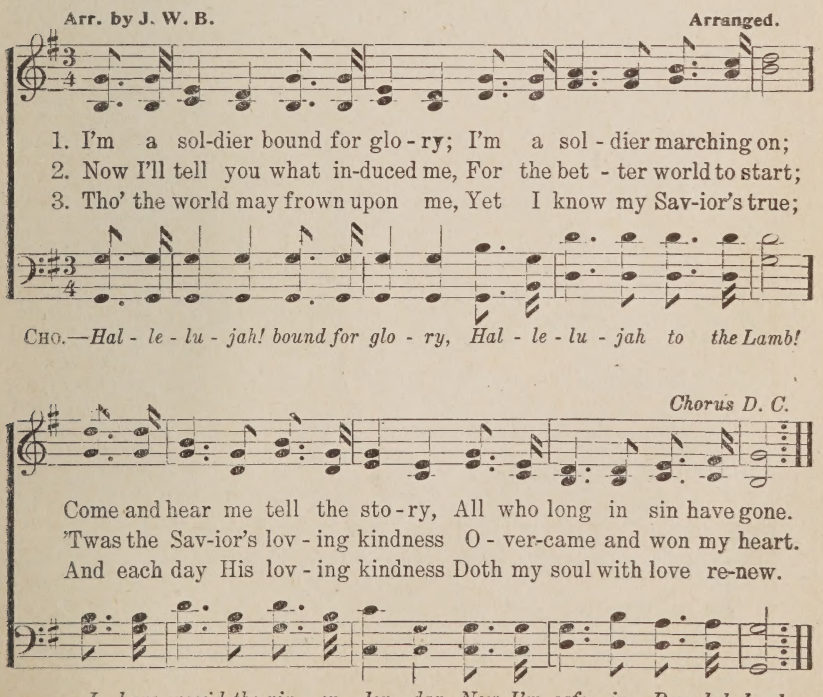
Watching For the Dawning.

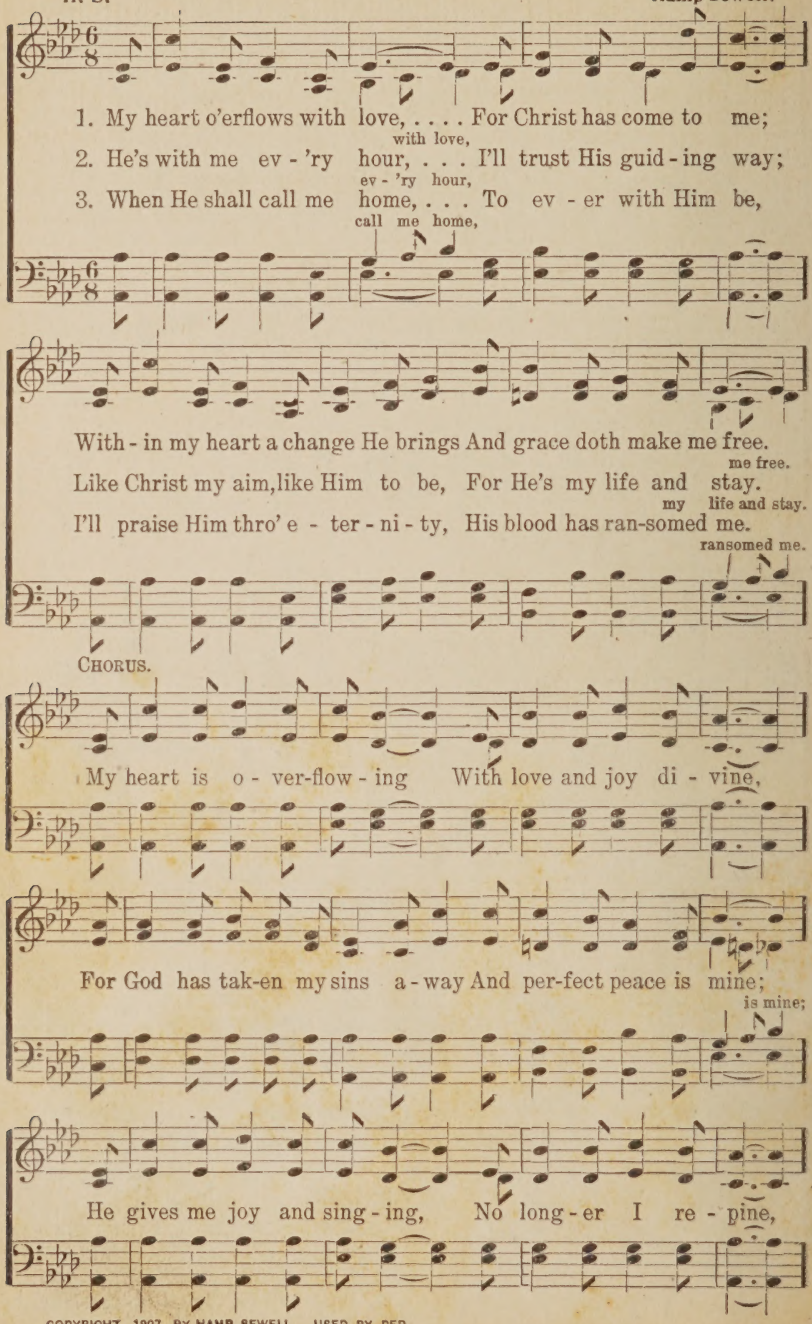
of the day, ... We are wait - ing for the
for the dawn-ing of the day, wait-ing for the morn-ing,
morn - ing, We are wait-ing for the night to pass a-way.
night to pass a - way,

No. 136. Safe in Beulah.


Arr. by J. W. B.
Arranged.
1. I'm a sol-dier bound for glo - ry; I'm a sol - dier marching on;
2. Now I'll tell you what in-duced me, For the bet - ter world to start;
3. Tho' the world may frown upon me, Yet I know my Sav-ior's true;
CHO.—Hal - le - lu - jah! bound for glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!
Chorus D. C.
Come and hear me tell the sto - ry, All who long in sin have gone.
'Twas the Sav-ior's lov - ing kindness O - ver-came and won my heart.
And each day His lov - ing kindness Doth my soul with love re-new.
I have cross'd the riv - er Jor - dan, Now I'm safe in Beu - lah land.

No. 137. My Heart is Overflowing.

H. S. Hamp Sewell.


1. My heart o'erflows with love, ... For Christ has come to me;
2. He's with me ev - 'ry hour, . . . I'll trust His guid - ing way;
with love,
3. When He shall call me home, . . . To ev - er with Him be,
ev - 'ry hour,
call me home,
With - in my heart a change He brings And grace doth make me free.
Like Christ my aim, like Him to be, For He's my life and stay.
me free.
I'll praise Him thro' e - ter - ni - ty, His blood has ran-somed me.
my life and stay.
ransomed me.
CHORUS.
My heart is o - ver-flow - ing With love and joy di - vine,
For God has tak-en my sins a - way And per-fect peace is mine;
is mine;
He gives me joy and sing - ing, No long - er I re - pine,

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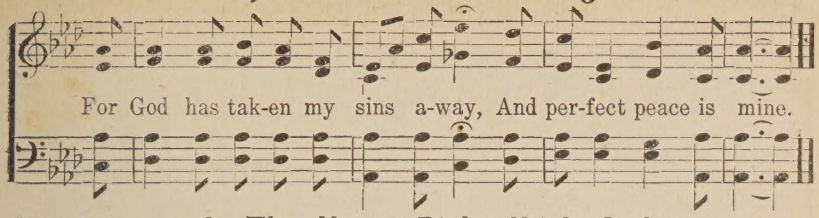
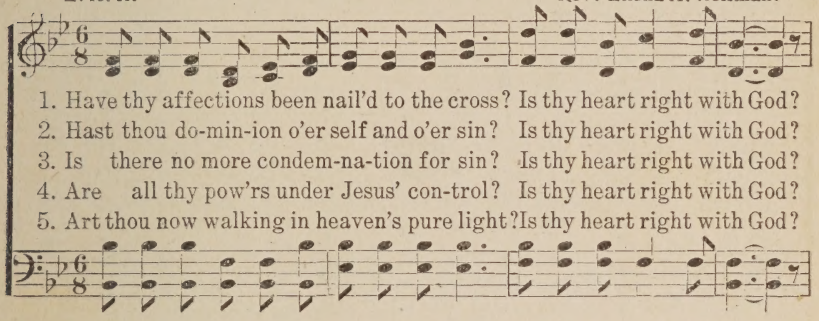
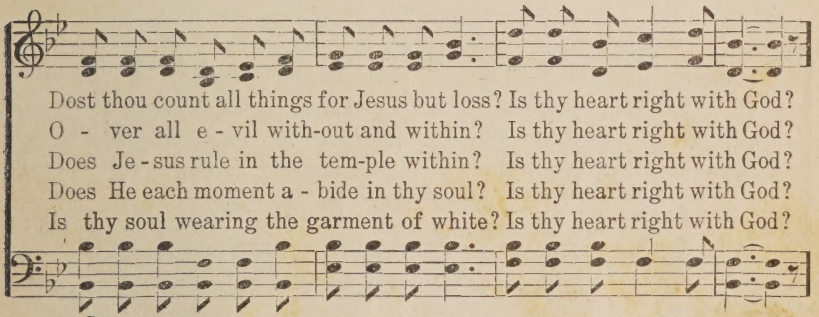
My Heart is Overflowing.



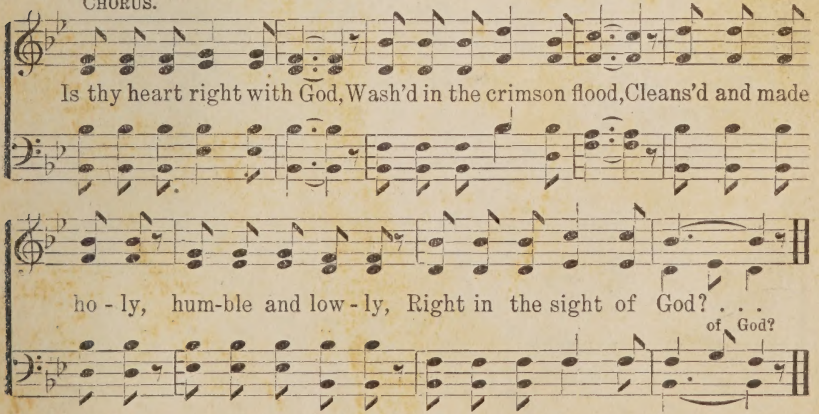
No. 138. Is Thy Heart Right With God?

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.


1. Have thy affections been nail'd to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do-min-ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more condem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs under Jesus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?
5. Art thou now walking in heaven's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?


Dost thou count all things for Jesus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
O - ver all e - vil with-out and within? Is thy heart right with God?
Does Je - sus rule in the tem-ple within? Is thy heart right with God?
Does He each moment a - bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
Is thy soul wearing the garment of white? Is thy heart right with God?

CHORUS.


Is thy heart right with God, Wash'd in the crimson flood, Cleans'd and made
ho - ly, hum-ble and low - ly, Right in the sight of God? . . .
of God?

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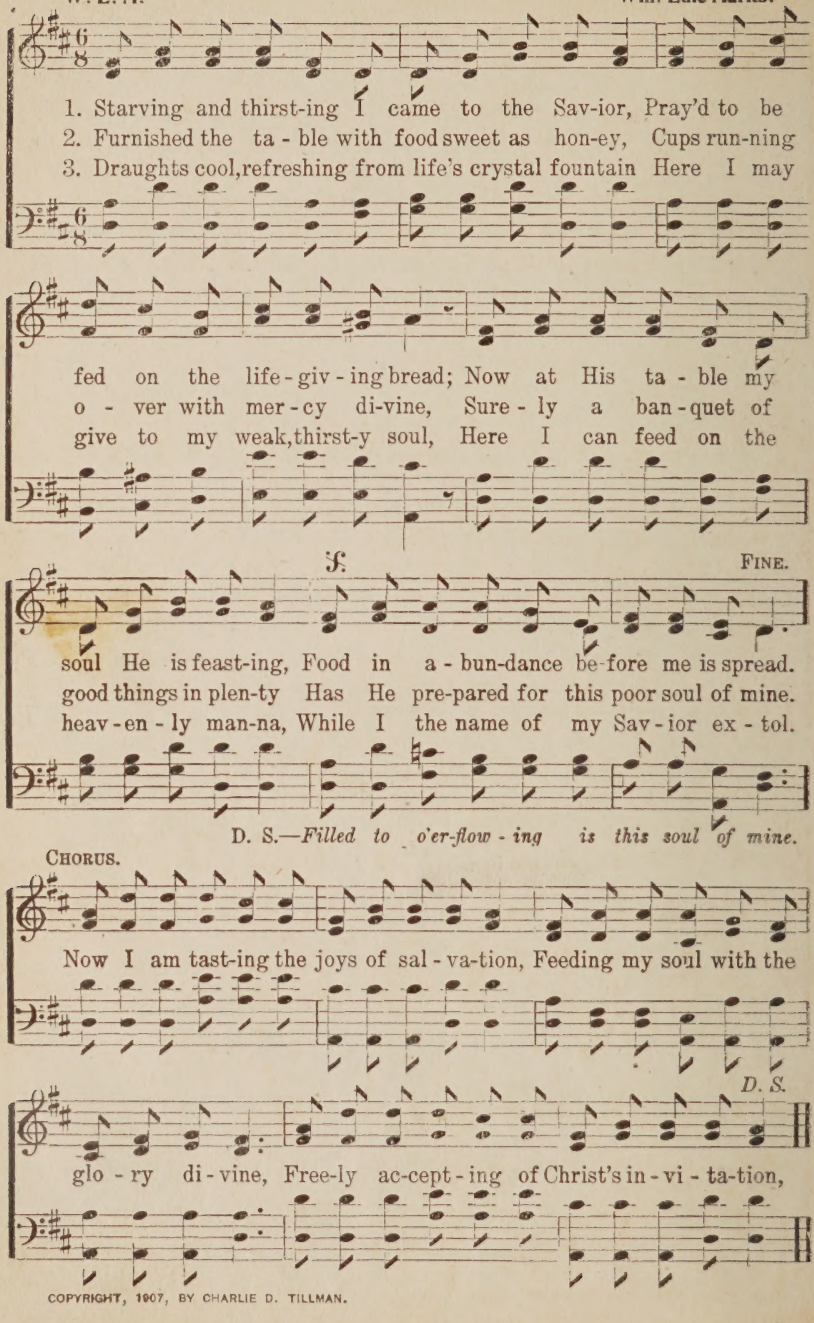
No. 139. Tasting the Joys.

W. E. M. Wm. Edie Marks.


1. Starving and thirst-ing I came to the Sav-ior, Pray'd to be
2. Furnished the ta - ble with food sweet as hon-ey, Cups run-ning
3. Draughts cool, refreshing from life's crystal fountain Here I may
fed on the life - giv - ing bread; Now at His ta - ble my
o - ver with mer - cy di-vine, Sure - ly a ban - quet of
give to my weak, thirst-y soul, Here I can feed on the
soul He is feast-ing, Food in a - bun-dance be-fore me is spread.
good things in plen-ty Has He pre-pared for this poor soul of mine.
heav - en - ly man-na, While I the name of my Sav - ior ex - tol.
FINE.
D. S.—Filled to o'er-flow - ing is this soul of mine.
CHORUS.
Now I am tast-ing the joys of sal - va-tion, Feeding my soul with the
glo - ry di - vine, Free-ly ac-cept - ing of Christ's in - vi - ta-tion,
D. S.

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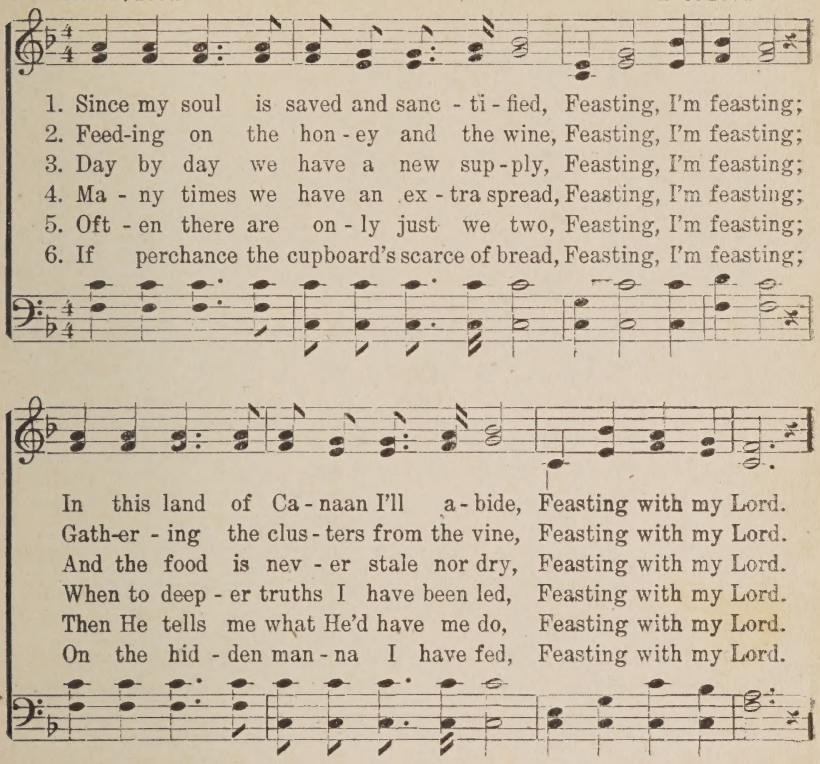
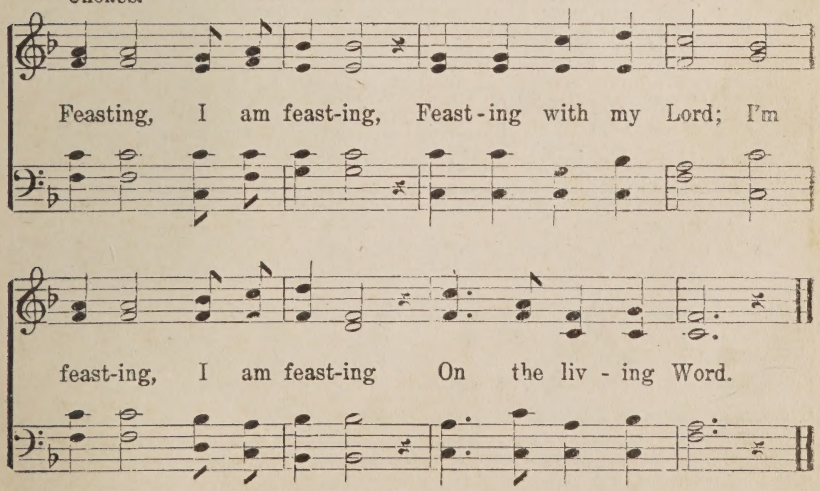
No. 140. Feasting With My Lord.

John S. Brown. L. O. Brown.


1. Since my soul is saved and sanc - ti - fied, Feasting, I'm feasting;
2. Feed-ing on the hon - ey and the wine, Feasting, I'm feasting;
3. Day by day we have a new sup - ply, Feasting, I'm feasting;
4. Ma - ny times we have an ex - tra spread, Feasting, I'm feasting;
5. Oft - en there are on - ly just we two, Feasting, I'm feasting;
6. If perchance the cupboard's scarce of bread, Feasting, I'm feasting;
In this land of Ca - naan I'll a - bide, Feasting with my Lord.
Gath-er - ing the clus - ters from the vine, Feasting with my Lord.
And the food is nev - er stale nor dry, Feasting with my Lord.
When to deep - er truths I have been led, Feasting with my Lord.
Then He tells me what He'd have me do, Feasting with my Lord.
On the hid - den man - na I have fed, Feasting with my Lord.

CHORUS.



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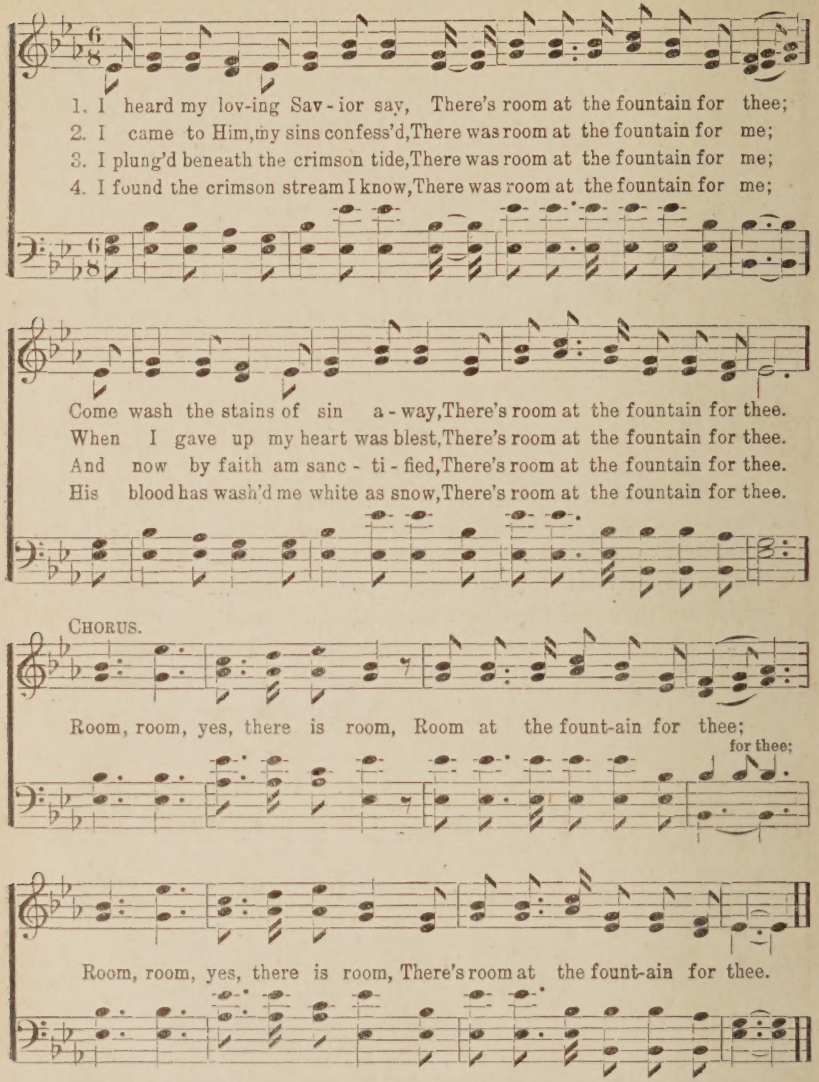
No. 141. Room at the Fountain.

M. J. H. Mrs. M. J. Harris.


1. I heard my lov-ing Sav - ior say, There's room at the fountain for thee;
2. I came to Him, my sins confess'd, There was room at the fountain for me;
3. I plung'd beneath the crimson tide, There was room at the fountain for me;
4. I found the crimson stream I know, There was room at the fountain for me;
Come wash the stains of sin a - way, There's room at the fountain for thee.
When I gave up my heart was blest, There's room at the fountain for thee.
And now by faith am sanc - ti - fied, There's room at the fountain for thee.
His blood has wash'd me white as snow, There's room at the fountain for thee.
CHORUS.
Room, room, yes, there is room, Room at the fount-ain for thee;
for thee;
Room, room, yes, there is room, There's room at the fount-ain for thee.

5 He cleansed my heart from inbred sin,
There was room at the fountain for me;
And now He keeps me pure within,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

6 I'll praise Him while He gives me breath,
There was room at the fountain for me;
He saved me from an awful death,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

7 His blood was shed but once for all,
There was room at the fountain for me;
Oh, don't reject sweet mercy's call,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

8 We'll sing with all the saints above,
There was room at the fountain for me;
And praise Him for redeeming love,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

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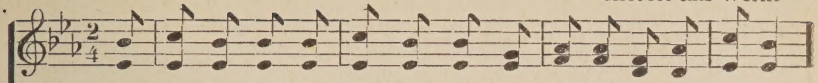
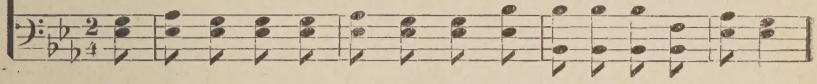
No. 142. At the Fountain.

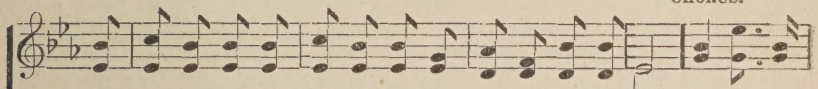
Arr. for this Work.



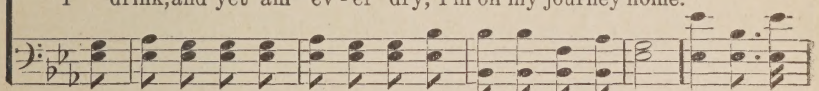
1. Of Him who did sal - va - tion bring, I'm at the fountain drinking;
2. Ask but His grace, and lo! 'tis giv'n, I'm at the fountain drinking;
3. Tho' sin and sor-row wound my soul, I'm at the fountain drinking;
4. Let all the world fall down and know I'm at the fountain drinking;
5. Wher-e'er I am, wher-e'er I move, I'm at the fountain drinking;
6. In - sa-tiate to this spring I fly, I'm at the fountain drinking;

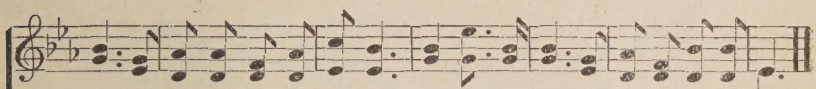


CHORUS.



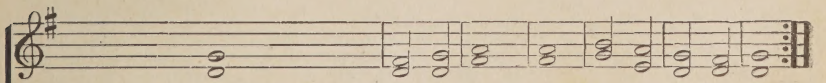
I could for - ev - er think and sing, I'm on my journey home.
Ask, and He turns your hell to heav'n, I'm on my journey home.
Je - sus, Thy balm will make it whole, I'm on my journey home. Glo-ry to
That none but God such love can show, I'm on my journey home.
I meet the ob-ject of my love, I'm on my journey home.
I drink, and yet am ev - er dry, I'm on my journey home.



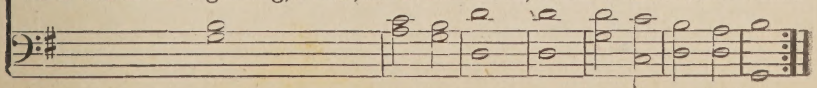


God, I'm at the fountain drinking, Glory to God, I'm on my journey home.
last v.—My soul is sat-is-fied.

No. 143. Gloria Patri.

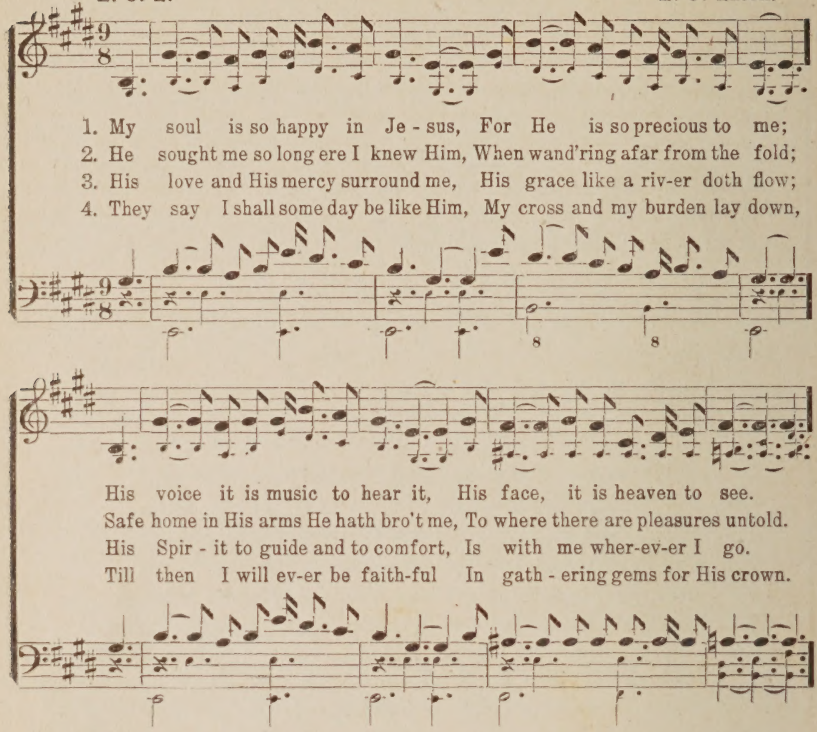


Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho-ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, World without end. A-men.

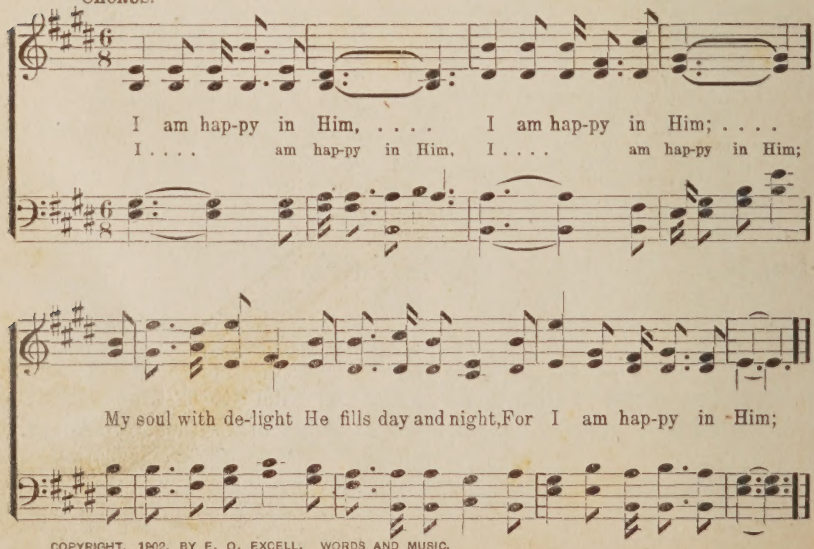


No. 144. I Am Happy in Him.

E. O. E. E. O. Excell.


1. My soul is so happy in Je - sus, For He is so precious to me;
2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, When wand'ring afar from the fold;
3. His love and His mercy surround me, His grace like a riv-er doth flow;
4. They say I shall some day be like Him, My cross and my burden lay down,
His voice it is music to hear it, His face, it is heaven to see.
Safe home in His arms He hath bro't me, To where there are pleasures untold.
His Spir - it to guide and to comfort, Is with me wher-ev-er I go.
Till then I will ev-er be faith-ful In gath - ering gems for His crown.

CHORUS.


I am hap-py in Him, ... I am hap-py in Him; . . . .
I . . . . am hap-py in Him, I . . . . am hap-py in Him;
My soul with de-light He fills day and night, For I am hap-py in Him;

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No. 145. Who is Ready?

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

1. Touch'd with a coal from God's ho - ly al - tar, Cleans'd from all sin
2. Out in the har-vest reap-ers are need-ed, Back of the work
3. "To ev - 'ry crea-ture" this is our business All must be told
by the pow'r di - vine, God is pre-par - ing for this great service,
is the might-y God; None are so weak but Je - sus can use them,
of His love and grace; Nev - er a mo-ment rest-ing for sin-ners,
CHORUS.
Fit - ting His own in this world to shine.
Use them to spread forth His gracious word. Who is read - y,
'Till we shall see our Re-deem-er's face.
just now read - y, Wit - ness - es to be?
now to be?
Who will an-swer, quick-ly answer, "Here, Lord am I, send me?"

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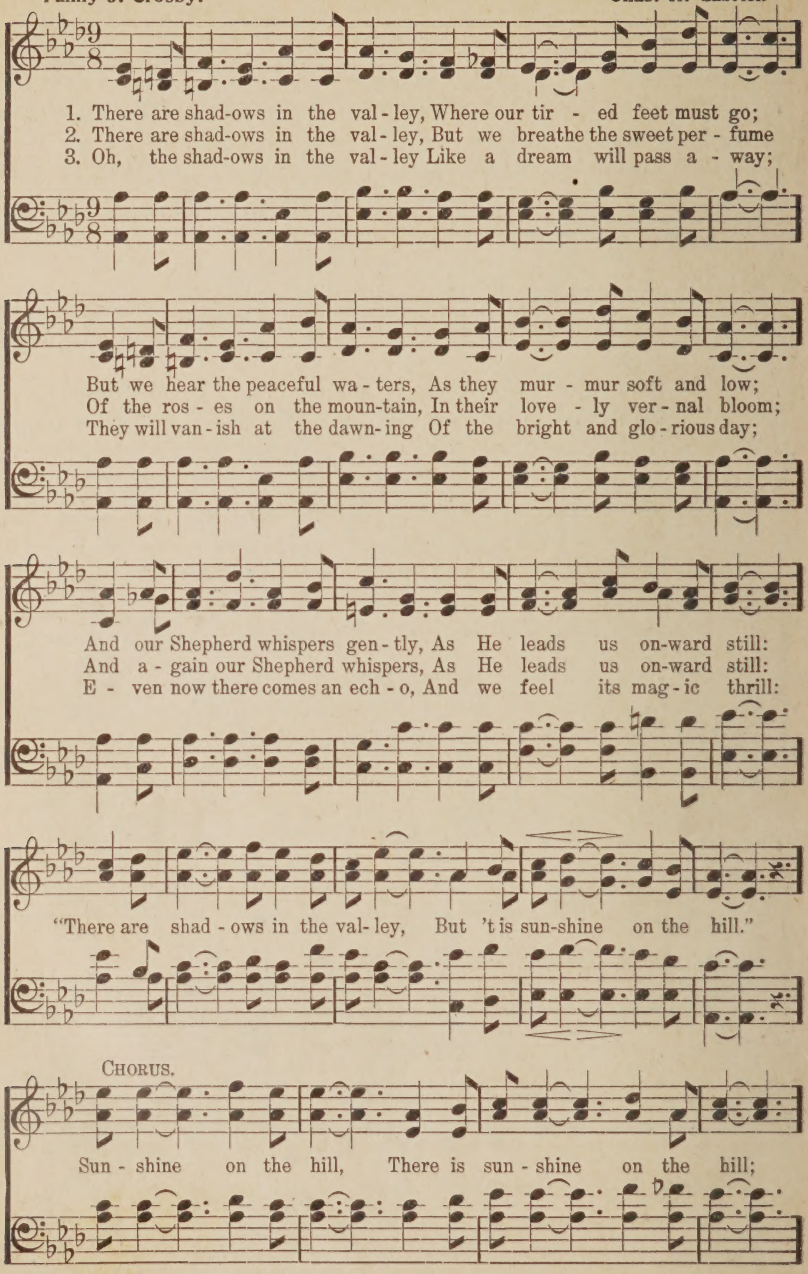
No. 146. Sunshine on the Hill.

Fanny J. Crosby. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. There are shad-ows in the val-ley, Where our tir - ed feet must go;
2. There are shad-ows in the val-ley, But we breathe the sweet per - fume
3. Oh, the shad-ows in the val-ley Like a dream will pass a - way;
But we hear the peaceful wa-ters, As they mur - mur soft and low;
Of the ros - es on the moun-tain, In their love - ly ver - nal bloom;
They will van-ish at the dawn-ing Of the bright and glo - rious day;
And our Shepherd whispers gen-tly, As He leads us on-ward still:
And a - gain our Shepherd whispers, As He leads us on-ward still:
E - ven now there comes an ech - o, And we feel its mag-ic thrill:
"There are shad - ows in the val-ley, But 't is sun-shine on the hill."
CHORUS.
Sun - shine on the hill, There is sun - shine on the hill;

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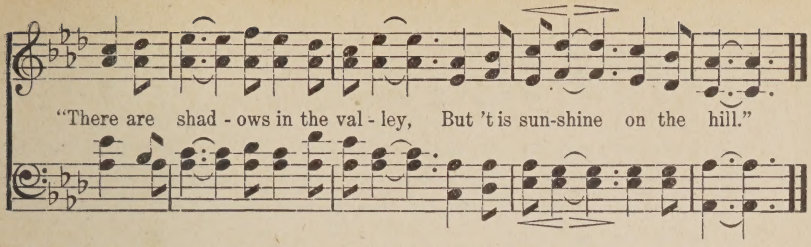
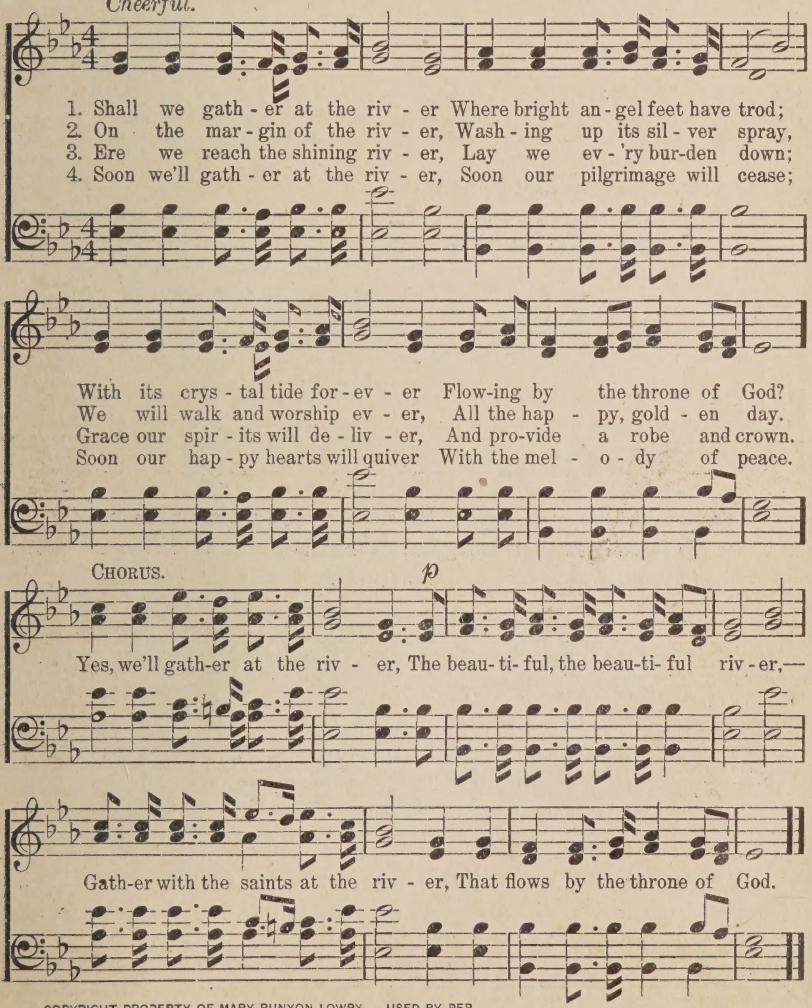
Sunshine on the Hill.



No. 147. Beautiful River.

R. L. Rev. Robert Lowry.

Cheerful.


1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er Where bright an - gel feet have trod;
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shining riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur-den down;
4. Soon we'll gath - er at the riv - er, Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow-ing by the throne of God?
We will walk and worship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.
Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.
Soon our hap - py hearts will quiver With the mel - o - dy of peace.
CHORUS.
p
Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv - er, The beau- ti- ful, the beau-ti- ful riv - er,—
Gath-er with the saints at the riv - er, That flows by the throne of God.

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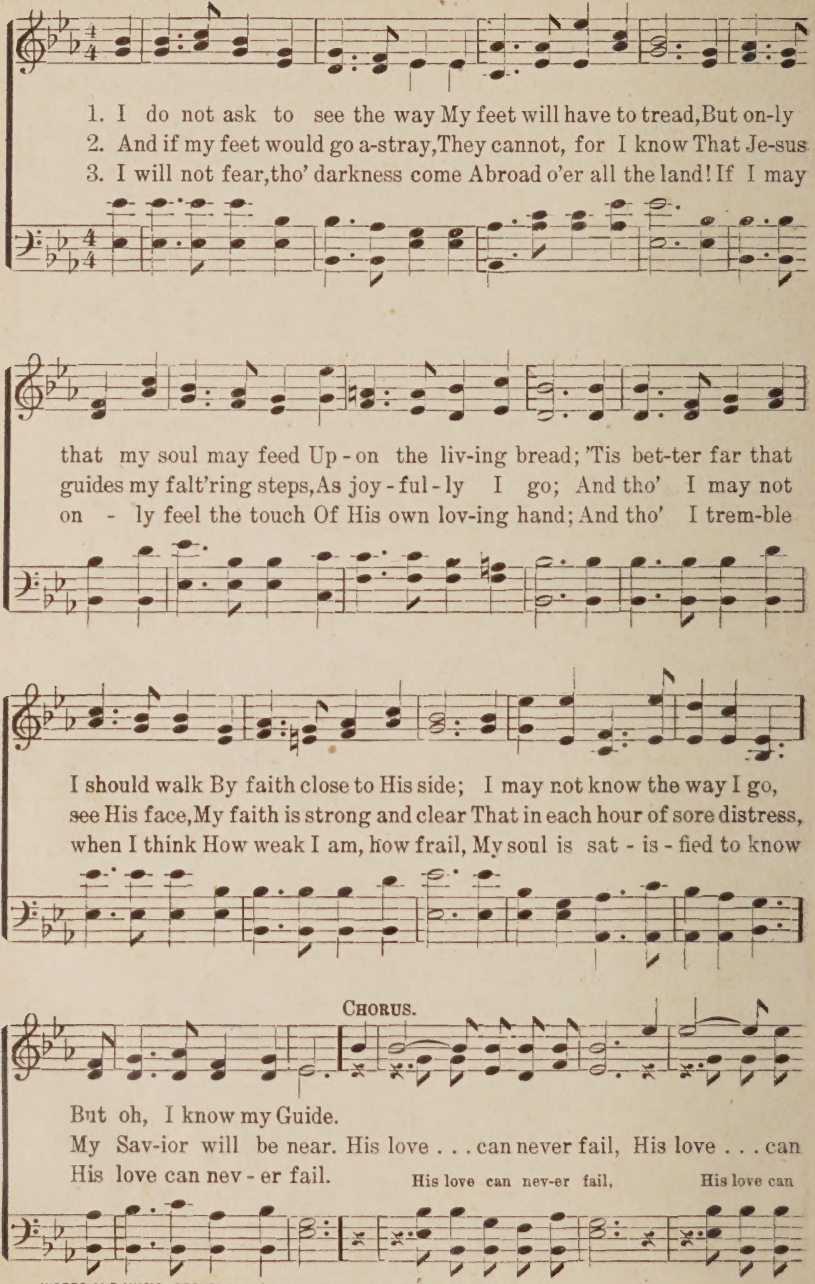
No. 148. His Love Can Never Fail.

F. S. Hall. E. O. Excell.


1. I do not ask to see the way My feet will have to tread, But on-ly
2. And if my feet would go a-stray, They cannot, for I know That Je-sus
3. I will not fear, tho' darkness come Abroad o'er all the land! If I may
that my soul may feed Up-on the liv-ing bread; 'Tis bet-ter far that
guides my falt'ring steps, As joy-ful-ly I go; And tho' I may not
on - ly feel the touch Of His own lov-ing hand; And tho' I trem-ble
I should walk By faith close to His side; I may not know the way I go,
see His face, My faith is strong and clear That in each hour of sore distress,
when I think How weak I am, how frail, My soul is sat - is - fied to know
CHORUS.
But oh, I know my Guide.
My Sav-ior will be near. His love . . . can never fail, His love . . . can
His love can nev - er fail.
His love can nev-er fail, His love can

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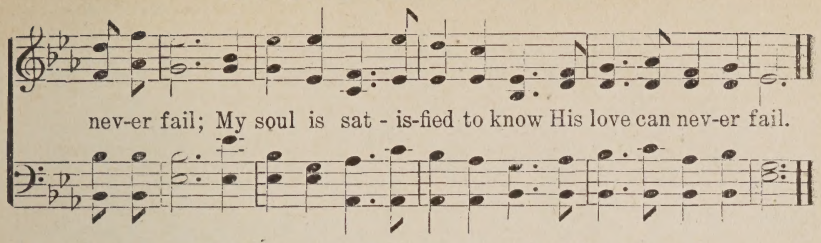
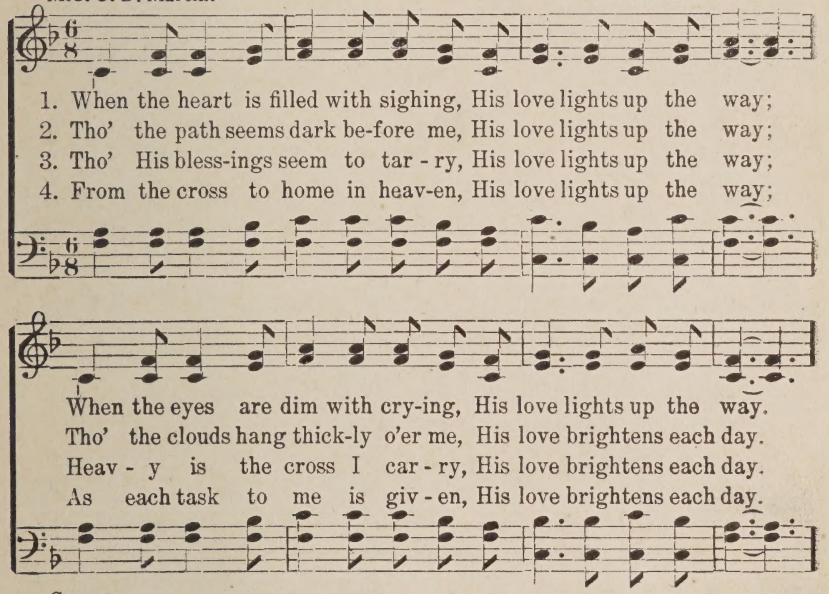
His Love Can Never Fail.



No. 149. His Love Lights Up the Way.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.


1. When the heart is filled with sighing, His love lights up the way;
2. Tho' the path seems dark be-fore me, His love lights up the way;
3. Tho' His bless-ings seem to tar - ry, His love lights up the way;
4. From the cross to home in heav-en, His love lights up the way;
When the eyes are dim with cry-ing, His love lights up the way.
Tho' the clouds hang thick-ly o'er me, His love brightens each day.
Heav - y is the cross I car - ry, His love brightens each day.
As each task to me is giv - en, His love brightens each day.
CHORUS.
Love lights up the way, . . . Love brightens each day; . . .
it lights the way, bus - y day;
How hap - py our hearts should be When love lights up the way.

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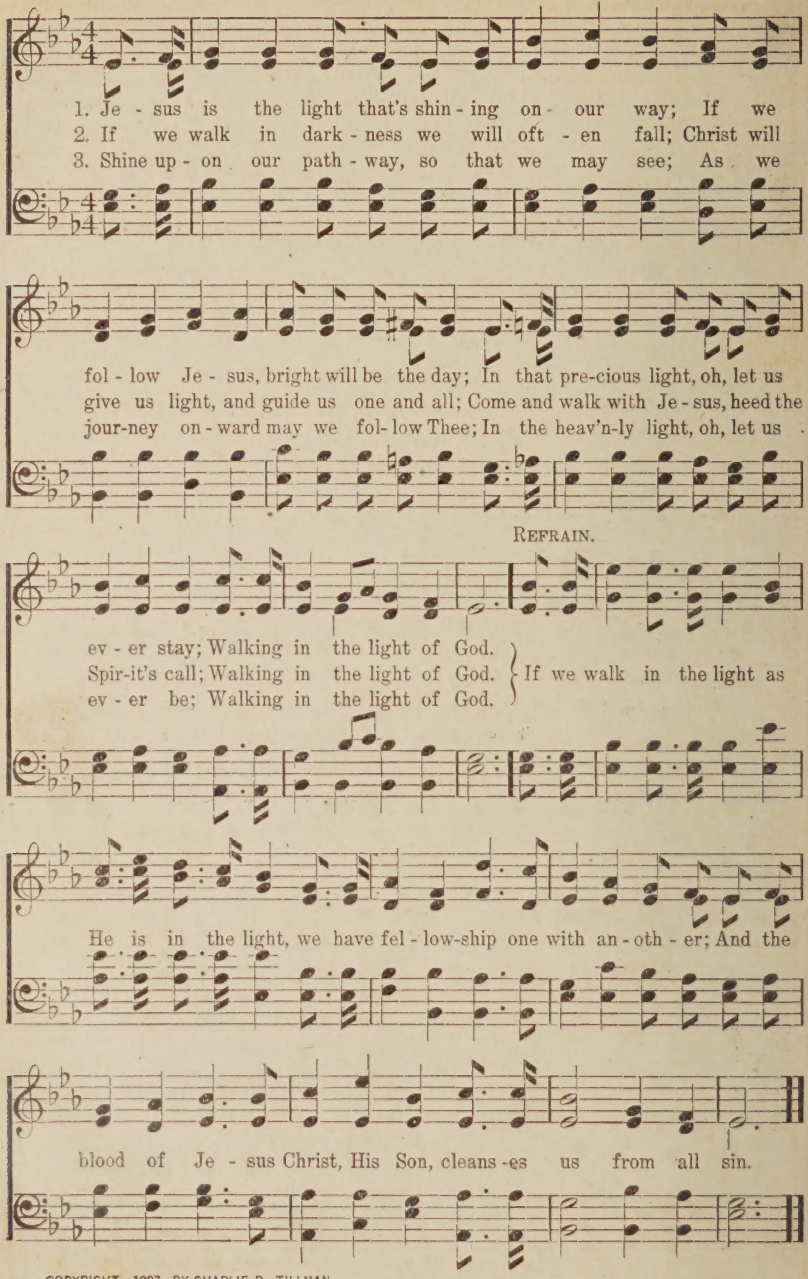
No. 150. If We Walk in the Light.

Kittie Deason. Dan Ward Milam.


1. Je - sus is the light that's shin - ing on - our way; If we
2. If we walk in dark - ness we will oft - en fall; Christ will
3. Shine up - on our path - way, so that we may see; As we
fol - low Je - sus, bright will be the day; In that pre-cious light, oh, let us
give us light, and guide us one and all; Come and walk with Je - sus, heed the
jour-ney on - ward may we fol- low Thee; In the heav'n-ly light, oh, let us
REFRAIN.
ev - er stay; Walking in the light of God.
Spir-it's call; Walking in the light of God.
ev - er be; Walking in the light of God.
If we walk in the light as
He is in the light, we have fel - low-ship one with an - oth - er; And the
blood of Je - sus Christ, His Son, cleans - es us from all sin.

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No. 151. The Sunny Way.

Minnie B. Johnson. Jno. R. Bryant.

1. The sun - ny way that leads to glo - ry, Is trav-eled by the joy - ful few;
2. The sun - ny way is filled with gladness, With life and love on ev - 'ry hand;
3. The sun - ny way to heav'n is o- pen, And you may come with-out de - lay;
And they re - joice to tell the sto - ry, Who nev-er fear His will to do.
They nev- er have a care or sad-ness, Who walk this way to glo - ry land.
O won't you walk the path to glo - ry? For Je - sus is the liv - ing way.
CHORUS.
The sun - ny way we'll trav - el on-ward.
The sun - ny way..... we'll trav-el on - ward, ... Till we be-
BASS SOLO.
Till we be-hold His lovely face; He's marked the path
hold..... His love-ly face; . He's marked the path..... that lead-eth
that lead-eth homeward, Who walks therein, He fills with grace.
home - ward, ... Who walks therein, ... He fills with grace....

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No. 152. Count Your Blessings.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. E. O. Excell.

1. When up - on life's bil- lows you are tem - pest - tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev - er burdened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth - ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a - mid the con-flict, whether great or small, Do not be dis-
couraged, thinking all is lost, Count your man- y blessings, name them
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man- y blessings, ev - 'ry
prom-ised you His wealth un - told; Count your man- y blessings, mon-ey
cour-aged, God is .o - ver all; Count your man- y blessings, an - gels
one by one, And it will sur - prise you, what the Lord hath done.
doubt will fly, And you will be sing- ing as the days go by.
can - not buy Your re - ward in heav - en, nor your home on high.
will at - tend, Help and com-fort give you to your jour - ney's end.
CHORUS.
Count your blessings, Name them one by one, Count your
Count your many bless-ings, Name them one by one, Count your many
blessings, See what God hath done; Count your blessings,
blessings, See what God hath done; Count your many blessings,

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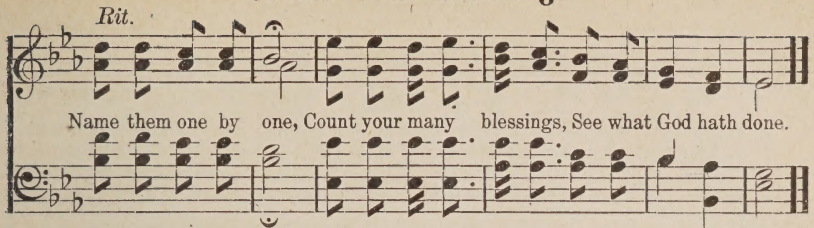
Count Your Blessings.



No. 153. There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.

El Nathan. **James McGranahan.**

1. "There shall be show-ers of bless - ing;" This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless - ing;"— Precious re-viv- ing a - gain;
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless - ing;" Send them up - on us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless - ing;" Oh, that to - day they might fall,
There shall be sea - sons re - fresh - ing, Sent from the Sav - ior a - bove.
O - ver the hills and the val - leys, Sound of a - bun-dance of rain.
Grant to us now a re - fresh - ing; Come, and now hon - or Thy word.
Now as to God we're con - fess - ing, Now as on Je - sus we call!
CHORUS.
Show - ers of bless - ing, Show - ers of bless - ing we need;
Show-ers, show - ers
Mer - cy- drops round us are fall - ing, But for the show-ers we plead.

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No. 154. Some Day.

F. M. Atkinson. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Some day we'll cease from la - bor here, Some day the thread of life will
2. Some day we'll leave this house of clay; Our hopes now rest on things a-
3. O glo-rious hope, O bright "some day," What sweet as-sur - ance in my
4. We'll la - bor on till that "some day," And press the bat - tle to the
break; In that bright home of endless day, To life im - mor - tal we shall
bove; On pin - ions bright we'll fly a - way, To be at home with those we
soul! We'll fol - low Christ, the liv-ing way, And trust in Him tho' bil - lows
goal; Till we shall gain the vic - to - ry, And gath- er safe with - in the
Rit.
CHORUS.
wake, To life im - mor - tal we shall wake.
love, To be at home with those we love.
roll, And trust in Him tho' bil - lows roll.
fold, And gath-er safe with - in the fold.
O bright "some day," O bless-ed
"Some day,"
day, From earthly cares we'll flee a - way; Our feet shall
"some day," From earth-ly cares we'll flee a - way; Our
press the shining shore, We'll dwell with Christ for-ev - er-more.
feet shall press the shining shore, We'll dwell with Christ for - ev - er-more.

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No. 155. Changed to His Likeness.

Nina Clarke. Ran. C. Story.

1. Changed to His like-ness, In Him com-plete, Just in a mo-ment,
2. Changed to His like-ness, Brings me sweet cheer, That I His im-age,
3. Changed to His like-ness, What joy is mine, Bod-y im-mor-tal,
Joy so re-plete; In heav'n-ly sem-blance, Earth-ly all gone,
Ev-er should bear; This now the prom-ise, To me is borne,
Like His to shine; Crowned with His glo-ry, Heav-en-ly born,
CHORUS.
When I shall wake in that glo-rious morn.
When I shall wake in that glo-rious morn.
Filled with His praise in that glo-rious morn.
Changed to His like-ness,
What joy 'twill be, There, filled with rap-ture, Je-sus I'll see; O in His
im-age, Earth-li-ness gone, When I shall wake in that glo-rious morn.

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No. 156. If There's Sunshine In Your Heart.

Helen Dungan. J. M. Dungan.

1. You can make the pathway bright, Fill the soul with heaven's light,
2. You can speak the gen - tle word To the heart with an - ger stirred,
3. You can do a kind-ly deed To your neighbor in his need,
4. You can live a hap - py life In this world of toil and strife,
If there's sun-shine in your heart; Turning dark-ness in - to day,
If there's sun-shine in your heart; Tho' it seems a lit - tle thing,
If there's sun-shine in your heart; And his bur-den you will share,
If there's sun-shine in your heart; And your soul will glow with love,
As the shadows fly a - way, If there's sunshine in your heart to-day.
It will heaven's blessing bring, If there's sunshine in your heart to-day.
As you lift his load of care, If there's sunshine in your heart to-day.
From the perfect Light above, If there's sunshine in your heart to-day.
CHORUS.
If there's sunshine in your heart, You can send a shin - ing ray
sun-shine in your heart,

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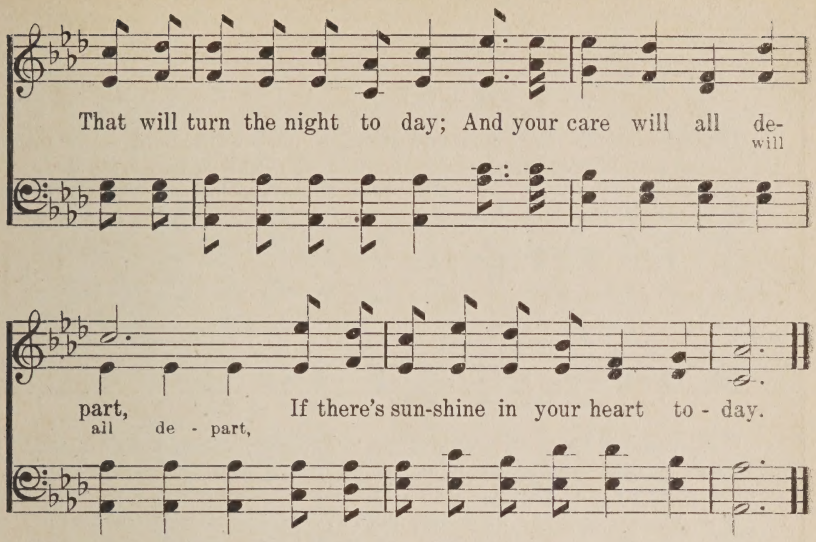
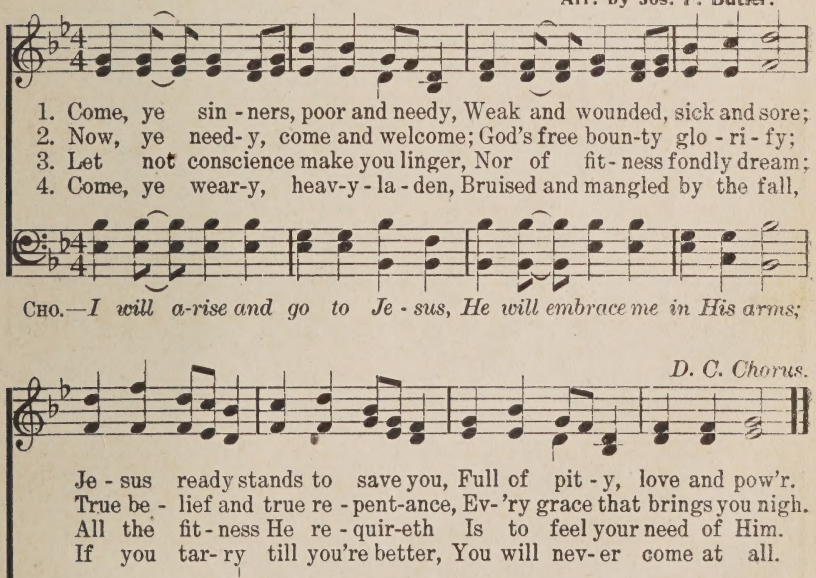
If There's Sunshine In Your Heart.



No. 157. I Will Arise and Go to Jesus.

Arr. by Jos. F. Butler.


1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
2. Now, ye need-y, come and welcome; God's free boun-ty glo - ri - fy;
3. Let not conscience make you linger, Nor of fit - ness fondly dream;
4. Come, ye wear-y, heav-y - la - den, Bruised and mangled by the fall,
Cho.—I will a-rise and go to Je - sus, He will embrace me in His arms;
D. C. Chorus.
Je - sus ready stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.
True be - lief and true re - pent-ance, Ev-'ry grace that brings you nigh.
All the fit - ness He re - quir-eth Is to feel your need of Him.
If you tar-ry till you're better, You will nev-er come at all.
In the arms of my dear Sav - ior. O there are ten thou-sand charms.

No. 158. Across the Border-Line.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. Charlie D. Tillman.

1. There is a land of corn and wine, A rich, sweet land of love;
2. There rest and peace are free-ly giv'n, There burdens roll a-way;
3. 'T is thus by faith we en-ter in, By faith the gi-ants fall;
4. It is the bless-ed Beu-lah land; Its rich-es may be thine;
'T is watered by the streams of grace, Which flow from heav'n above.
There you may have a taste of heav'n, There live in love's sweet day.
By faith we gain the vic-to-ry, By faith we con-quer all.
'T is on-ly just a step from here, A-cross the bor-der-line.
Chorus.
A-cross the bor-der-line We are fed on corn and wine,
This bless-ed land of love; A-cross the bor-der-line The
liv-ing here is fine; Aft-er this, our home a-bove.

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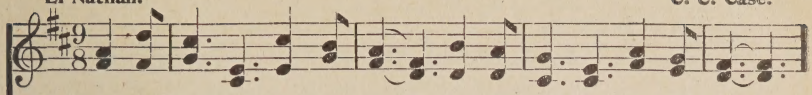
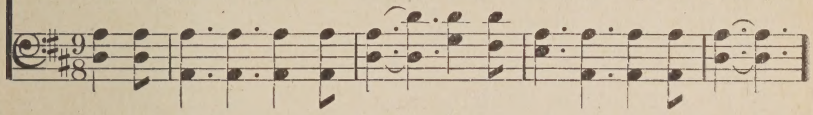
No. 159. Why Not Now?

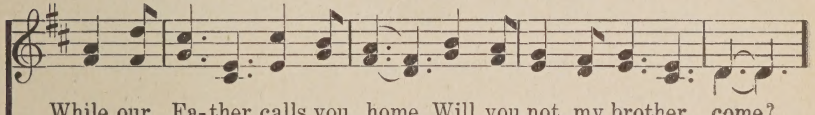
"Behold, now is the accepted time." II Cor. 6: 2.

El Nathan. C. C. Case.



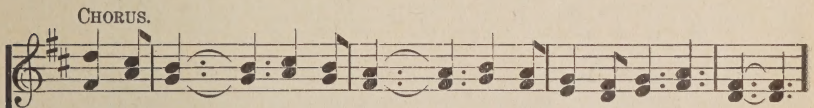
1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wandered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troubled mind;
4. Come to Christ, con-fes-sion make; Come to Christ, and pardon take;



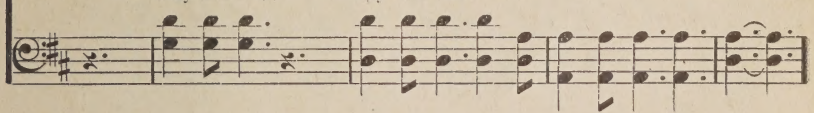


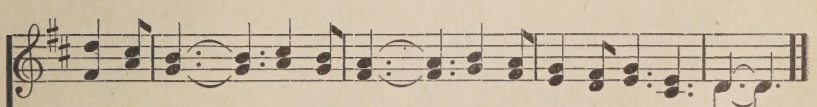
While our Fa-ther calls you home, Will you not, my brother, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But to-day ac-cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

Chorus.

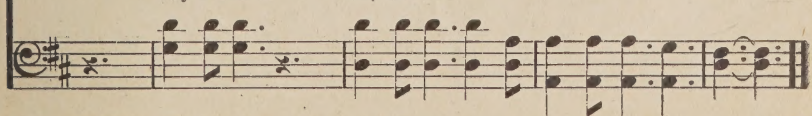


Why not now?.... why not now?.... Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? why not now?





Why not now?... why not now?... Why not come to Je-sus now?
Why not now? why not now?



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No. 160. Just a Word With Jesus.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

DUET. ALTO AND TENOR.

1. Just a word with Je - sus Be - fore the day be - gins, Just a plea for
2. Just a tho't in se - cret, A little whispered pray'r, Makes the heart cour-
3. Just a word with Je - sus—But oh, how much it means, When with trust un-
guid - ance A day of bless-ing wins; Just a moment's wait-ing In
a - geous, And lifts a load of care; Just a glimpse of Je - sus To
bro - ken, A soul up - on Him leans! Grant, O pre-cious Sav - ior, Tho'
si - lence at His feet, Just to hear Him whisper His words of counsel sweet.
faith's unwav'ring sight, Turns the clouds to sunshine, And makes the whole day bright.
much de-nied may be, We, thro' life's short journey, May walk and talk with Thee.
CHORUS.
Talk to Je - sus oft - en, Heart to heart and face to face;
Heart to heart and face to face;

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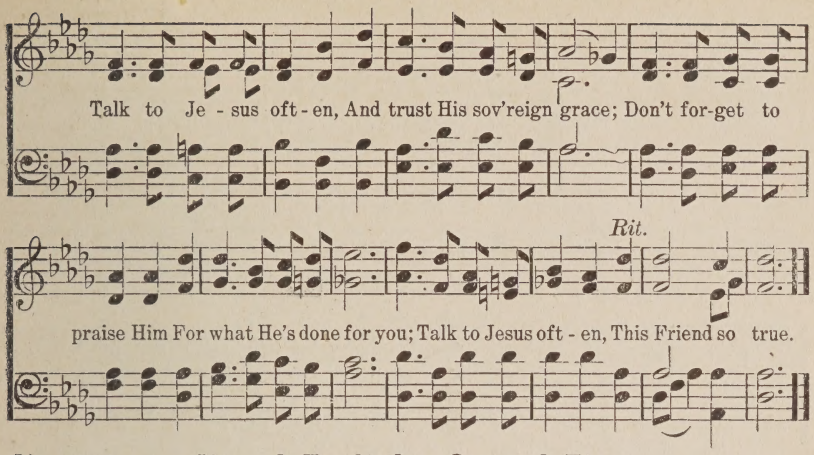
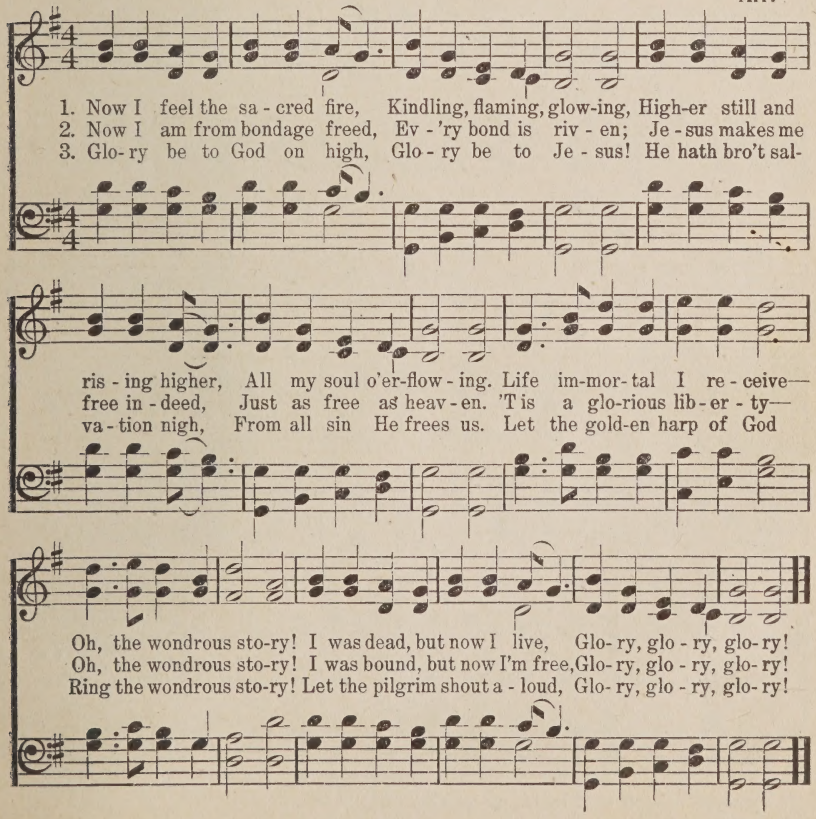
Just a Word With Jesus.


Talk to Je - sus oft - en, And trust His sov'reign grace; Don't for-get to
Rit.
praise Him For what He's done for you; Talk to Jesus oft - en, This Friend so true.

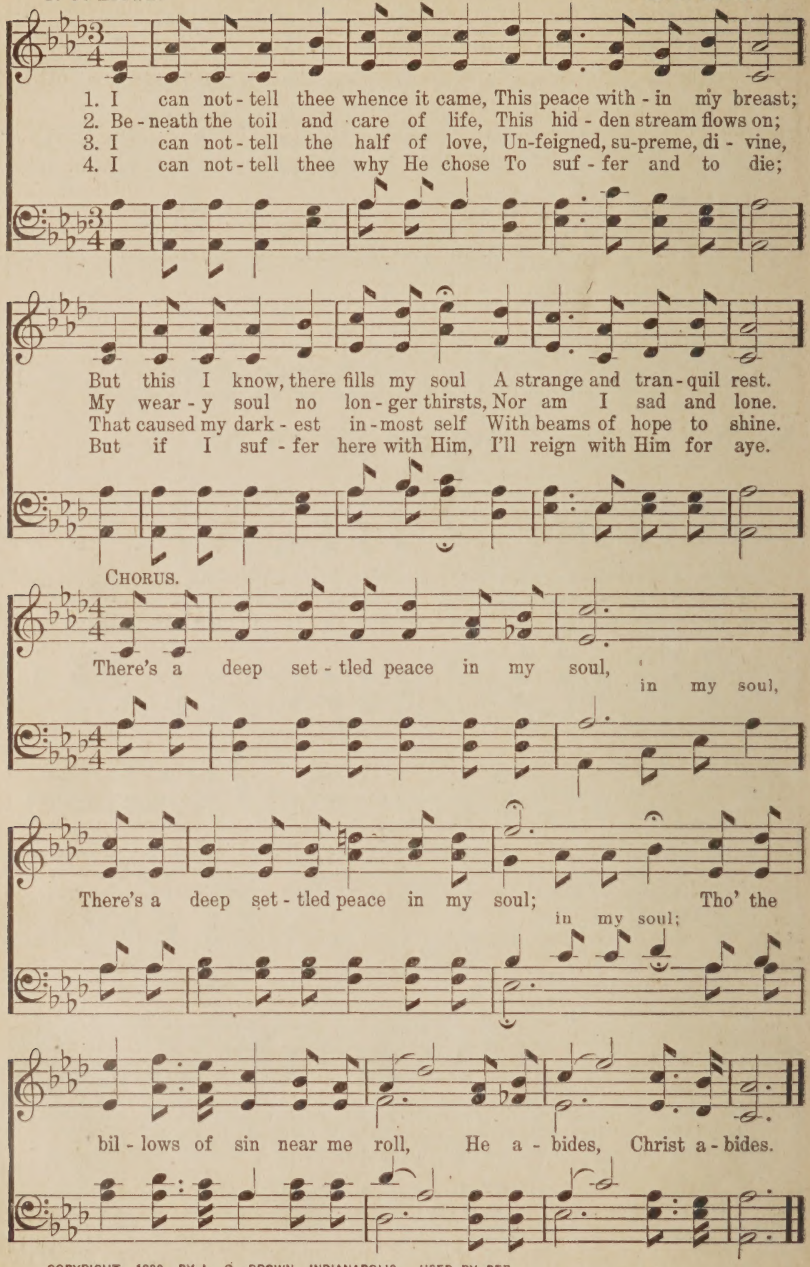
No. 161. Now I Feel the Sacred Fire.

Arr.


1. Now I feel the sa - cred fire, Kindling, flaming, glow-ing, High-er still and
2. Now I am from bondage freed, Ev - 'ry bond is riv - en; Je - sus makes me
3. Glo - ry be to God on high, Glo - ry be to Je - sus! He hath bro't sal-
ris - ing higher, All my soul o'er-flow - ing. Life im-mor-tal I re - ceive—
free in - deed, Just as free as heav - en. 'T is a glo-rious lib - er - ty—
va - tion nigh, From all sin He frees us. Let the gold-en harp of God
Oh, the wondrous sto-ry! I was dead, but now I live, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry!
Oh, the wondrous sto-ry! I was bound, but now I'm free, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry!
Ring the wondrous sto-ry! Let the pilgrim shout a - loud, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry!

No. 162. Hidden Peace.

J. S. Brown. L. O. Brown.


1. I can not - tell thee whence it came, This peace with - in my breast;
2. Be - neath the toil and care of life, This hid - den stream flows on;
3. I can not - tell the half of love, Un-feigned, su-preme, di - vine,
4. I can not - tell thee why He chose To suf - fer and to die;
But this I know, there fills my soul A strange and tran - quil rest.
My wear - y soul no lon - ger thirsts, Nor am I sad and lone.
That caused my dark - est in - most self With beams of hope to shine.
But if I suf - fer here with Him, I'll reign with Him for aye.
CHORUS.
There's a deep set - tled peace in my soul,
in my soul,
There's a deep set - tled peace in my soul; Tho' the
in my soul;
bil - lows of sin near me roll, He a - bides, Christ a - bides.

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No. 163. Let the Holy Ghost Come In.

(Companion to "Let a Little Sunshine In.")

R. F. Reynolds. C. E. Rowley.

Rather slow.

1. Would you be redeemed from ev - 'ry in-born sin, Have the Ho - ly Spir - it
2. Would you have the Spir - it in your heart to cheer? Would you be re-lieved from
3. Do you want the "fire of God" to fill your soul, Burn up all the dross, and
4. Do you want the "pow'r" to make you true and brave, So that you can res - cue
con - stant-ly with - in? Make the con - se - cra - tion, trust in God, and then,
ev - 'ry doubt and fear? Make the con - se - cra - tion, trust in God, and then,
sanc - ti - fy the whole? Make the con - se - cra - tion, trust in God, and then,
those that Christ would save? Make the con - se - cra - tion, trust in God, and then,
REFRAIN.
Let the Ho - ly Ghost come in. Let the Ho - ly Ghost come
come in.
in, Let the Ho - ly Ghost come in, Make the con - se-
come in. come in,
cra - tion, trust in God, and then, Let the Ho - ly Ghost come in.
come in.

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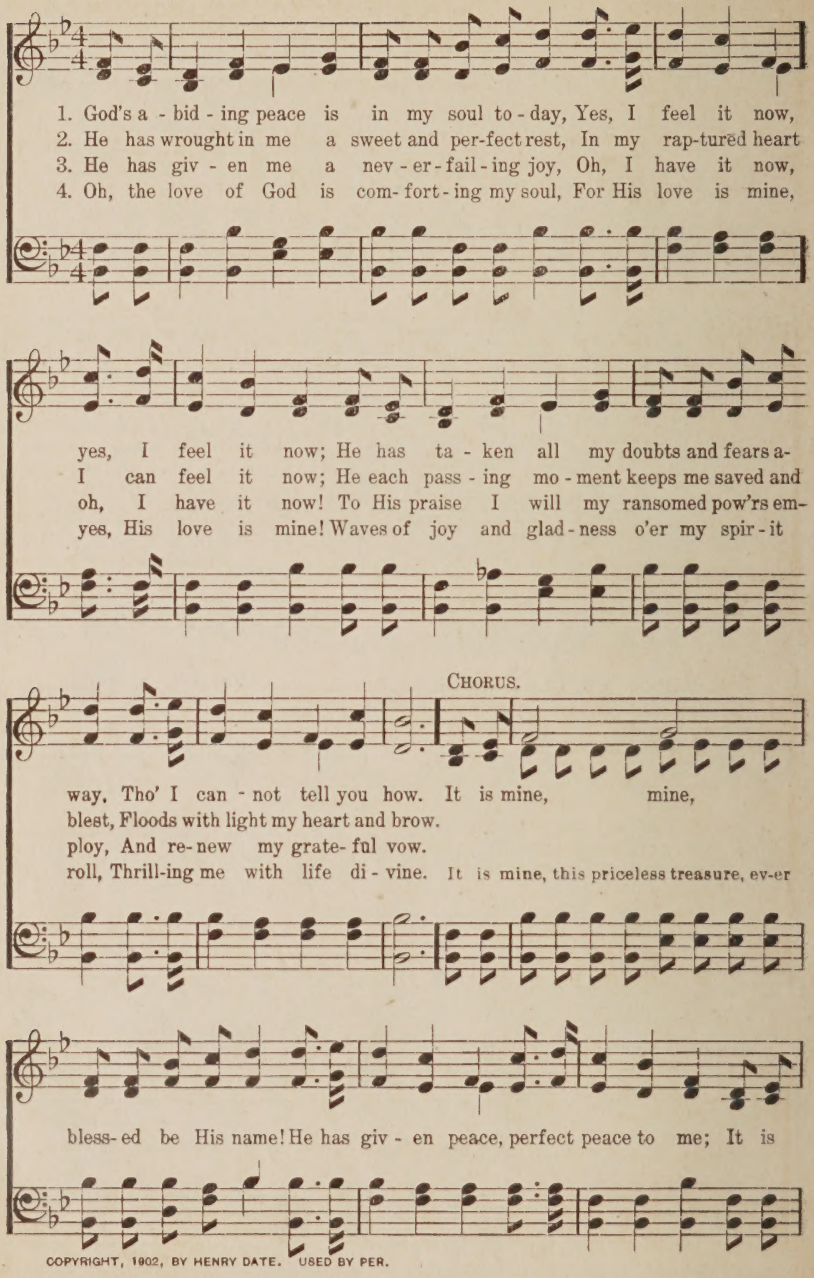
No. 164. It is Mine.

Elisha A. Hoffman. Wm. Edie Marks.


1. God's a - bid - ing peace is in my soul to - day, Yes, I feel it now,
2. He has wrought in me a sweet and per-fect rest, In my rap-tured heart
3. He has giv - en me a nev - er - fail - ing joy, Oh, I have it now,
4. Oh, the love of God is com- fort - ing my soul, For His love is mine,
yes, I feel it now; He has ta - ken all my doubts and fears a-
I can feel it now; He each pass - ing mo - ment keeps me saved and
oh, I have it now! To His praise I will my ransomed pow'rs em-
yes, His love is mine! Waves of joy and glad - ness o'er my spir - it
CHORUS.
way, Tho' I can - not tell you how. It is mine, mine,
blest, Floods with light my heart and brow.
ploy, And re- new my grate- ful vow.
roll, Thrill-ing me with life di - vine. It is mine, this priceless treasure, ev-er
bless- ed be His name! He has giv - en peace, perfect peace to me; It is

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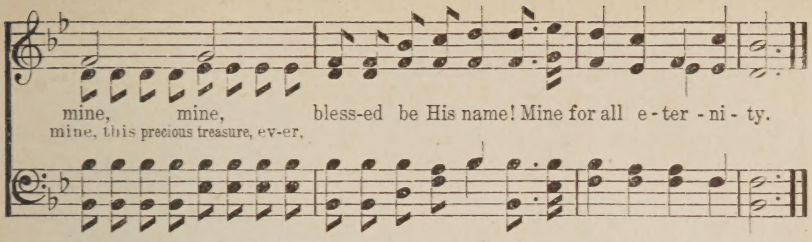
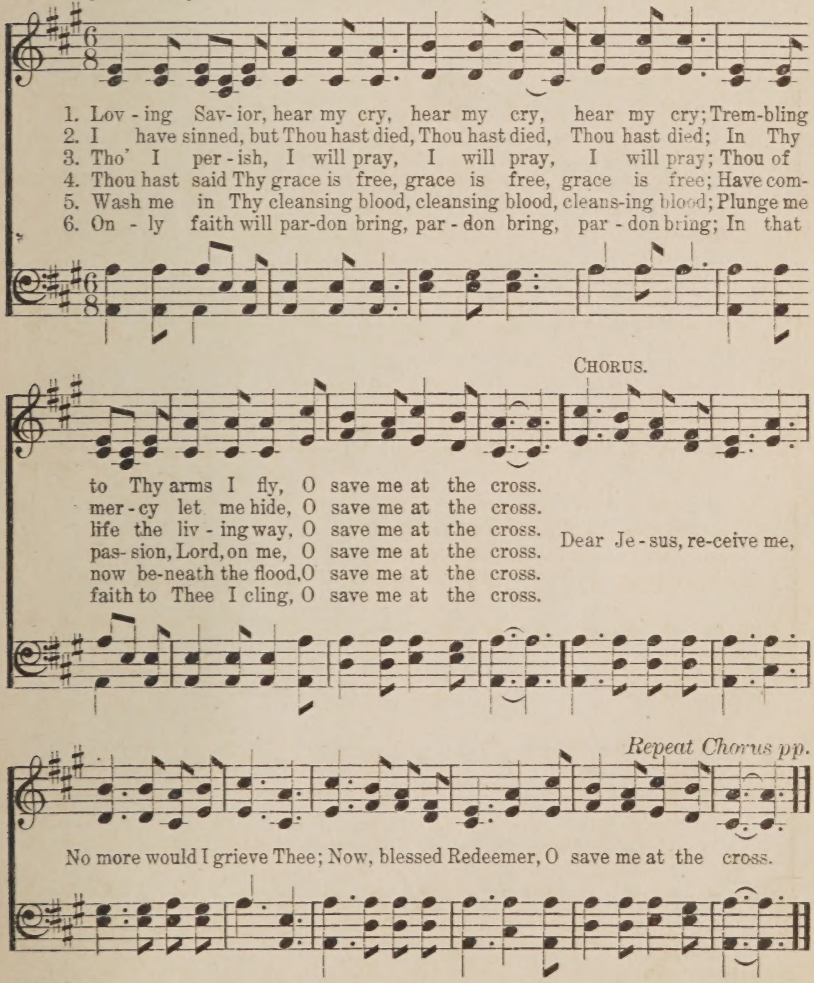
It is Mine.



No. 165. O Save Me at the Cross.

Fanny J. Crosby. Arr.


1. Lov-ing Sav-ior, hear my cry, hear my cry, hear my cry; Trem-bling
2. I have sinned, but Thou hast died, Thou hast died, Thou hast died; In Thy
3. Tho' I per-ish, I will pray, I will pray, I will pray; Thou of
4. Thou hast said Thy grace is free, grace is free, grace is free; Have com-
5. Wash me in Thy cleansing blood, cleansing blood, cleans-ing blood; Plunge me
6. On-ly faith will par-don bring, par-don bring, par-don bring; In that
CHORUS.
to Thy arms I fly, O save me at the cross.
mer-cy let me hide, O save me at the cross.
life the liv-ing way, O save me at the cross.
pas-sion, Lord, on me, O save me at the cross.
now be-neath the flood, O save me at the cross.
faith to Thee I cling, O save me at the cross.
Dear Je-sus, re-ceive me,
Repeat Chorus pp.
No more would I grieve Thee; Now, blessed Redeemer, O save me at the cross.

No. 166. Honey in the Rock.

F. A. G. F. A. Graves.

1. O my broth-er, do you know the Sav - ior, Who is won - drous
2. Have you "tasted that the Lord is gra - cious"? Do you walk in the
3. Do you pray un - to God the Fa - ther, "What wilt Thou have
4. Then go out thro' the streets and by - ways, Preach the word to the
kind and true? He's the "Rock of your Sal - va - tion;"
way that's new? Have you drank from the liv - ing Foun - tain?
me to do?" Nev - er fear, He will sure - ly an - swer:
man - y or few; Say to ev - 'ry fall - en broth - er,
Chorus.
"There's Hon - ey in the Rock for you." Oh, there's Hon - ey in the Rock, my
broth-er, ... There's Hon-ey in the Rock for you; Leave your
my brother, for you;
Rit.
sins for the blood to cov - er, There's Hon-ey in the Rock for you (for you).

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No. 167. When I See the Blood.

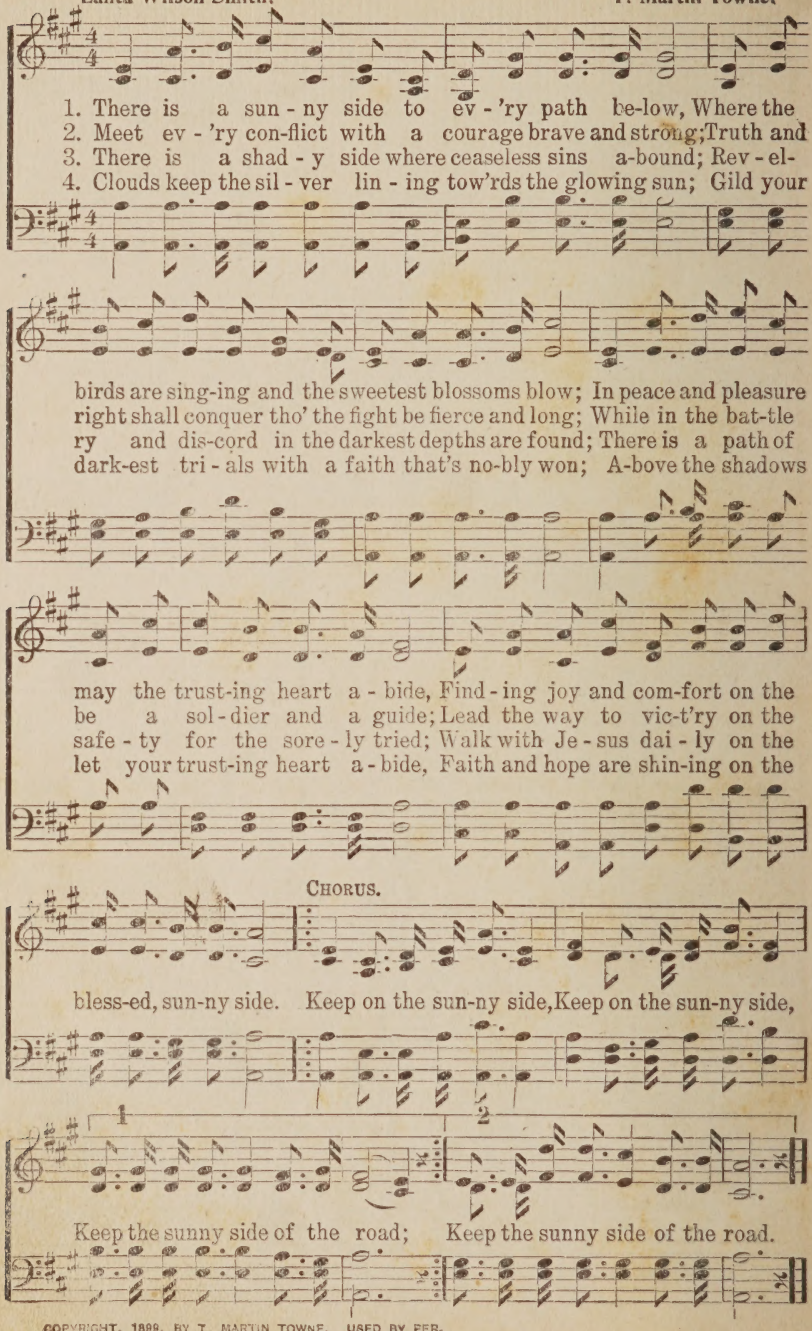
By Foote Bros., not copyrighted. Let no one do so. May this song ever be free to be published for the glory of God.

John and E. A. H. J. G. F.

1. Christ our Re-deem - er died on the cross, Died for the sin - ner,
2. Chief - est of sin - ners, Je - sus will save; All He has prom-ised,
3. Judg - ment is com - ing, all will be there; Each one re- ceiv - ing
4. O great com-pas - sion! O bound-less love! O lov - ing kind - ness,
paid all his due; Sprink - le your soul with the blood of the Lamb,
that will He do; Wash in the foun - tain o - pened for sin,
just - ly his due; Hide in the sav - ing, sin-cleans - ing blood,
faith - ful and true! Find peace and shel - ter un - der the blood,
CHORUS.
And I will pass, will pass o - ver you. When I see the
When I
blood, When I see the blood, When I see the
see the blood, When I see the blood, When I
Rit.
blood, I will pass, I will pass o - ver you.
see the blood, o - ver you.

No. 168. The Sunny Side of the Road.

Lanta Wilson Smith. T. Martin Towne.


1. There is a sun - ny side to ev - 'ry path be-low, Where the
2. Meet ev - 'ry con-flict with a courage brave and strong; Truth and
3. There is a shad - y side where ceaseless sins a-bound; Rev - el-
4. Clouds keep the sil - ver lin - ing tow'rds the glowing sun; Gild your
birds are sing-ing and the sweetest blossoms blow; In peace and pleasure
right shall conquer tho' the fight be fierce and long; While in the bat-tle
ry and dis-cord in the darkest depths are found; There is a path of
dark-est tri - als with a faith that's no-bly won; A-bove the shadows
may the trust-ing heart a - bide, Find - ing joy and com-fort on the
be a sol-dier and a guide; Lead the way to vic-t'ry on the
safe - ty for the sore - ly tried; Walk with Je - sus dai - ly on the
let your trust-ing heart a - bide, Faith and hope are shin-ing on the
CHORUS.
bless-ed, sun-ny side. Keep on the sun-ny side, Keep on the sun-ny side,
1
2
Keep the sunny side of the road; Keep the sunny side of the road.

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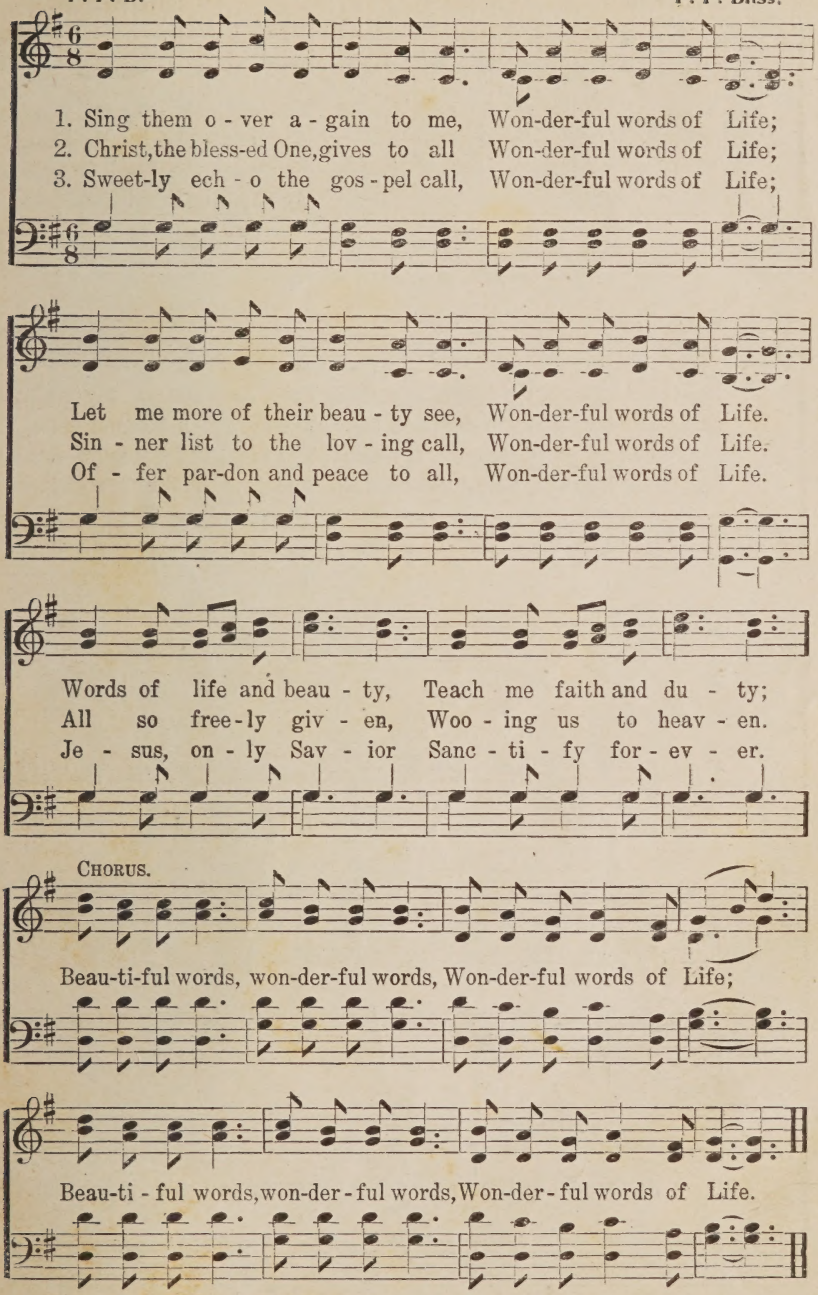
No. 169. Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won-der-ful words of Life;
2. Christ, the bless-ed One, gives to all Won-der-ful words of Life;
3. Sweet-ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won-der-ful words of Life;
Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won-der-ful words of Life.
Sin - ner list to the lov - ing call, Won-der-ful words of Life.
Of - fer par-don and peace to all, Won-der-ful words of Life.
Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;
All so free-ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en.
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er.
CHORUS.
Beau-ti-ful words, won-der-ful words, Won-der-ful words of Life;
Beau-ti - ful words, won-der - ful words, Won-der - ful words of Life.

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No. 170. Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright,
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to the King,
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near,
4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,
Than glows in a - ny earth-ly skies For Je - sus is my light.
And Je - sus, list - en-ing, can hear The songs I can-not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap-pear.
For bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.
REFRAIN.
Oh, there's sun - shine, bless - ed sun - shine,
sun - shine in the soul, bless - ed sun - shine in the soul,
When the peace - ful, hap - py mo-ments roll:
hap - py mo - ments roll:
When Je - sus shows His smiling face, There is sun-shine in the soul.

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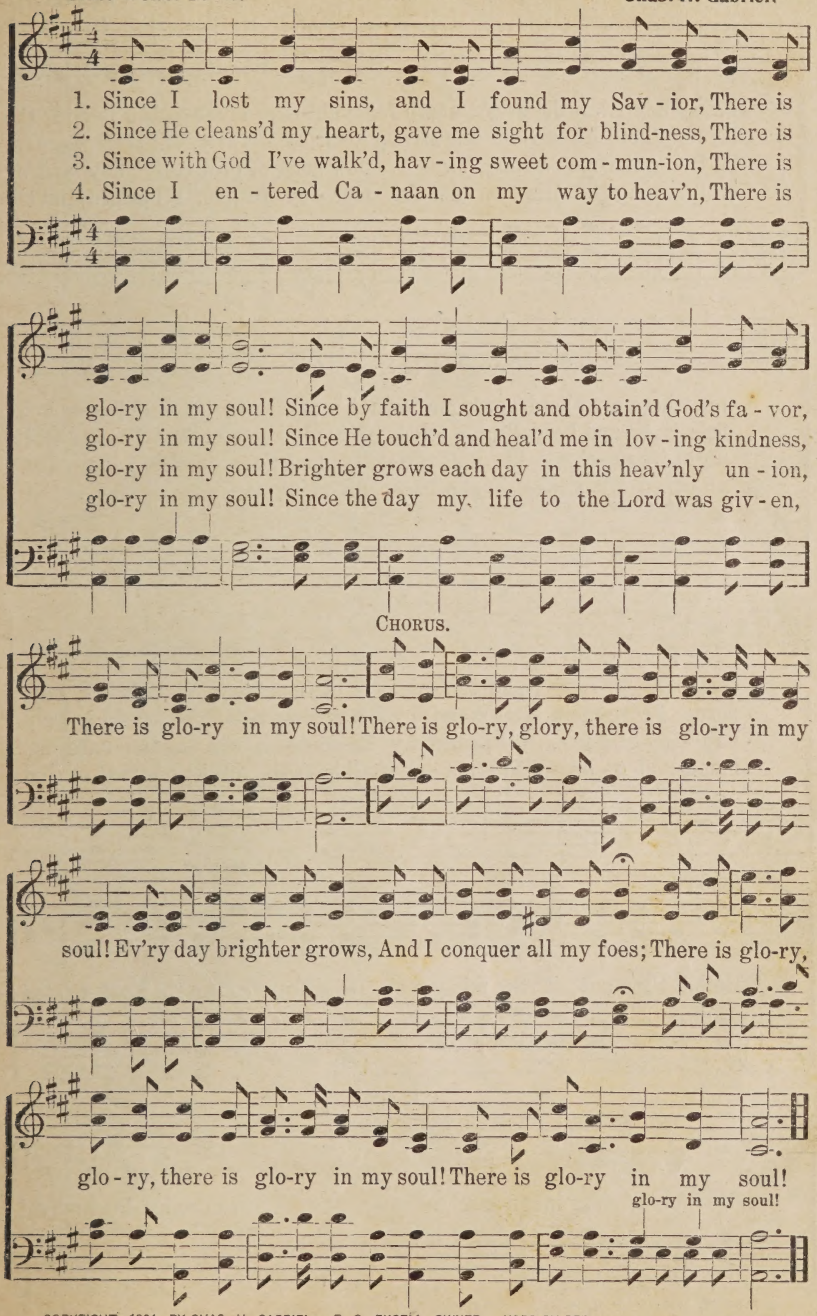
No. 171. There is Glory in My Soul.

Grace Weiser Davis. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Since I lost my sins, and I found my Sav - ior, There is
2. Since He cleans'd my heart, gave me sight for blind-ness, There is
3. Since with God I've walk'd, hav - ing sweet com - mun-ion, There is
4. Since I en - tered Ca - naan on my way to heav'n, There is
glo-ry in my soul! Since by faith I sought and obtain'd God's fa - vor,
glo-ry in my soul! Since He touch'd and heal'd me in lov - ing kindness,
glo-ry in my soul! Brighter grows each day in this heav'nly un - ion,
glo-ry in my soul! Since the day my life to the Lord was giv - en,
CHORUS.
There is glo-ry in my soul! There is glo-ry, glory, there is glo-ry in my
soul! Ev'ry day brighter grows, And I conquer all my foes; There is glo-ry,
glo - ry, there is glo-ry in my soul! There is glo-ry in my soul!
glo-ry in my soul!

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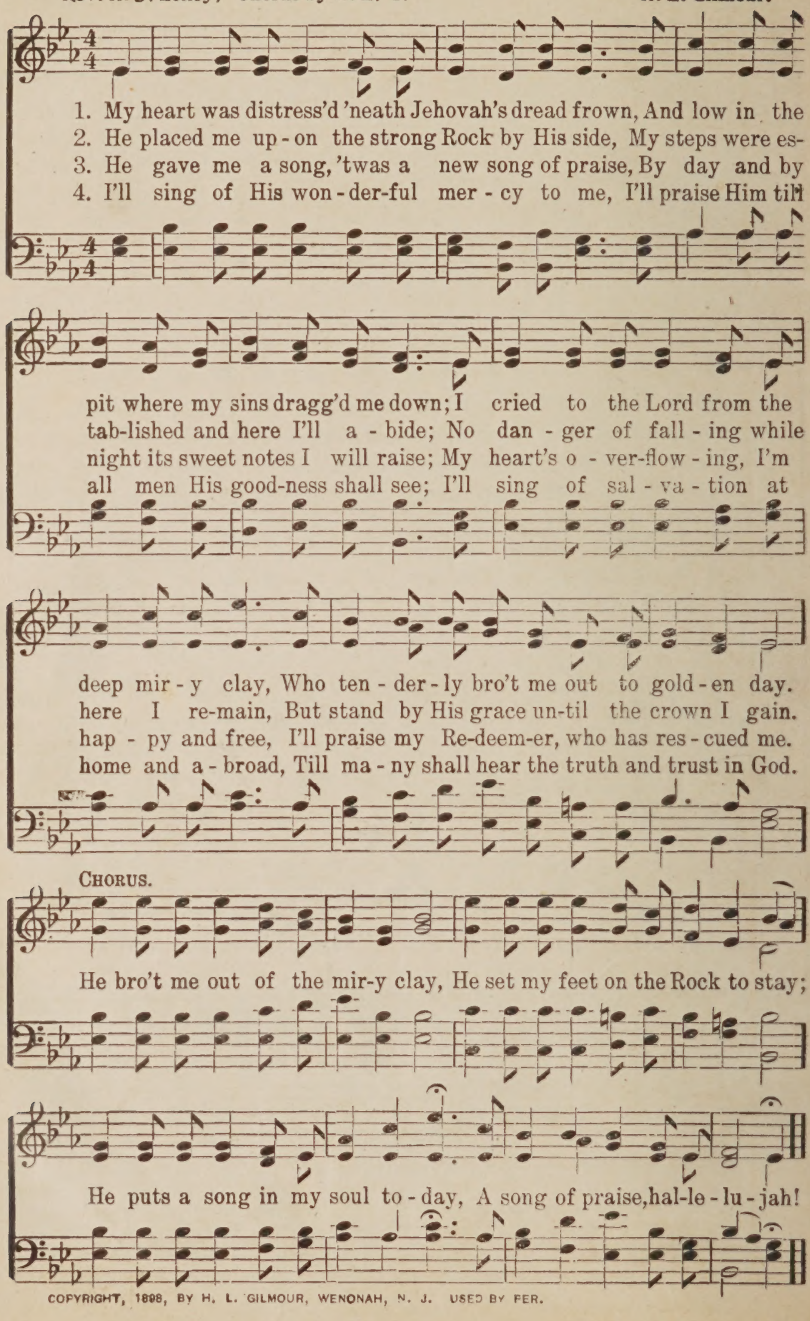
No. 172. He Brought Me Out.

Rev. H. J. Zelley, Chorus by H. L. G. H. L. Gilmour.


1. My heart was distress'd 'neath Jehovah's dread frown, And low in the pit where my sins dragg'd me down; I cried to the Lord from the
2. He placed me up-on the strong Rock by His side, My steps were es- tab-lished and here I'll a-bide; No dan-ger of fall-ing while
3. He gave me a song, 'twas a new song of praise, By day and by night its sweet notes I will raise; My heart's o-ver-flow-ing, I'm
4. I'll sing of His won-der-ful mer-cy to me, I'll praise Him till all men His good-ness shall see; I'll sing of sal-va-tion at
deep mir-y clay, Who ten-der-ly bro't me out to gold-en day.
here I re-main, But stand by His grace un-til the crown I gain.
hap-py and free, I'll praise my Re-deem-er, who has res-cued me.
home and a-broad, Till ma-ny shall hear the truth and trust in God.
CHORUS.
He bro't me out of the mir-y clay, He set my feet on the Rock to stay;
He puts a song in my soul to-day, A song of praise, hal-le-lu-jah!

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No. 173. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come
2. If 'tis for pur - i - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come
3. If there's a tempest your voice can - not still, Let Je - sus come
4. If friends, once trusted, have proven un - true, Let Je - sus come
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come
in - to your heart; If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
in - to your heart; Fountains for cleansing are flow - ing near by,
in - to your heart; If there's a void this world nev - er can fill,
in - to your heart; Find what a Friend He will be un - to you,
in - to your heart; If you would en - ter the mansions of rest,
CHORUS.
Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now, your
Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now, my
doubtings give o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more; Just now,
doubtings are o'er; Just now, re - ject - ing no more; Just now,
throw o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
I o - pen the door; And Je - sus comes in - to my heart.

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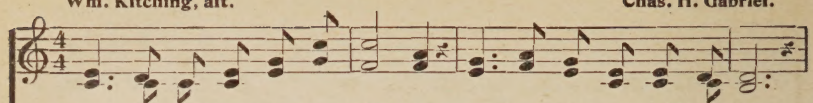
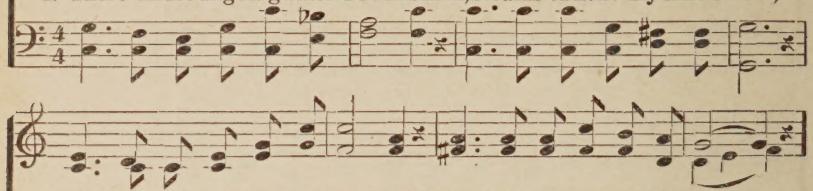
No. 174. The Veil Uplifted.

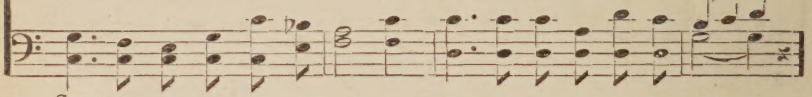
Wm. Kitching, alt. Chas. H. Gabriel.



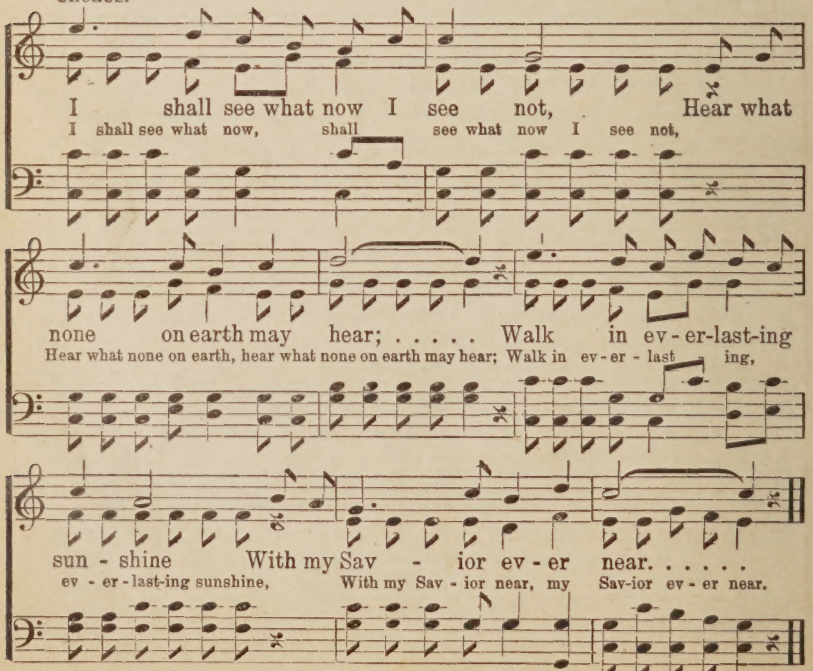
1. When the veil shall be up - lift - ed, Hid - ing from our mor-tal sight,
2. When the Sav-ior home shall call me, There to taste e - ter - nal joy,
3. I shall tune my harp with gladness, While in robes of glo - ry dress'd,
4. There 'midst angels gather'd round Him, Strains of heav'nly music flow;



All that scene of wondrous glo-ry, Where the saints are rob'd in white.
Wash'd in His all-cleansing fountain, Praise shall be my glad employ.
Round the throne the angels worship, Sin - less and for-ev-er blest.
I shall join th'angel-ic cho - rus, Such as none on earth may know.



CHORUS.



I shall see what now I see not, Hear what none on earth may hear; . . . . . Walk in ev - er-last-ing sun - shine With my Sav - ior ev - er near. . . . . .

I shall see what now, shall see what now I see not, Hear what none on earth may hear, what none on earth may hear; Walk in ev - er - last ing, ev - er - last-ing sunshine, With my Sav - ior near, my Sav-ior ev - er near.

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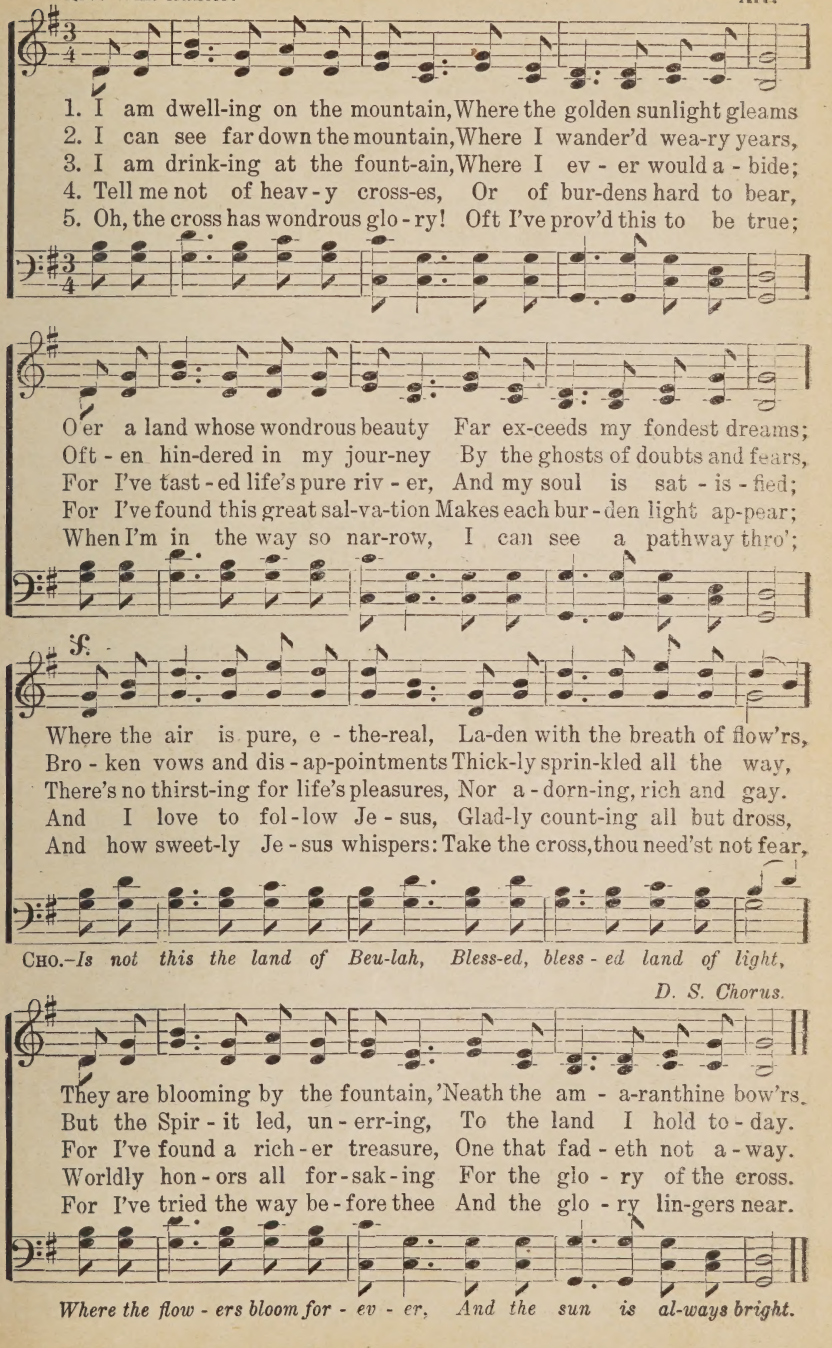
No. 175. Is Not This the Land of Beulah?

Rev. Wm. Hunter. Arr.

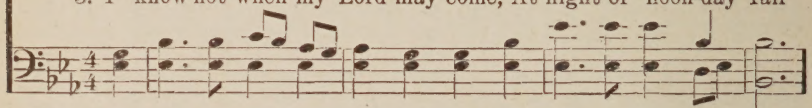

1. I am dwell-ing on the mountain, Where the golden sunlight gleams
2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wander'd wea-ry years,
3. I am drink-ing at the fount-ain, Where I ev - er would a - bide;
4. Tell me not of heav - y cross-es, Or of bur-dens hard to bear,
5. Oh, the cross has wondrous glo - ry! Oft I've prov'd this to be true;
O'er a land whose wondrous beauty Far ex-ceeds my fondest dreams;
Oft - en hin-dered in my jour-ney By the ghosts of doubts and fears,
For I've tast - ed life's pure riv - er, And my soul is sat - is - fied;
For I've found this great sal-va-tion Makes each bur - den light ap-pear;
When I'm in the way so nar-row, I can see a pathway thro';
f.
Where the air is pure, e - the-real, La-den with the breath of flow'rs,
Bro - ken vows and dis - ap-pointments Thick-ly sprin-kled all the way,
There's no thirst-ing for life's pleasures, Nor a - dorn-ing, rich and gay.
And I love to fol-low Je - sus, Glad-ly count-ing all but dross,
And how sweet-ly Je - sus whispers: Take the cross, thou need'st not fear,
Cho.–Is not this the land of Beu-lah, Bless-ed, bless - ed land of light,
D. S. Chorus.
They are blooming by the fountain, 'Neath the am - a-ranthine bow'rs.
But the Spir - it led, un - err-ing, To the land I hold to - day.
For I've found a rich - er treasure, One that fad - eth not a - way.
Worldly hon - ors all for - sak - ing For the glo - ry of the cross.
For I've tried the way be - fore thee And the glo - ry lin-gers near.
Where the flow - ers bloom for - ev - er, And the sun is al-ways bright.

No. 176. I Know Whom I Have Believed.

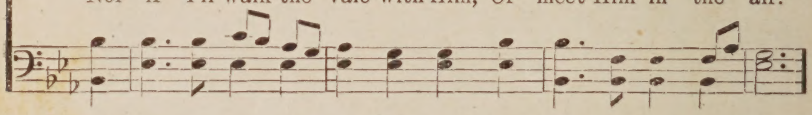
El Nathan. James McGranahan.

Moderato.

1. I know not why God's wondrous grace To me He hath made known,
2. I know not how this sav - ing faith To me He did im - part.
3. I know not how the Spir - it moves, Con-vinc-ing men of sin,
4. I know not what of good or ill May be re-served for me,
5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon-day fair

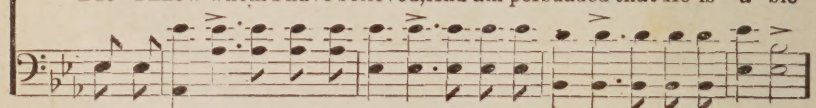


Nor why—un-wor-thy—Christ in love Re-deem'd me for His own.
Nor how, be-liev - ing in His word Wrought peace within my heart.
Re - veal-ing Je - sus thro' the word, Cre - at - ing faith in Him.
Of wea - ry ways or gold - en days, Be - fore His face I see.
Nor if I'll walk the vale with Him, Or "meet Him in the air."

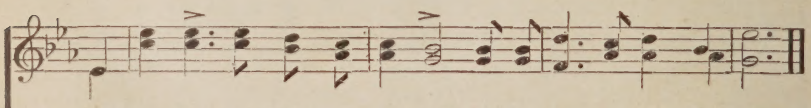


CHORUS.

But "I know whom I have believed, And am persuaded that He is a - ble



To keep that which I've com-mit-ted Un - to Him against that day."



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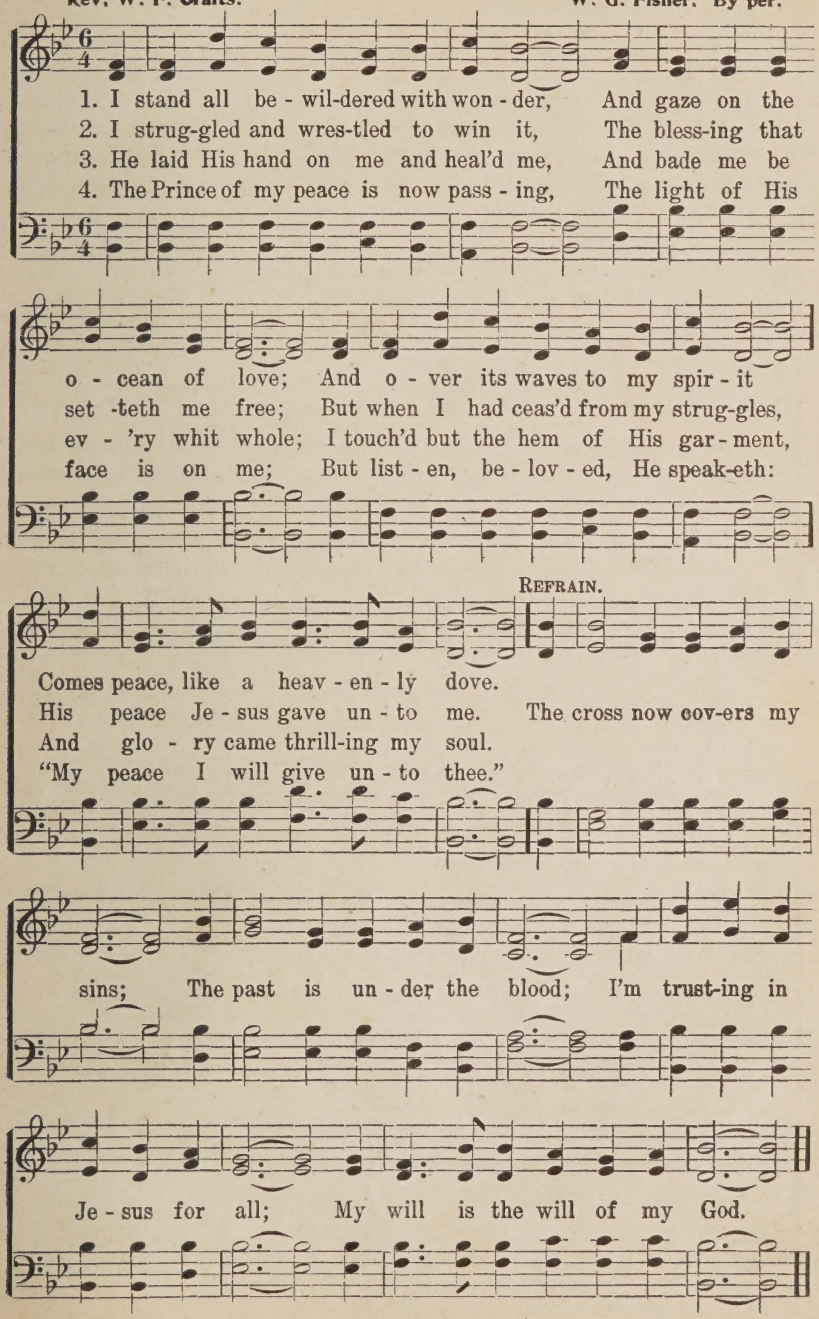
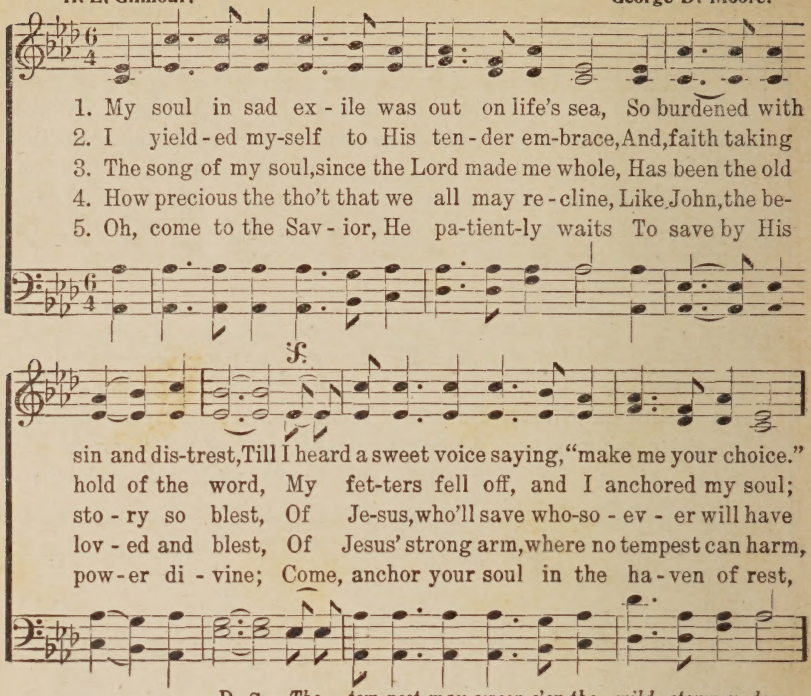
No. 177. The Prince of My Peace.

Rev. W. F. Crafts. W. G. Fisher. By per.


1. I stand all be - wil-dered with won - der, And gaze on the
2. I strug-gled and wres-tled to win it, The bless-ing that
3. He laid His hand on me and heal'd me, And bade me be
4. The Prince of my peace is now pass - ing, The light of His
o - cean of love; And o - ver its waves to my spir - it
set -teth me free; But when I had ceas'd from my strug-gles,
ev - 'ry whit whole; I touch'd but the hem of His gar - ment,
face is on me; But list - en, be - lov - ed, He speak-eth:
REFRAIN.
Comes peace, like a heav - en - ly dove.
His peace Je - sus gave un - to me. The cross now cov-ers my
And glo - ry came thrill-ing my soul.
"My peace I will give un - to thee."
sins; The past is un - der the blood; I'm trust-ing in
Je - sus for all; My will is the will of my God.

No. 178. The Haven of Rest.

H. L. Gilmour. George D. Moore.



1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So burdened with sin and dis-trest, Till I heard a sweet voice saying, "make me your choice."
2. I yield - ed my-self to His ten - der em-brace, And, faith taking hold of the word, My fet-ters fell off, and I anchored my soul;
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old sto - ry so blest, Of Je-sus, who'll save who-so - ev - er will have
4. How precious the tho't that we all may re - cline, Like John, the be- lov - ed and blest, Of Jesus' strong arm, where no tempest can harm,
5. Oh, come to the Sav - ior, He pa-tient-ly waits To save by His pow-er di - vine; Come, anchor your soul in the ha - ven of rest,

D. S.—*The tem-pest may sweep o'er the wild storm-y deep,*

FINE. CHORUS.

And I en-tered the ha - ven of rest.
The ha - ven of rest is my Lord.
A home in the ha - ven of rest. I've anchored my soul
Se - cure in the ha - ven of rest.
And say, "my Be - lov - ed is mine."

In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

D. S.

in the ha - ven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;

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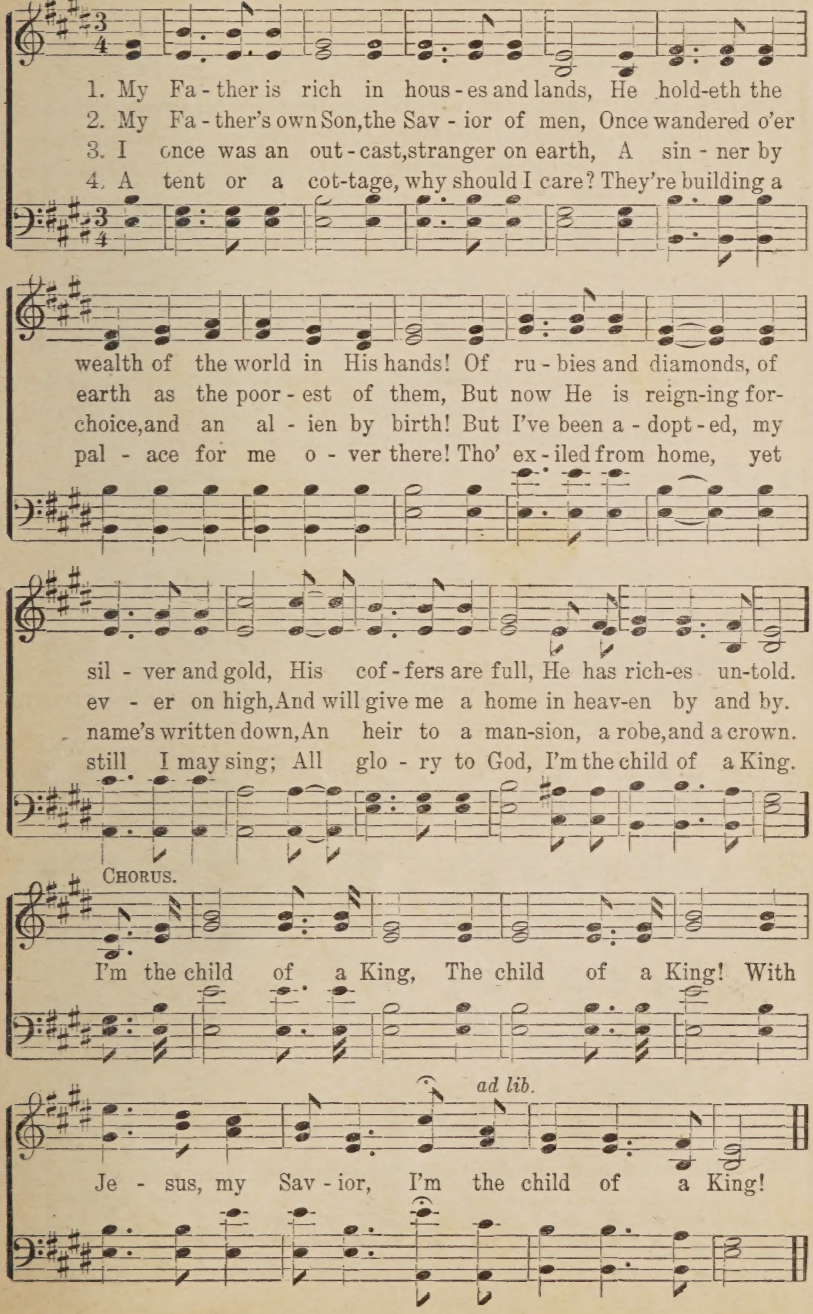
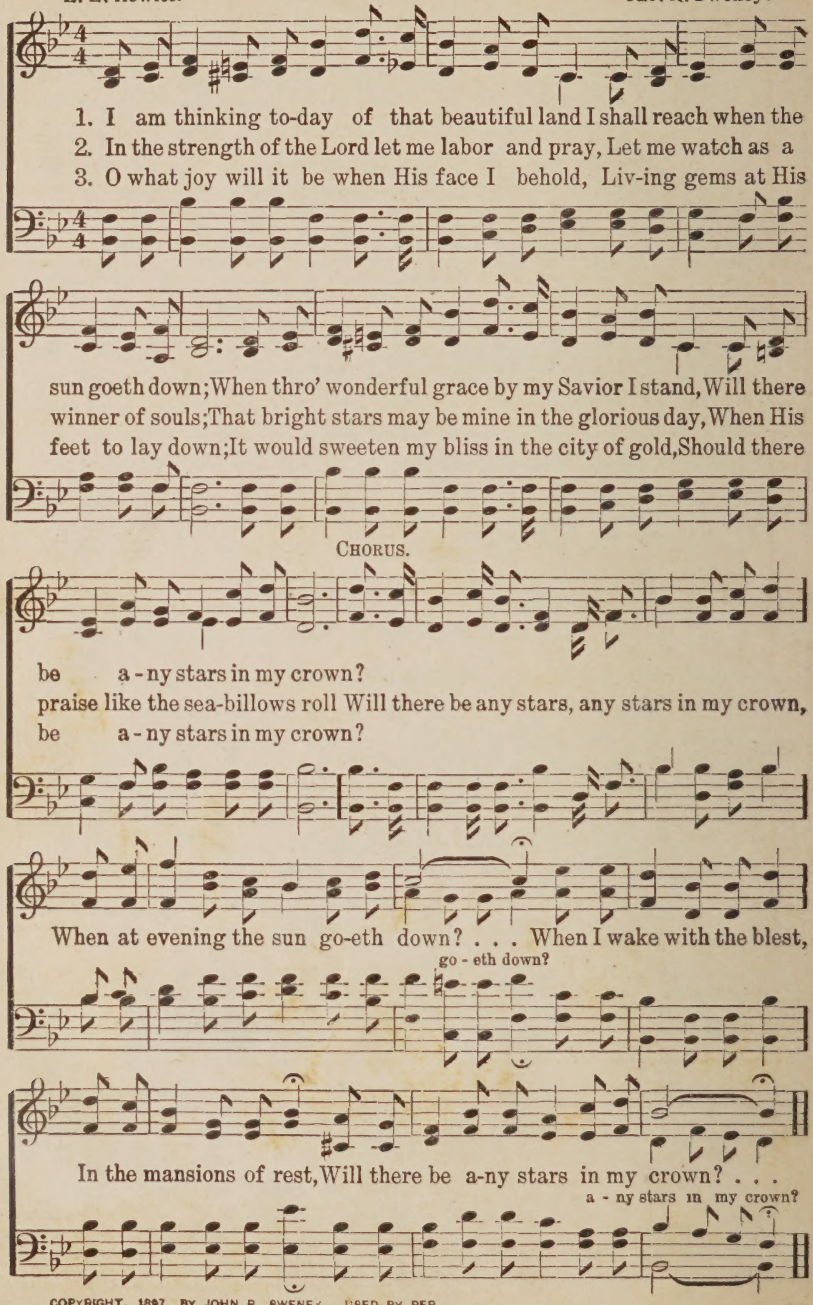
No. 179. The Child of a King.

Hattie E. Buell. Arr. by Rev. John B. Sumner.


1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold-eth the
2. My Fa - ther's own Son, the Sav - ior of men, Once wandered o'er
3. I once was an out - cast, stranger on earth, A sin - ner by
4. A tent or a cot-tage, why should I care? They're building a
wealth of the world in His hands! Of ru - bies and diamonds, of
earth as the poor - est of them, But now He is reign-ing for-
choice, and an al - ien by birth! But I've been a - dopt - ed, my
pal - ace for me o - ver there! Tho' ex - iled from home, yet
sil - ver and gold, His cof - fers are full, He has rich-es un-told.
ev - er on high, And will give me a home in heav-en by and by.
name's written down, An heir to a man-sion, a robe, and a crown.
still I may sing; All glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King.
CHORUS.
I'm the child of a King, The child of a King! With
ad lib.
Je - sus, my Sav - ior, I'm the child of a King!

No. 180. Will There Be Any Stars?

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. I am thinking to-day of that beautiful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me labor and pray, Let me watch as a
3. O what joy will it be when His face I behold, Liv-ing gems at His
sun goeth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Savior I stand, Will there
winner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glorious day, When His
feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the city of gold, Should there
CHORUS.
be a-ny stars in my crown?
praise like the sea-billows roll Will there be any stars, any stars in my crown,
be a-ny stars in my crown?
When at evening the sun go-eth down? . . . When I wake with the blest,
go-eth down?
In the mansions of rest, Will there be a-ny stars in my crown? . . .
a-ny stars in my crown?

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No. 181. We Will Stand the Storm.

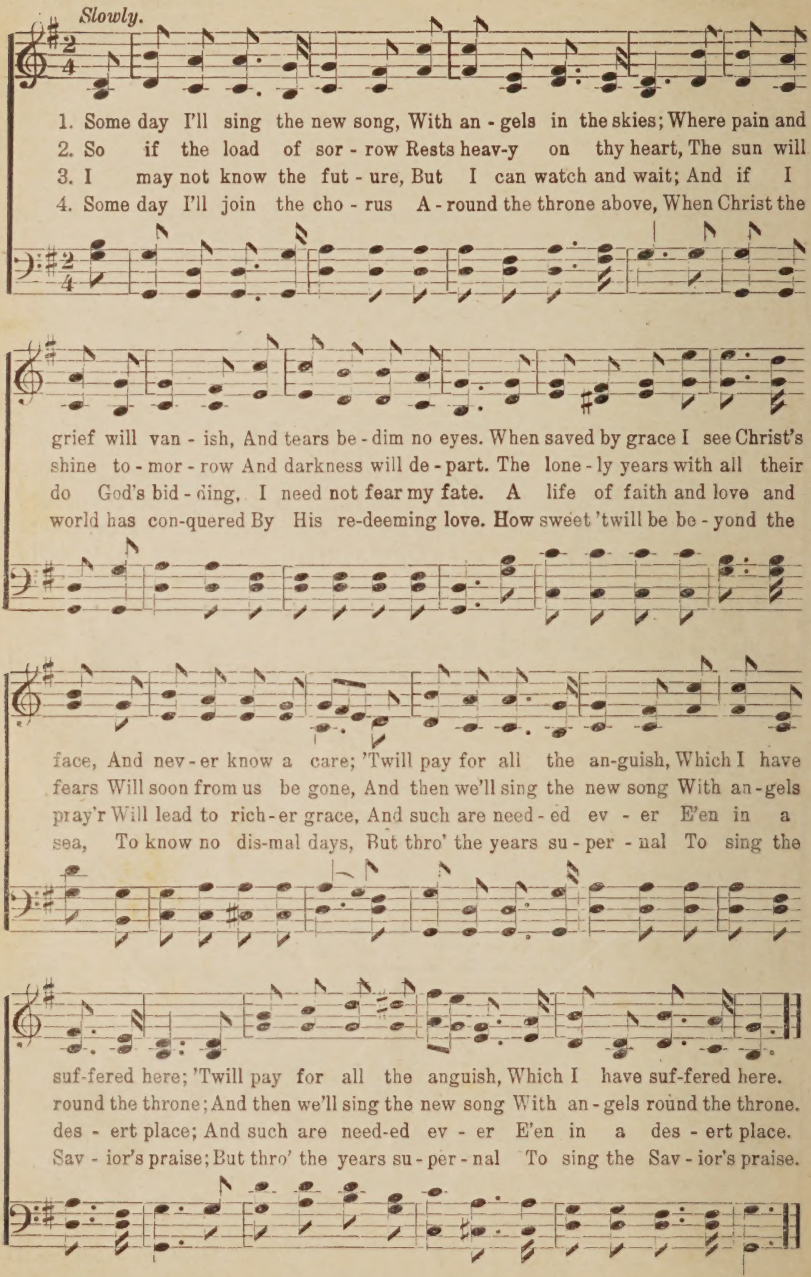
Isaac Watts. T. C. O'Kane. By per.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, (of the cross,) Am I a sol-dier of the
And shall I fear to own His cause, (own His cause,) And shall I fear to own His
2. Are there no foes for me to face, (me to face,) Are there no foes for me to
Is this vile world a friend to grace, (friend to grace,) Is this vile world a friend to
3. Sure I must fight if I would reign, (I would reign,) Sure I must fight if I would
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, (endure the pain,) I'll bear the toil, en-dure the
cross, (of the cross,) Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb?
cause, (own His cause,) And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
face, (me to face,) Are there no foes for me to face, Must I not stem the flood?
grace, (friend to grace,) Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
reign; (I would reign;) Sure I must fight if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord!
pain, (endure the pain,) I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.
CHORUS.
We will stand the storm, We will an-chor by and by, by and by;
We will stand the storm, 'Twill not be long.
We will stand the storm, We will an-chor by and by.
We will stand the storm, 'Twill not be long,

No. 182. Singing the New Song.

Chas. H. Reynolds. Mrs. Chas. Barnard.

Slowly.


1. Some day I'll sing the new song, With an - gels in the skies; Where pain and
2. So if the load of sor - row Rests heav-y on thy heart, The sun will
3. I may not know the fut - ure, But I can watch and wait; And if I
4. Some day I'll join the cho - rus A - round the throne above, When Christ the
grief will van - ish, And tears be - dim no eyes. When saved by grace I see Christ's
shine to - mor - row And darkness will de - part. The lone - ly years with all their
do God's bid - ding, I need not fear my fate. A life of faith and love and
world has con-quered By His re-deeming love. How sweet 'twill be be - yond the
face, And nev - er know a care; 'Twill pay for all the an-guish, Which I have
fears Will soon from us be gone, And then we'll sing the new song With an - gels
pray'r Will lead to rich - er grace, And such are need - ed ev - er E'en in a
sea, To know no dis-mal days, But thro' the years su - per - nal To sing the
suf-fered here; 'Twill pay for all the anguish, Which I have suf-fered here.
round the throne; And then we'll sing the new song With an - gels round the throne.
des - ert place; And such are need-ed ev - er E'en in a des - ert place.
Sav - ior's praise; But thro' the years su - per - nal To sing the Sav - ior's praise.

No. 183. Scatter Sunshine.

Lanta Wilson Smith. E. O. Excell.

1. In a world where sor-row Ev - er will be known, Where are found the
2. Slightest ac-tions oft - en Meet the sor - est needs, For the world wants
3. When the days are gloom-y, Sing some hap - py song, Meet the world's re-
need - y, And the sad and lone; How much joy and com - fort
dai - ly, Lit - tle kind - ly deeds; Oh, what care and sor - row,
pin - ing With a cour - age strong; Go with faith un - daunt - ed,
You can all be - stow, If you scat-ter sun-shine Ev-'ry-where you go.
You may help re - move, With your songs and courage, Sym-pa - thy and love.
Thro' the ills of life, Scat-ter smiles and sunshine, O'er its toil and strife.
CHORUS.
Scat - ter sun-shine all a - long your way, Cheer and bless and
Scat-ter smiles and
1
2
bright - en Ev - 'ry pass - ing day; Ev - 'ry pass - ing day.

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No. 184. The Lesson From the Glock.

Minnie B. Johnson. Ran. C. Storey.

1. I sit up - on the man-tel shelf, Tick, tick, tick, tick, Should you not be like my - self! Tick, tick, tick, tick. Keep - ing bus - y all the time, Al - ways work - ing with a rhyme, Don't you hear my mer - ry chime! Tick, tick, tick, tick.
2. My face is kept so ver - y clean, Tick, tick, tick, tick, So the truth is ev - er seen, Tick, tick, tick, tick. For I tell the truth at sight, Hon - est - y is my de - light, What I do is for the right, Tick, tick, tick, tick.
3. A spring is dai - ly wound in me, Tick, tick, tick, tick, That's what makes my hands a - gree, Tick, tick, tick, tick. One is fast; the oth - er slow, 'Round and 'round my face they go, And the time cor - rect - ly show, Tick, tick, tick, tick.
4. Conscience, an a-larm in me, Tick, tick, tick, tick, Says now up, thy du - ty see, Tick, tick, tick, tick. Strike the hour, His mes - sage tell, Let His love your bo - som swell, You should learn this les - son well, Tick, tick, tick, tick.
CHORUS.
You can learn a les - son if you list-en, Will you try?
O, will you try?

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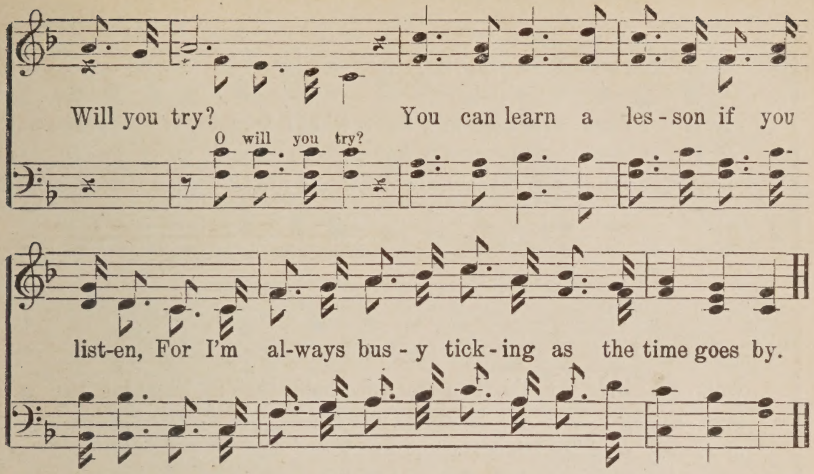
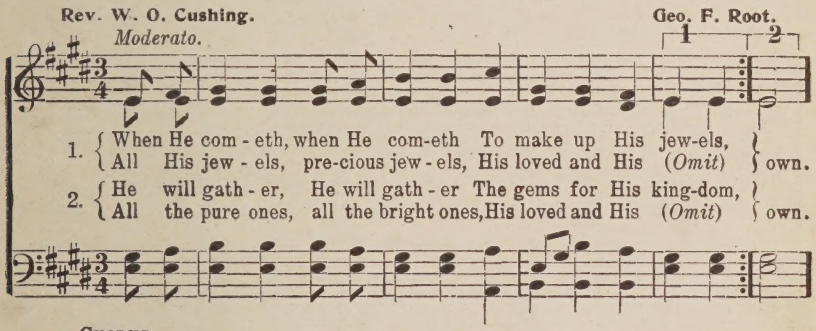
The Lesson From the Clock.



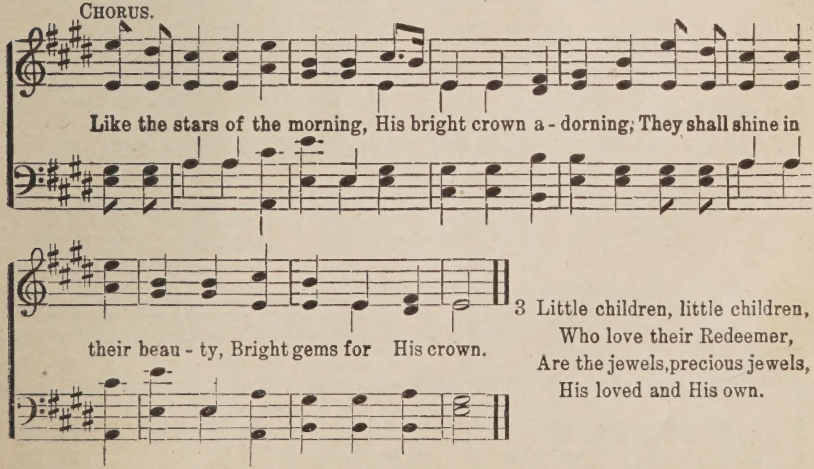
No. 185. Jewels.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.

Moderato.


1. When He com-eth, when He com-eth To make up His jew-els,
All His jew-els, pre-cious jew-els, His loved and His (*Omit*) own.
2. He will gath-er, He will gath-er The gems for His king-dom,
All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His (*Omit*) own.

CHORUS.



3 Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.

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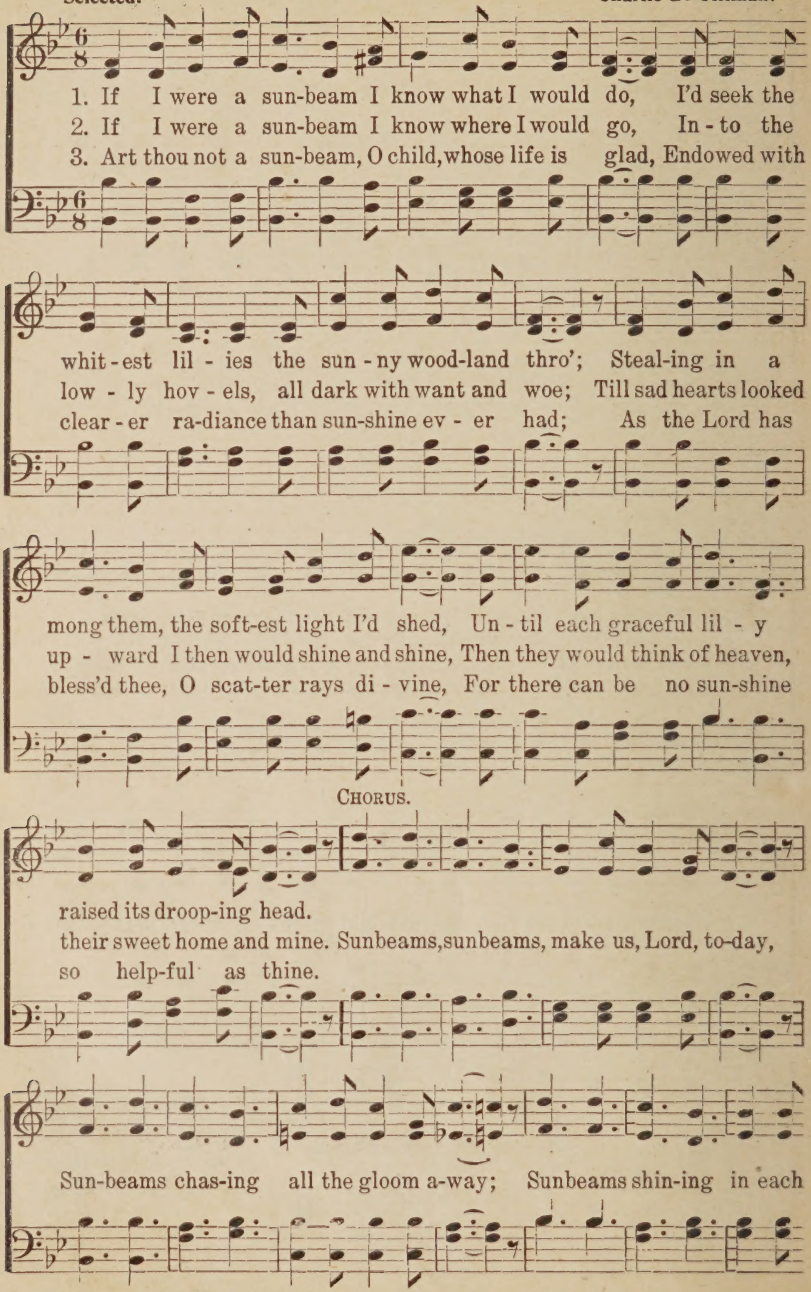
No. 186. If I Were a Sunbeam.

Selected. Charlie D. Tillman.


1. If I were a sun-beam I know what I would do, I'd seek the whit-est lil-ies the sun-ny wood-land thro'; Steal-ing in a mong them, the soft-est light I'd shed, Un-til each graceful lil-y
2. If I were a sun-beam I know where I would go, In-to the low-ly hov-els, all dark with want and woe; Till sad hearts looked up-ward I then would shine and shine, Then they would think of heaven,
3. Art thou not a sun-beam, O child, whose life is glad, Endowed with clear-er ra-diance than sun-shine ev-er had; As the Lord has bless'd thee, O scat-ter rays di-vine, For there can be no sun-shine
CHORUS.
raised its droop-ing head.
their sweet home and mine. Sunbeams, sunbeams, make us, Lord, to-day,
so help-ful as thine.
Sun-beams chas-ing all the gloom a-way; Sunbeams shin-ing in each

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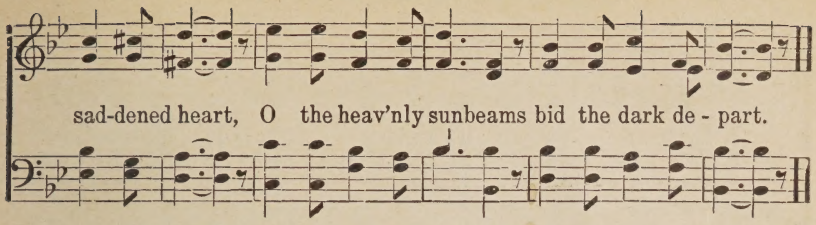
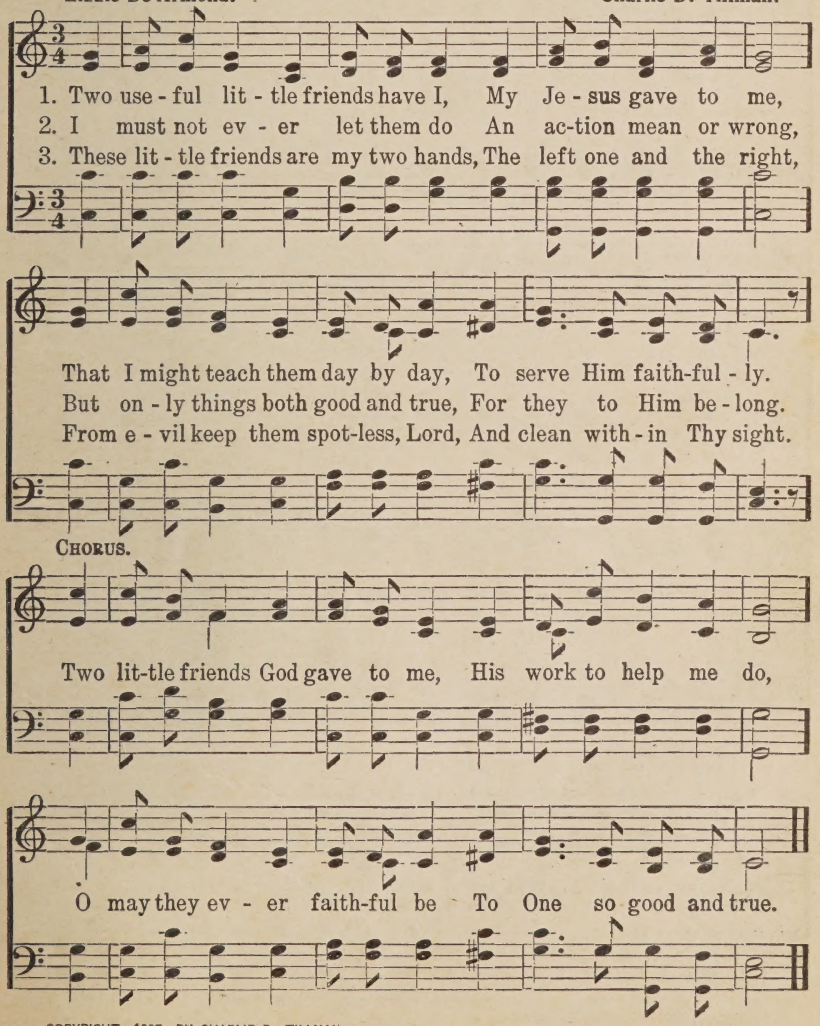
If I Were a Sunbeam.



No. 187. Two Little Friends.

Appropriate gestures makes this song very impressive.

Lizzie De Armond. Charlie D. Tillman.


1. Two use - ful lit - tle friends have I, My Je - sus gave to me,
2. I must not ev - er let them do An ac-tion mean or wrong,
3. These lit - tle friends are my two hands, The left one and the right,
That I might teach them day by day, To serve Him faith-ful - ly.
But on - ly things both good and true, For they to Him be - long.
From e - vil keep them spot-less, Lord, And clean with - in Thy sight.
CHORUS.
Two lit-tle friends God gave to me, His work to help me do,
O may they ev - er faith-ful be To One so good and true.

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No. 188. A Song of Victory.

Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Loud - ly un - to the world is a cho - rus re - sound - ing,
2. Press - ing on to the bat - tle, each sol - dier re - joi - ces,
3. Glo - ry! glo - ry to God in the high - est, for - ev - er!
From the hosts of the Lord as they march a - long,
Sing - ing joy - ful - ly un - to the gra - cious King;
For the King in His beau - ty shall yet ap - pear;
Rare in har - mo - ny, send - ing the ech - oes re - bound - ing,
Earth is quiv - er - ing un - der the tu - mult of voi - ces,
Shout a - loud, for Je - ho - vah, our God, will de - liv - er!
Swell - ing might - i - ly from the vic - to - rious throng.
While the arch - es of heav - en with mu - sic ring.
His the bat - tle, and vic - to - ry draw - eth near.
CHORUS.
Vic - to - ry! rings a - loud the bat - tle cry, vic - to - ry!
Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry! rings a - loud the bat - - tle cry,
Vic - to - ry! rings a - loud the bat - tle cry, vic - to - ry!

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A Song of Victory.

Till the glad ech - oes reach the vault - ed sky, vic - to - ry!
Un - til the glo - ri - ous ech - oes reach the vault - ed sky;.....
Till the glad ech - oes reach the vault - ed sky, vic - to - ry!
O'er the world be un-furled now His flag from shore to shore;
O - ver the world now be unfurled His flag from shore to shore;.....
O'er the world be un-furled now His flag from shore to shore;
Loy - al, true, in the ranks each sol - dier stands, brave - ly stands,
Loy- al and true in the ranks each faithful sol - - dier stands,....
Loy - al, true, in the ranks each sol - dier stands, brave - ly stands,
Glad - ly His will o - bey - ing in what - e'er He com-mands;
Glad-ly o - bey-ing in what - so - ev - er He..... com - mands;....
Glad - ly His will o - bey - ing in what - e'er He com-mands;
He the King, the king - dom His, for - ev - er - more.
He is the King, and the king - dom His, for - ev - er - more.
He the King, the king - dom His, for - ev - er - more.

No. 189. The Fight Is On.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. The fight is on, the trumpet sound is ring-ing out, The cry "To
2. The fight is on, a-rouse, ye soldiers brave and true! Je-ho-vah
3. The Lord is lead-ing on to cer-tain vic-to-ry; The bow of
arms!" is heard a-far and near; The Lord of hosts is marching
leads, and vic-t'ry will as-sure; Go, buck-le on the ar-mor
prom-ise spans the eastern sky; His glo-rious name in ev-'ry
on to vic-to-ry, The tri-umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.
God has giv-en you, And in His strength un-to the end en-dure.
land shall honored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.
CHORUS. Unison.
The fight is on, O Chris-tian sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar-
ray, With ar-mor gleaming, and col-ors streaming, The right and

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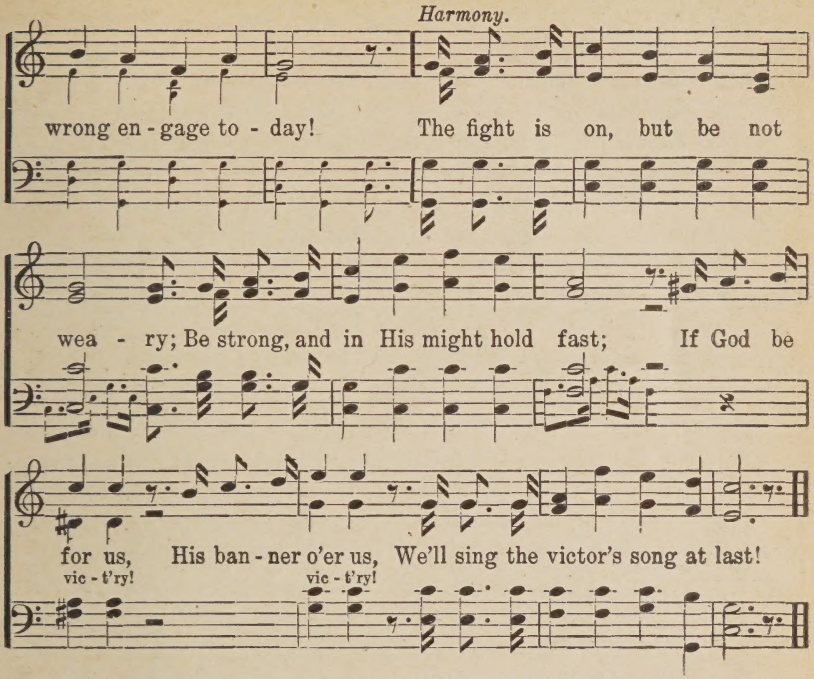
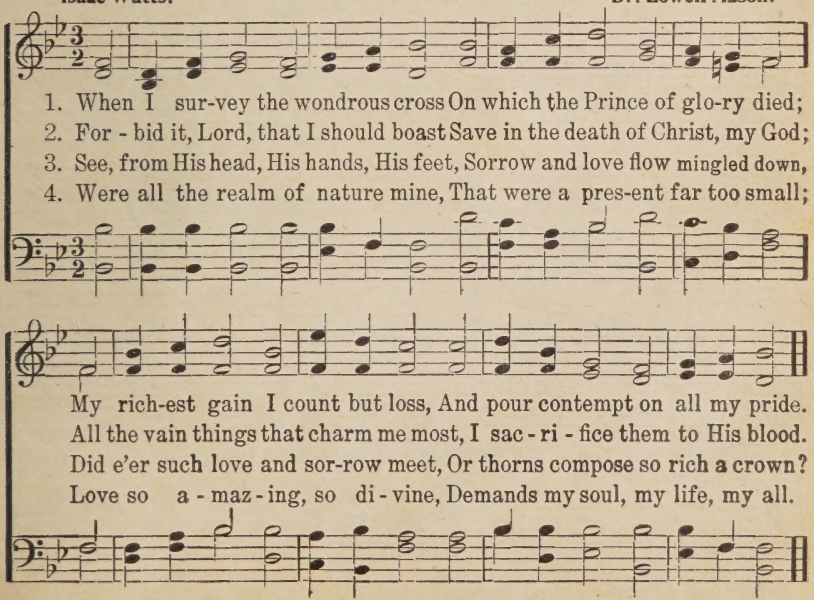
The Fight is On.

Harmony.


wrong en - gage to - day! The fight is on, but be not
wea - ry; Be strong, and in His might hold fast; If God be
for us, His ban - ner o'er us, We'll sing the victor's song at last!
vic - t'ry!
vic - t'ry!

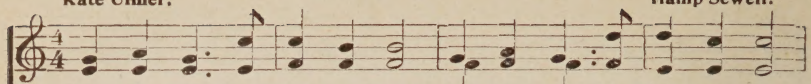
No. 190. When I Survey.

Isaac Watts. **Dr. Lowell Mason.**

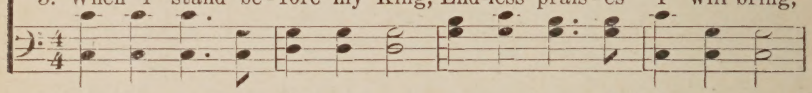

1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died;
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down,
4. Were all the realm of nature mine, That were a pres-ent far too small;
My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

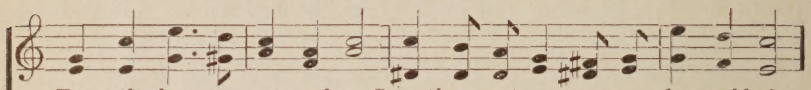
No. 191. Bought With a Price.

Kate Ulmer. Hamp Sewell.

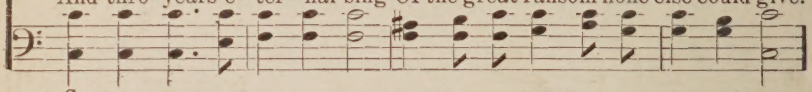


1. On the cross of Cal - va - ry Je - sus shed His blood for me,
2. I was help - less and un - done, Hope of par - don had I none;
3. When my peace with God He made, All my guilt on Him was laid;
4. I am His and His a - lone, For He left His glorious throne,
5. When I stand be - fore my King, End-less prais - es I will bring,

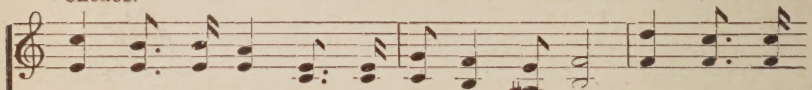




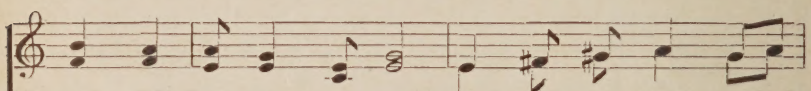
From the law to set me free, Gave the great ransom none else could give.
But the just and ho - ly One Gave the great ransom none else could give.
He my debt has ful - ly paid With the great ransom none else could give.
And to make me all His own, Gave the great ransom none else could give.
And thro' years e - ter - nal sing Of the great ransom none else could give.



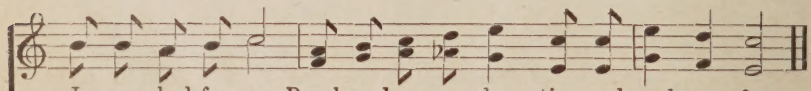
CHORUS.



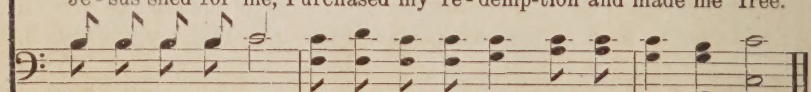
Bought with a price not of sil - ver nor gold, Bought with a



price of val - ue un - told; Yes, 'twas the blood of



Je - sus shed for me, Purchased my re - demp-tion and made me free.



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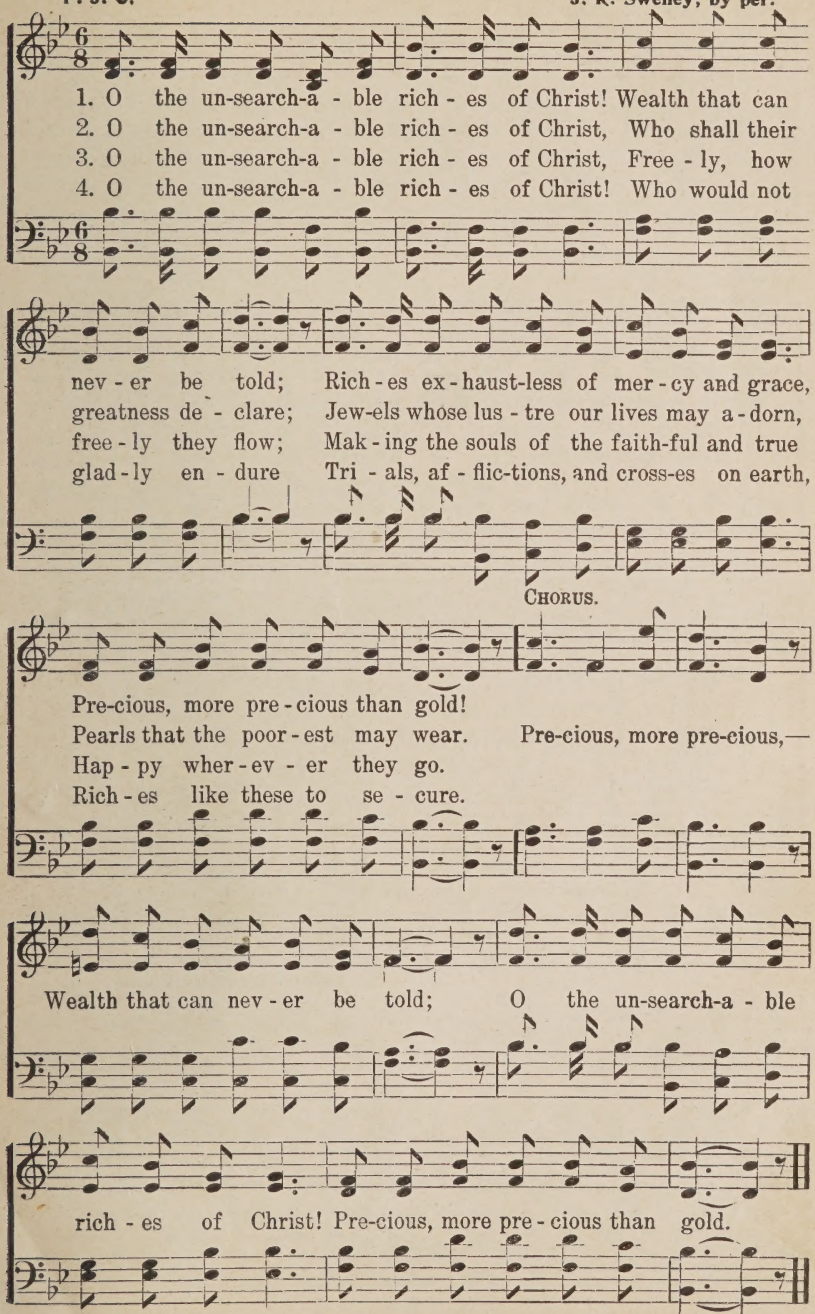
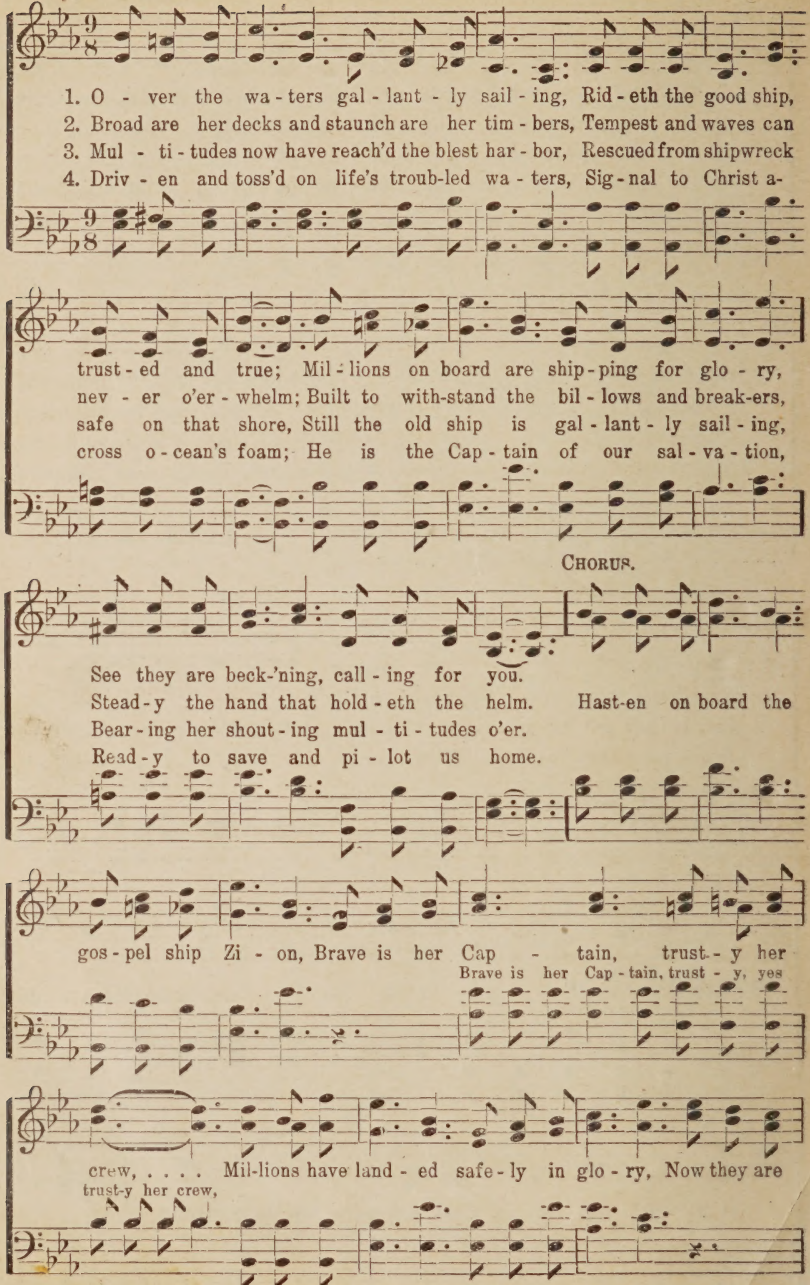
No. 192. Unsearchable Riches.

F. J. C. J. R. Sweney, by per.


1. O the un-search-a - ble rich - es of Christ! Wealth that can
2. O the un-search-a - ble rich - es of Christ, Who shall their
3. O the un-search-a - ble rich - es of Christ, Free - ly, how
4. O the un-search-a - ble rich - es of Christ! Who would not
nev - er be told; Rich - es ex - haust-less of mer - cy and grace,
greatness de - clare; Jew-els whose lus - tre our lives may a - dorn,
free - ly they flow; Mak - ing the souls of the faith-ful and true
glad - ly en - dure Tri - als, af - flic-tions, and cross-es on earth,
CHORUS.
Pre-cious, more pre - cious than gold!
Pearls that the poor - est may wear. Pre-cious, more pre-cious,—
Hap - py wher - ev - er they go.
Rich - es like these to se - cure.
Wealth that can nev - er be told; O the un-search-a - ble
rich - es of Christ! Pre-cious, more pre - cious than gold.

No. 193. The Gospel Ship Zion.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. O - ver the wa - ters gal - lant - ly sail - ing, Rid - eth the good ship,
2. Broad are her decks and staunch are her tim - bers, Tempest and waves can
3. Mul - ti - tudes now have reach'd the blest har - bor, Rescued from shipwreck
4. Driv - en and toss'd on life's troub-led wa - ters, Sig - nal to Christ a-
trust - ed and true; Mil - lions on board are ship - ping for glo - ry,
nev - er o'er - whelm; Built to with-stand the bil - lows and break-ers,
safe on that shore, Still the old ship is gal - lant - ly sail - ing,
cross o - cean's foam; He is the Cap - tain of our sal - va - tion,
CHORUS.
See they are beck-'ning, call - ing for you.
Stead - y the hand that hold - eth the helm. Hast-en on board the
Bear - ing her shout - ing mul - ti - tudes o'er.
Read - y to save and pi - lot us home.
gos - pel ship Zi - on, Brave is her Cap - tain, trust - y her
Brave is her Cap - tain, trust - y, yes
crew, ... Mil-lions have land - ed safe - ly in glo - ry, Now they are
trust-y her crew,

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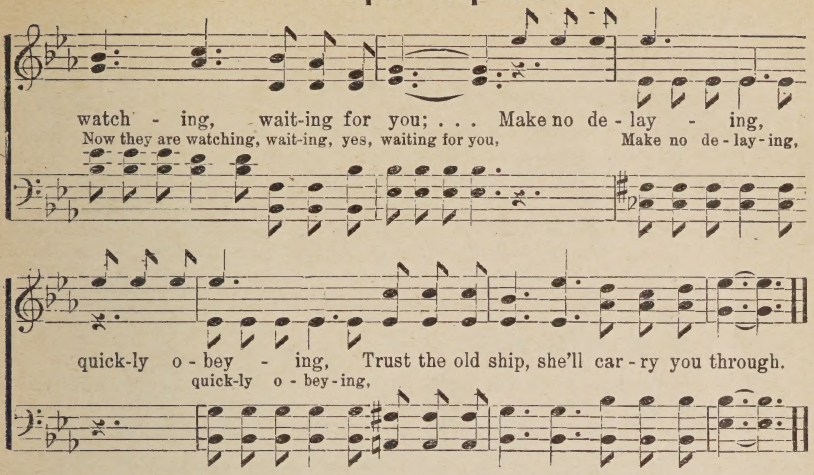
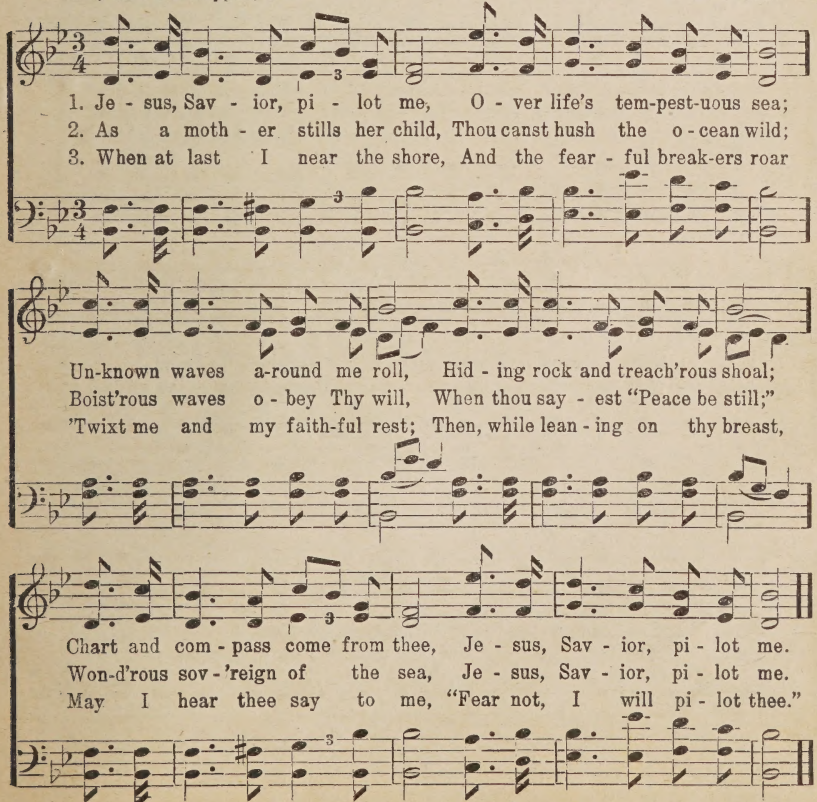
The Gospel Ship Zion.


watch - ing, wait-ing for you; . . . Make no de - lay - ing,
Now they are watching, wait-ing, yes, waiting for you, Make no de - lay - ing,
quick-ly o - bey - ing, Trust the old ship, she'll car - ry you through.
quick-ly o - bey - ing,

No. 194. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Rev, Edward Hopper, D. D. J. E. Gould.


1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pest-uous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar
Un-known waves a-round me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When thou say - est "Peace be still;"
'Twixt me and my faith-ful rest; Then, while lean - ing on thy breast,
Chart and com - pass come from thee, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
Won-d'rous sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

No. 195. Reapers are Needed.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Stand-ing in the mark-et plac-es all the sea-son thro', Id-ly say-ing
2. Ev-'ry sheaf you gath-er will be-come a jew-el bright In the crown you
3. Morn-ing hours are pass-ing and the ev'n-ing fol-lows fast; Soon the time of
"Lord, is there no work that I can do;" O how ma-ny loi-ter, while the
hope to wear in yon-der world of light; Seek the gems im-mor-tal that are
reap-ing will for-ev-er-more be past; Emp-ty hand-ed to the Mas-ter
Mas-ter calls a-new "Reap-ers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"
pre-cious in His sight! "Reap-ers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"
will you go at last? "Reap-ers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"
CHORUS.
Lift thine eyes and look up-on the fields that stand
Lift thine eyes and look up - on the fields that stand all read-y
Lift thine eyes to fields that stand all
Ripe and read-y for the will-ing gleaner's hand, Rouse ye, O
Ripe and read-y for the will-ing gleaner's hand, O rouse ye,
Read-y for the glean-er's hand, O

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Reapers are Needed.

sleep-ers! Ye are need-ed as reap-ers! Who will be the first to answer, "Mas-ter,
quickly,
here am I." Far and wide the rip-ened
"Mas-ter, here am I." O an-swer! Far and wide the rip - ened
Far and wide the
grain is bend-ing low, In the breez-es gen-tly
grain is bend-ing low, In breez-es, In the breez-es gen - tly
grain bends low, and In the breeze waves
wav-ing to and fro, Rouse ye, O sleep-ers! Ye are need-ed as
wav-ing to and fro, O rouse ye,
to and fro, O
reap-ers, And the gold-en har-vest days are swift-ly pass-ing by.

No. 196. Shout! Shout the Battle Cry.

G. C. T. *Unison.* Tullar & Meredith.

1. Put on thine ar - mor, the foe is near—The Cap - tain calls.
2. Hav - ing your feet with the gos - pel shod, Then march a - long—
3. Strong in the Lord, let thy soul be brave, Each foe de - fy;
Fol - low - ing Je - sus we've naught to fear, What-e'er ap - palls.
Tread-ing the path which the Mas - ter trod, With vic - tor's song.
His, is the bat - tle, and He will save— On Him re - ly.
Clad in the ar - mor of truth and right, Thy foes dis - arm,
Truth be thy hel - met and faith the shield In thy right hand;
Hav - ing done all, let us bold - ly stand In Je - sus' might,
Trust-ing the Sav - ior, whose word is might, No ill can harm.
Sword of the Spir - it go brave-ly wield At God's com - mand.
Led by the Sav - ior's al - might-y hand, We'll win the fight.
CHORUS.
Shout! shout the bat - tle cry, For - ward we go; Brave - ly we're

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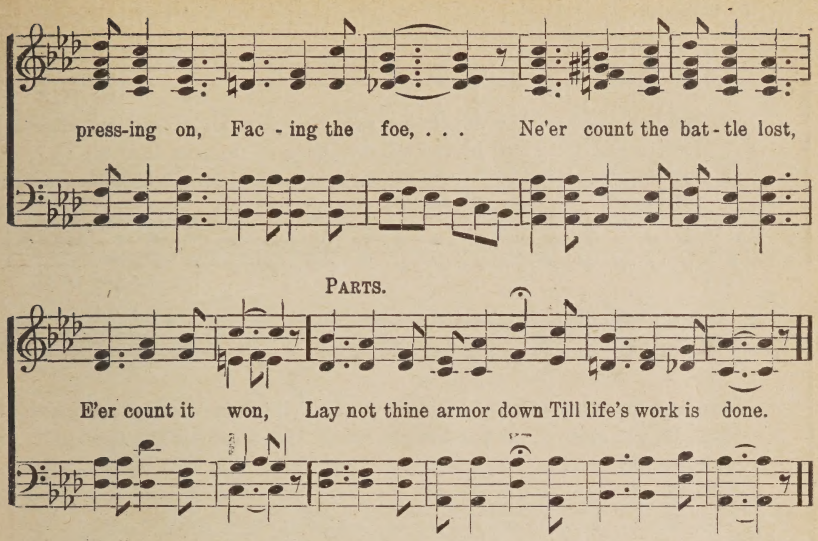
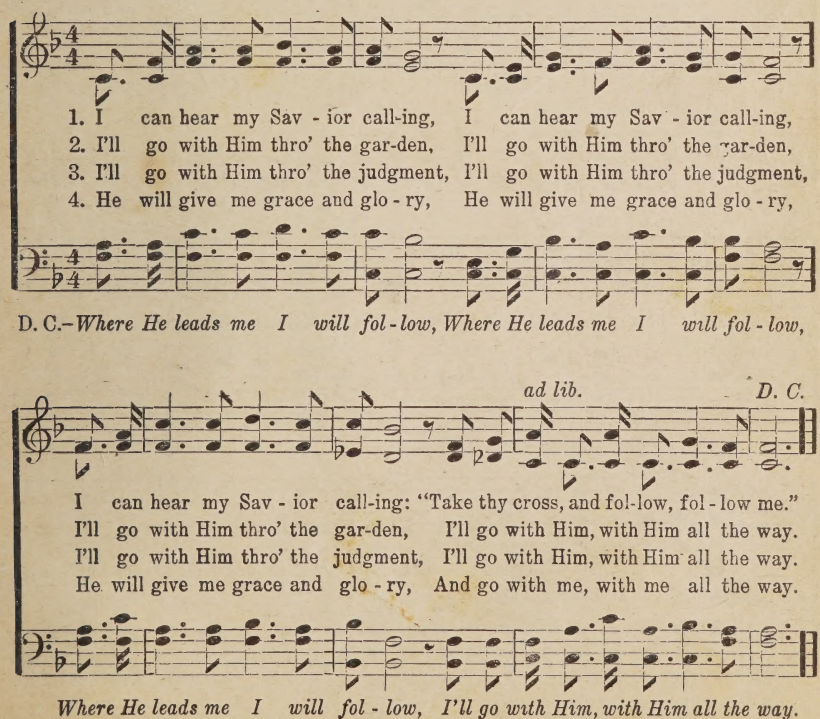
Shout! Shout the Battle Cry.

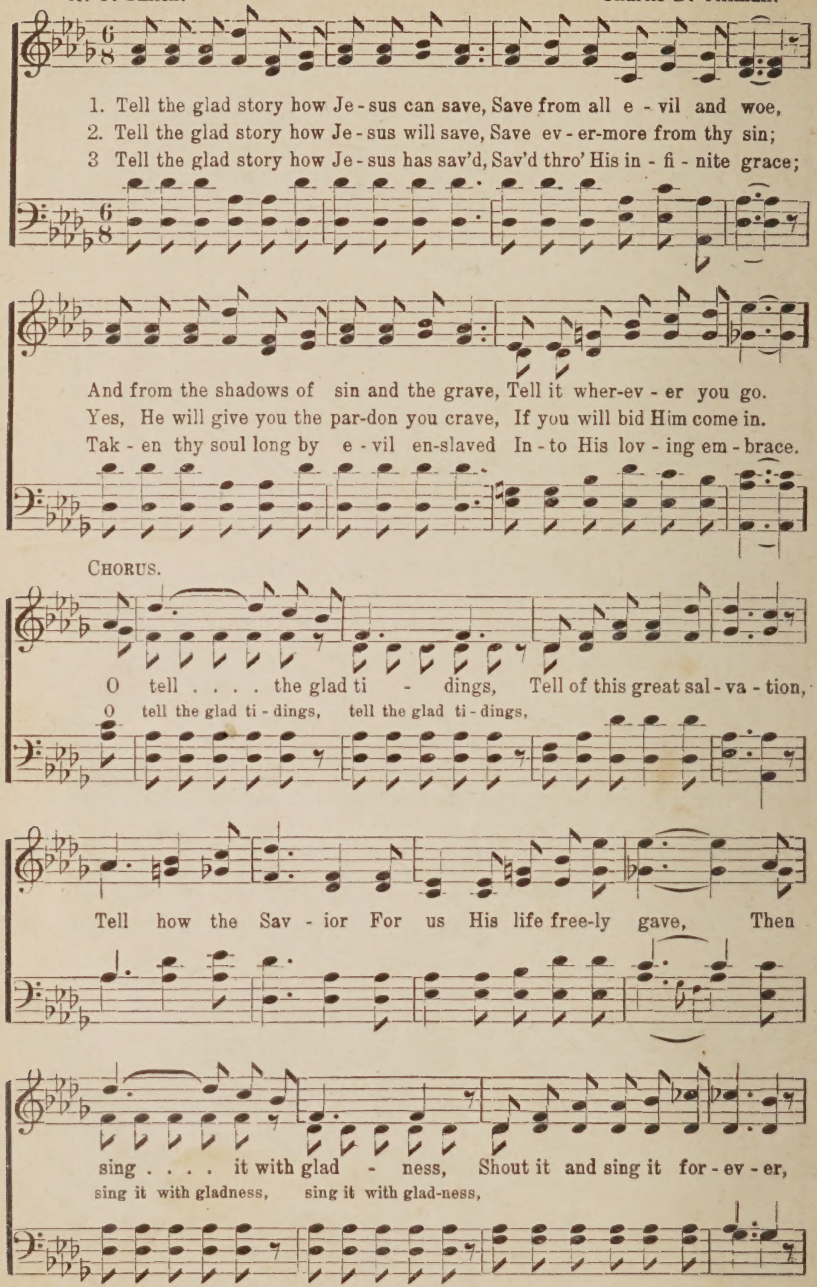

press-ing on, Fac - ing the foe, . . . Ne'er count the bat - tle lost,
PARTS.
E'er count it won, Lay not thine armor down Till life's work is done.

No. 197. The Way of the Cross.


1. I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,
D. C.–Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,
ad lib.
D. C.
I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing: "Take thy cross, and fol-low, fol - low me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.
Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 198. Glad Tidings of Salvation.

R. O. Smith. Charlie D. Tillman.


1. Tell the glad story how Je - sus can save, Save from all e - vil and woe,
2. Tell the glad story how Je - sus will save, Save ev - er-more from thy sin;
3 Tell the glad story how Je - sus has sav'd, Sav'd thro' His in - fi - nite grace;
And from the shadows of sin and the grave, Tell it wher-ev - er you go.
Yes, He will give you the par-don you crave, If you will bid Him come in.
Tak - en thy soul long by e - vil en-slaved In - to His lov - ing em - brace.
CHORUS.
O tell . . . . the glad ti - dings, Tell of this great sal - va - tion,
O tell the glad ti - dings, tell the glad ti - dings,
Tell how the Sav - ior For us His life free-ly gave, Then
sing . . . . it with glad - ness, Shout it and sing it for - ev - er,
sing it with gladness, sing it with glad-ness,

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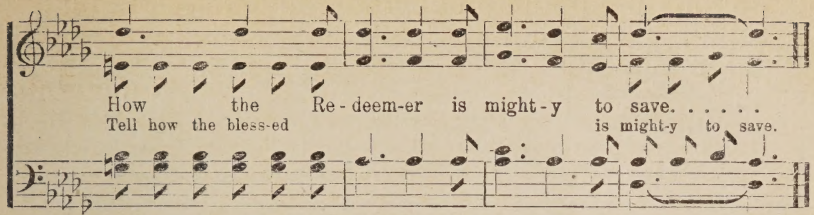
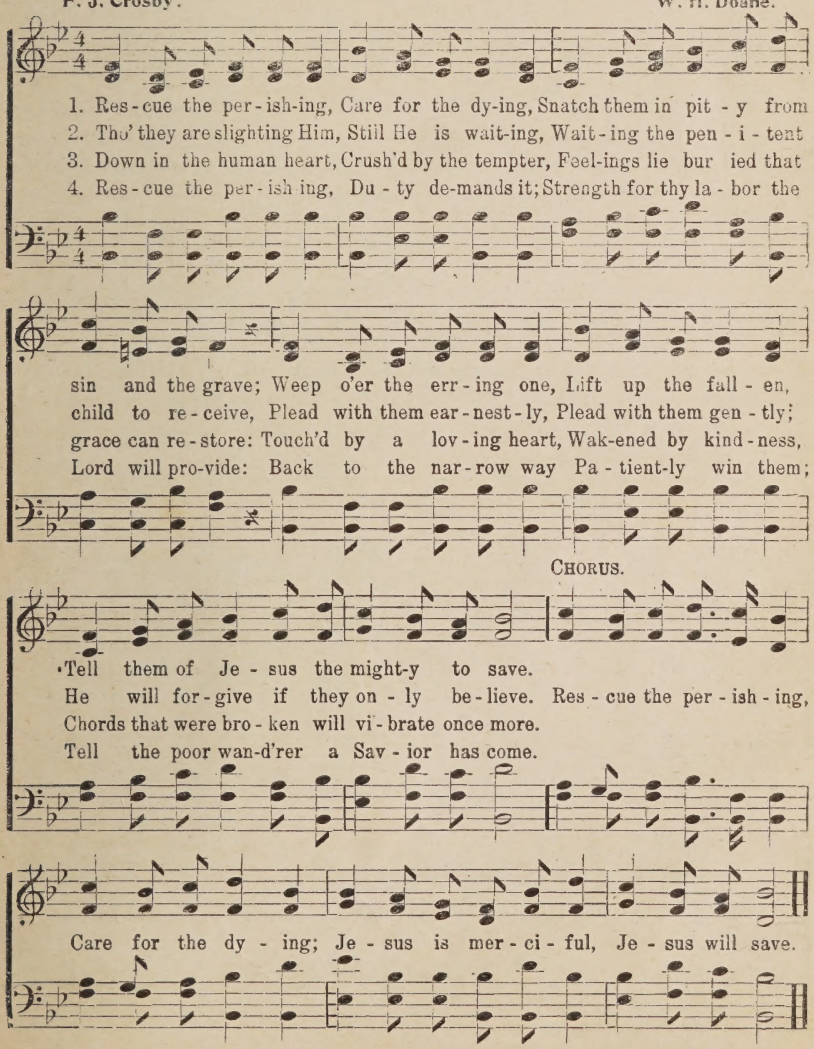
Glad Tidings of Salvation.



No. 199. Rescue the Perishing.

F. J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.


1. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit-y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen-i-tent
3. Down in the human heart, Crush'd by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bur ied that
4. Res-cue the per-ish ing, Du-ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la-bor the
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fall-en,
child to re-ceive, Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly;
grace can re-store: Touch'd by a lov-ing heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness,
Lord will pro-vide: Back to the nar-row way Pa-tient-ly win them;
CHORUS.
Tell them of Je-sus the might-y to save.
He will for-give if they on-ly be-lieve. Res-cue the per-ish-ing,
Chords that were bro-ken will vi-brate once more.
Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav-ior has come.
Care for the dy-ing; Je-sus is mer-ci-ful, Je-sus will save.

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No. 200. He's Everything to Me.

Kate Byron. Hamp Sewell.

1. In sin I once had wan-dered, all wea-ry, sad and lone, 'Till Je - sus
2. In sin no more I'll wan - der, He's Pi-lot, Friend and Guide; He brings me
3. No long - er will I stray from His ten-der, lov - ing care, Like Him to
thro' His mer - cy a - dopt - ed me His own; E'er since I learned to
joy and sing - ing, His Spir - it doth a - bide; A bless - ed, lov - ing
be my pur - pose, my aim, my con - stant pray'r; And when He bids me
trust Him, His grace doth make me free, And now I feel His par-
Sav - ior, the Lamb of Cal - va - ry; He purchased my re - demp-
wel - come thro'-out e - ter - ni - ty, I'll praise His name for - ev-
CHORUS.
don,
tion, He's ev - 'ry - thing to me. He's ev - 'ry-thing to me, ...
er, He's all things to me,
He's ev - 'ry-thing to me; . . O praise His name for - ev-er, He's ev - 'ry-
to me;

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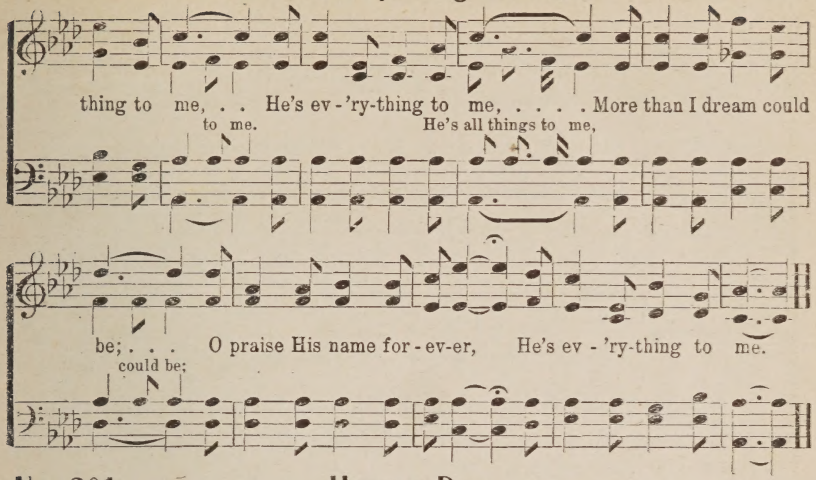
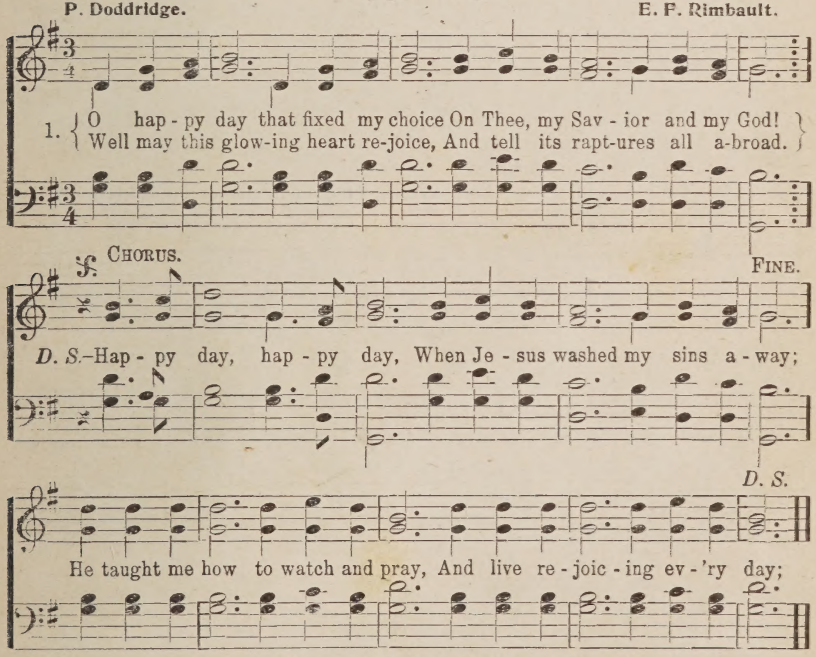
He's Everything to Me.


thing to me, . . He's ev - 'ry-thing to me, ... More than I dream could
to me.
He's all things to me,
be; . . . O praise His name for - ev-er, He's ev - 'ry-thing to me.
could be;

No. 201. Happy Day.

P. Doddridge. E. F. Rimbault.


1. O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - ior and my God!
Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rapt-ures all a-broad.
CHORUS.
FINE.
D. S.–Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way;
D. S.
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day;

2 O happy bond that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

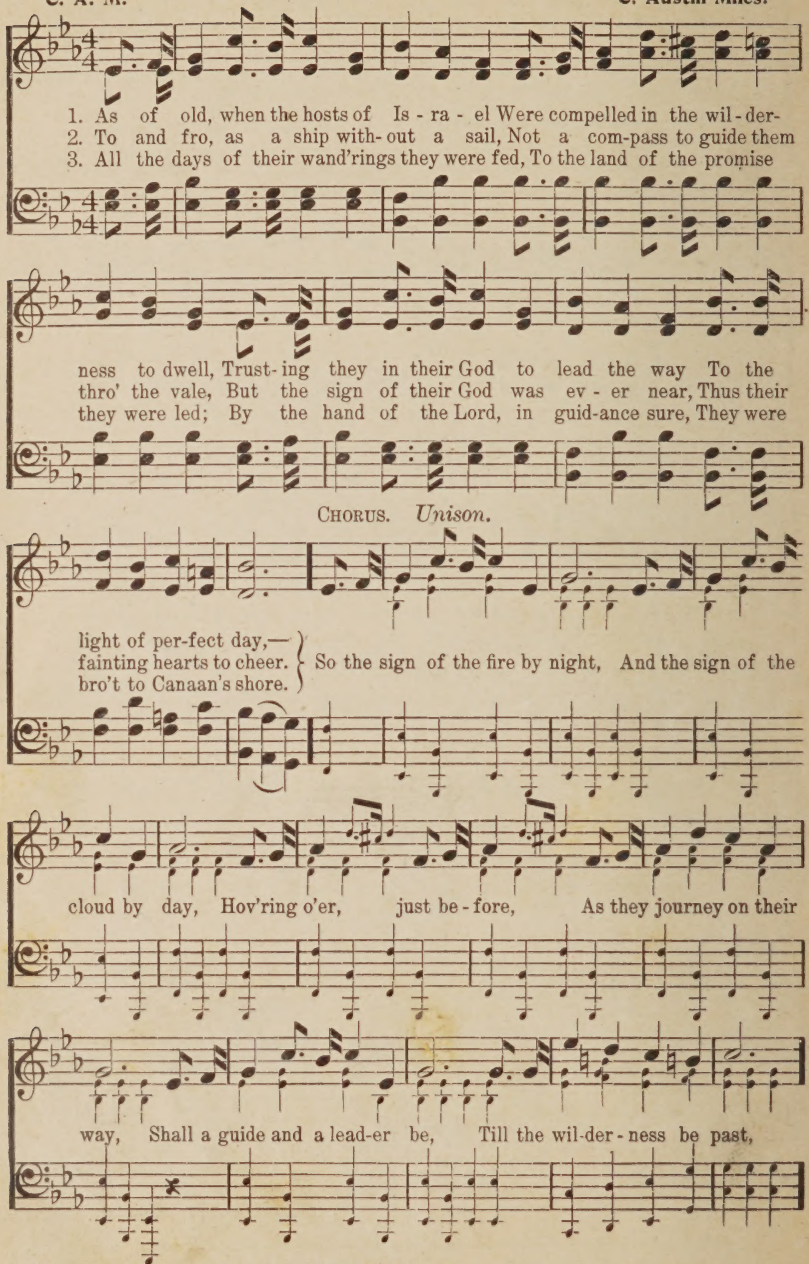
3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

No. 202. The Cloud and Fire.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.


1. As of old, when the hosts of Is - ra - el Were compelled in the wil - der-
2. To and fro, as a ship with- out a sail, Not a com-pass to guide them
3. All the days of their wand'rings they were fed, To the land of the promise
ness to dwell, Trust- ing they in their God to lead the way To the
thro' the vale, But the sign of their God was ev - er near, Thus their
they were led; By the hand of the Lord, in guid-ance sure, They were
CHORUS. Unison.
light of per-fect day,—
fainting hearts to cheer.
bro't to Canaan's shore.
So the sign of the fire by night, And the sign of the
cloud by day, Hov'ring o'er, just be - fore, As they journey on their
way, Shall a guide and a lead-er be, Till the wil-der - ness be past,

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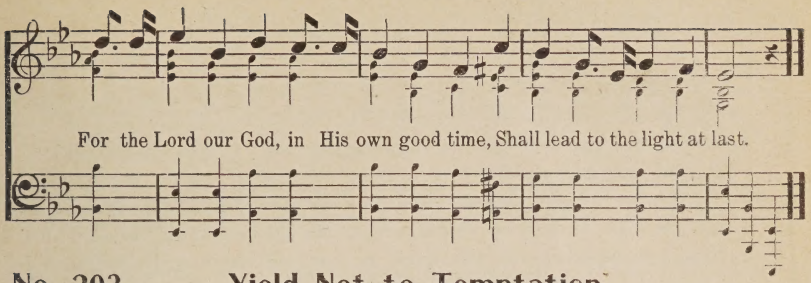
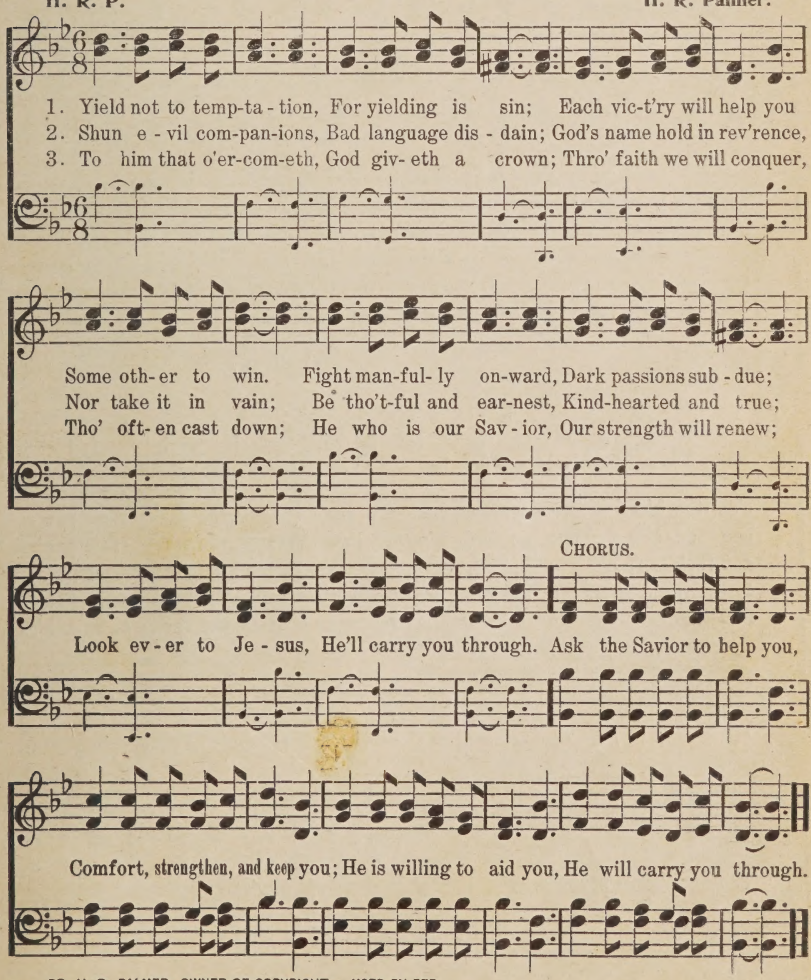
The Cloud and Fire.



No. 203. Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. P. H. R. Palmer.


1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yielding is sin; Each vic-t'ry will help you
2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain; God's name hold in rev'rence,
3. To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv-eth a crown; Thro' faith we will conquer,
Some oth-er to win. Fight man-ful-ly on-ward, Dark passions sub-due;
Nor take it in vain; Be tho't-ful and ear-nest, Kind-hearted and true;
Tho' oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-ior, Our strength will renew;
CHORUS.
Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll carry you through. Ask the Savior to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you; He is willing to aid you, He will carry you through.

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No. 204. Another Pentecost.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. We to - day may have the pow - er which they had at Pen - te-cost, Just the
2. It was while they all were pray-ing, that the Spir - it was out-pour'd, We may
3. As the Spir - it gave them utt'rance they be - gan to tes - ti - fy, We may
4. As we tar - ry here, O Father, cleanse and fill each waiting heart, With the
5. Now the glorious scene re-peat - ing in an - oth - er Pen - te-cost, Send the
ver - y same pow'r, the ver - y same pow'r; This our her - i - tage in Je - sus,
have the same pow'r, the ver - y same pow'r; In like man-ner we must wait with
have the same pow'r, the ver - y same pow'r; And three thousand were con-vert-ed
ver - y same pow'r, the ver - y same pow'r; Lib - er - ty and strength for service
ver - y same pow'r, the ver - y same pow'r; Un - to Thee shall be the glo - ry,
f
FINE.
e'en the bless-ed Ho - ly Ghost, Just the ver - y same, the ver - y same pow'r.
one de-sire and one ac-cord, We may have the same, the ver - y same pow'r.
and their Lord did glo - ri - fy, We may have the same, the ver - y same pow'r.
to Thy chil-dren all im-part, Just the ver - y same, the ver - y same pow'r.
Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost, For the ver - y same, the ver - y same pow'r.
D. S.—Just the ver - y same, the ver - y same pow'r.
CHORUS.
The ver - y same pow'r, the ver - y same pow'r, Praise, O praise His ho - ly

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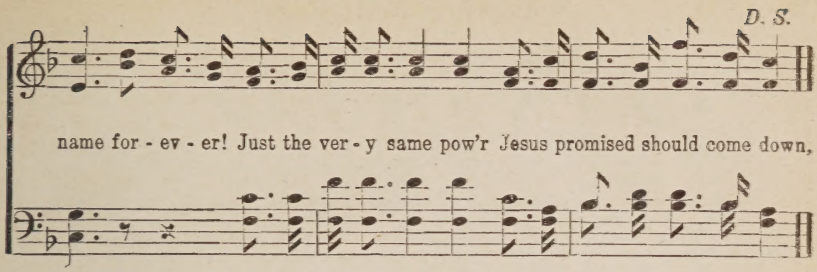
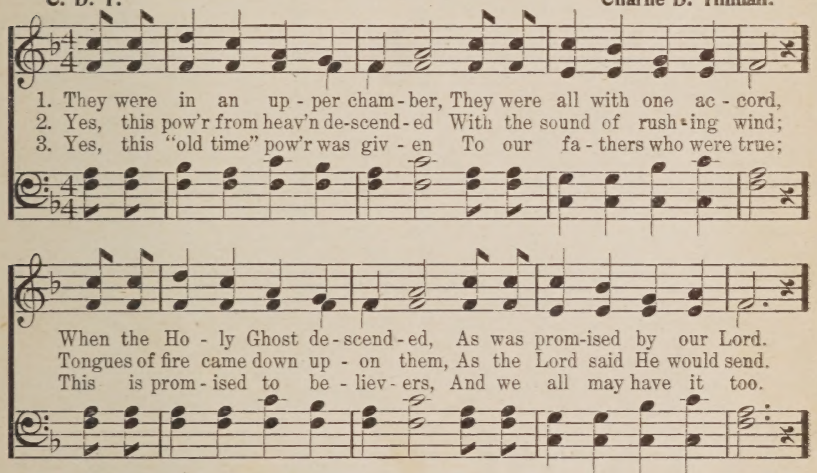
Another Pentecost,



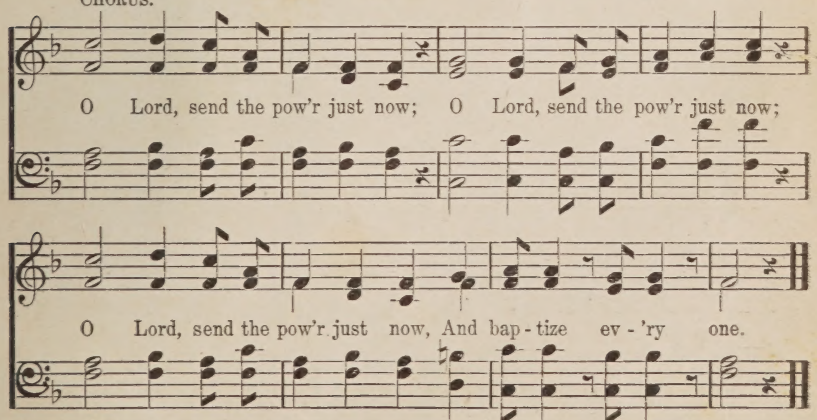
No. 205. Old Time Power.

"They were all filled with the Holy Ghost." Acts 2: 4.

C. D. T. Charlie D. Tillman.


1. They were in an up - per cham - ber, They were all with one ac - cord,
2. Yes, this pow'r from heav'n de-scend - ed With the sound of rush - ing wind;
3. Yes, this "old time" pow'r was giv - en To our fa - thers who were true;
When the Ho - ly Ghost de - scend - ed, As was prom-ised by our Lord.
Tongues of fire came down up - on them, As the Lord said He would send.
This is prom - ised to be - liev - ers, And we all may have it too.

CHORUS.



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No. 206.

Why Do You Wait?

"Arise, He calleth thee." MARK 10: 49.

G. F. R. Geo. F. Root.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, Oh, why do you
2. What do you hope, dear broth - er, To gain by a
3. Do you not feel, dear broth - er, His Spir - it now
4. Why do you wait, dear broth - er? The har - vest is
tar - ry so long? Your Sav - ior is wait - ing to
fur - ther de - lay? There's no one to save you but
striv - ing with - in? Oh, why not ac - cept His sal-
pass - ing a - way, Your Sav - ior is long - ing to
give you A place in His sanc - ti - fied throng.
Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way.
va - tion, And throw off thy bur - den of sin.
bless you, There's dan - ger and death in de - lay.
CHORUS.
Why not? why not? Why not come to him now?
Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?

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No. 207. Let Him in.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. E. O. Excell.

1. There's a Stranger at the door, Let Him in;
2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice? Let Him in;
4. Now ad - mit the heav'nly Guest, Let Him in;
Let the Savior in, Let the Savior in;
He has been there oft be - fore, Let Him in;
If you wait He will de - part, Let Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in,
He will make for you a feast, Let Him in;
Let the Savior in, Let the Savior in;
Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One,
Let Him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de - fend,
He is standing at the door, Joy to you He will re - store,
He will speak your sins for-giv'n, And when earth-ties all are riv'n,
Je - sus Christ, the Fa-ther's Son, Let Him in.
He will keep you to the end, Let Him in.
And His name you will a - dore, Let Him in.
He will take you home to heav'n. Let Him in.
Let the Savior in, Let the Sav-ior in.

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No. 208. When He Cometh.

F. H. C. Trio, for Tenor and Bass. Flora H. Cassel.

2d Tenor.
1st Tenor. Octave higher.
1. I know..... my Lord will come..... On some bright
2. In glo - - - - - ry will He come..... At-tend-ant
3. Oh, I..... must watch and pray..... For that blest
Bass.
1. I know my Lord will come, I know my Lord will come, Some
2. In glo - ry will He come, In glo - ry will He come, Bright
3. Oh, I must watch and pray, Oh, I must watch and pray, That
day..... to bear me home;..... And I shall meet.....
an - - - - gels round Him throng;..... The heav'nly hosts .....
hour..... no soul may know;..... And I would ev - - -
day to bear me home, Some day to bear me home, I'll meet Him in the
angels round Him throng, Bright angels round Him throng, The heav'nly host will
hour no soul may know, That hour no soul may know, And I would ready
....Him in the sky..... In that glad morn..... sweet by and
...tri-umph-ant sing..... In rap-t'rous praise..... to Christ our
- er read-y be..... For Je - sus when..... He call-eth
sky, I'll meet Him in the sky, Some morning by and by, Some
sing, The heav'nly host will sing In praise to Christ our King, In
be, And I would read-y be When Je-sus call-eth me, When
by, (yes by and by,) Now hark! the trumpet sound-eth O - ver land and sea;
King,(to Christ our King,)But hark! the trumpet sound-eth O - ver land and sea;
me, (He call-eth me,) And then the trumpet sound-eth O - ver land and sea;
morn-ing by and by,
praise to Christ our King,
Je - sus call-eth me,

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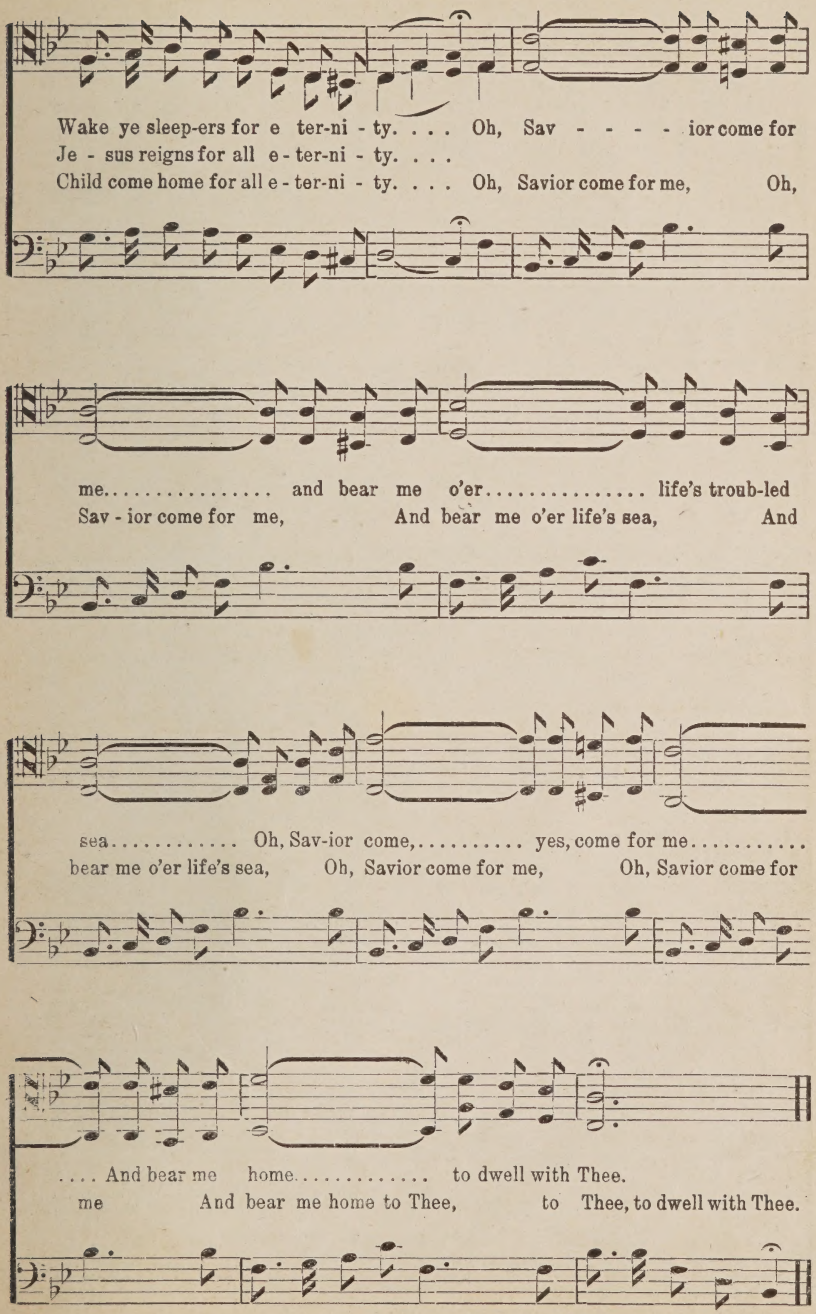
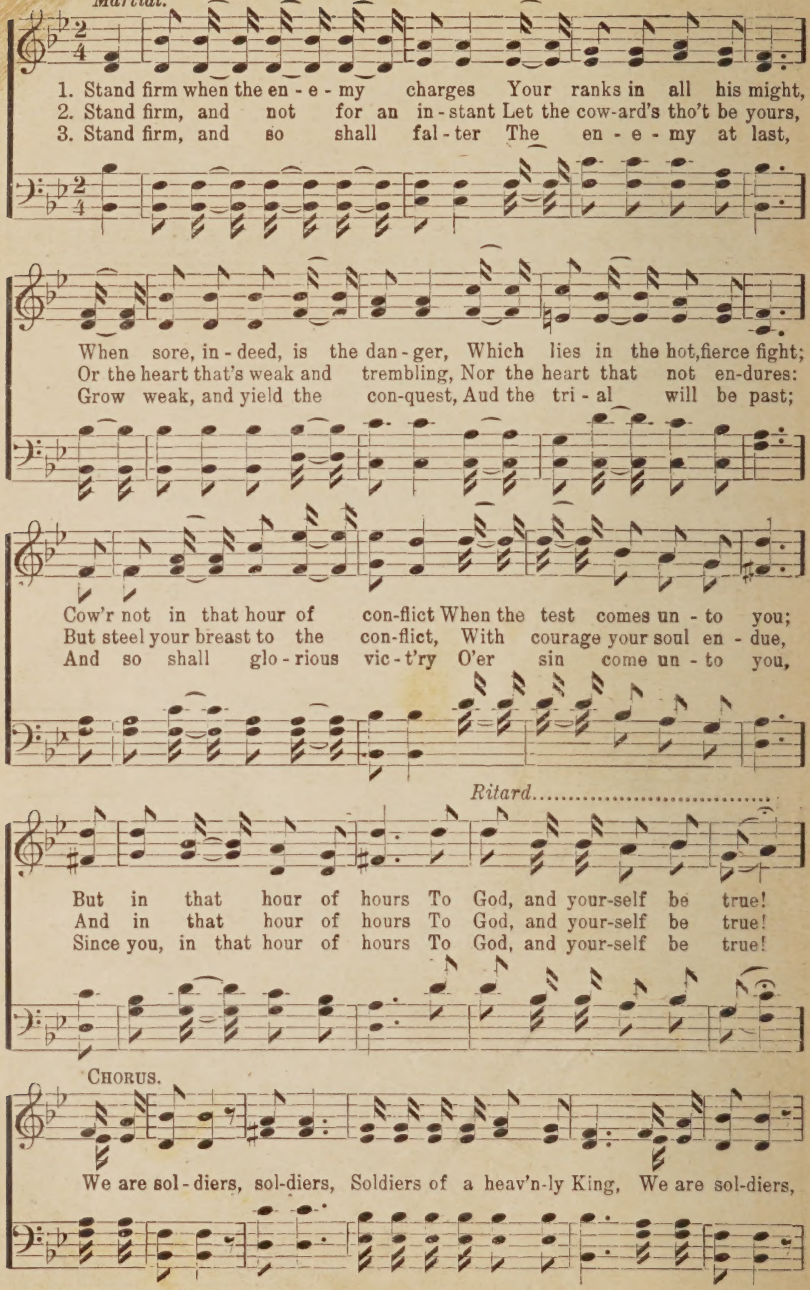
When He Cometh.


Wake ye sleep-ers for e ter-ni - ty. . . . Oh, Sav - - - - - ior come for
Je - sus reigns for all e - ter-ni - ty. . . .
Child come home for all e - ter-ni - ty. . . . Oh, Savior come for me, Oh,
me. . . . . and bear me o'er. . . . . life's troub-led
Sav - ior come for me, And bear me o'er life's sea, And
sea. . . . . Oh, Sav-ior come, ... yes, come for me. . . . . .
bear me o'er life's sea, Oh, Savior come for me, Oh, Savior come for
. . . . And bear me home. . . . . to dwell with Thee.
me And bear me home to Thee, to Thee, to dwell with Thee.

No. 209. Stand Firm.

Geo, Newell Lovejoy. Rev. Clarence B. Strouse.

Martial.


1. Stand firm when the en - e - my charges Your ranks in all his might,
2. Stand firm, and not for an in - stant Let the cow-ard's tho't be yours,
3. Stand firm, and so shall fal - ter The en - e - my at last,
When sore, in - deed, is the dan - ger, Which lies in the hot, fierce fight;
Or the heart that's weak and trembling, Nor the heart that not en-dures:
Grow weak, and yield the con-quest, And the tri - al will be past;
Cow'r not in that hour of con-flict When the test comes un - to you;
But steel your breast to the con-flict, With courage your soul en - due,
And so shall glo - rious vic - t'ry O'er sin come un - to you,
Ritard.....
But in that hour of hours To God, and your-self be true!
And in that hour of hours To God, and your-self be true!
Since you, in that hour of hours To God, and your-self be true!
CHORUS.
We are sol - diers, sol-diers, Soldiers of a heav'n-ly King, We are sol-diers,

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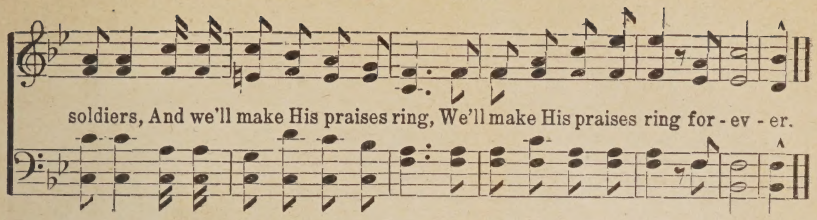
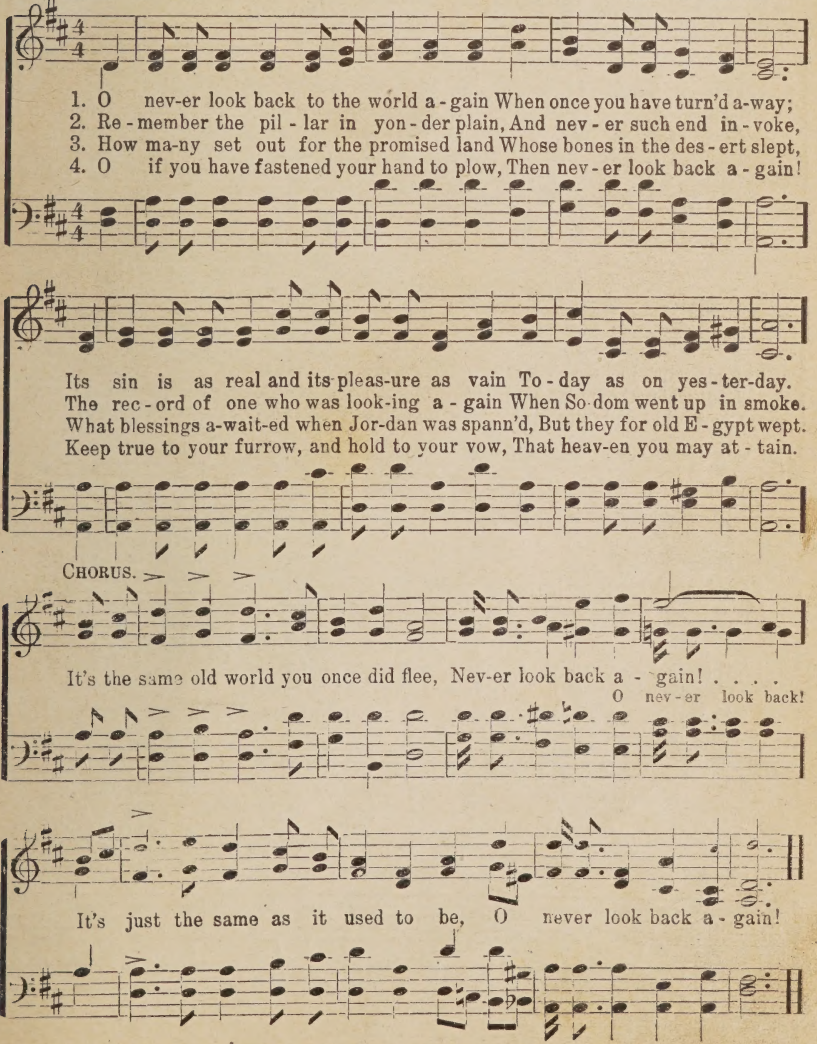
Stand Firm.



No. 210. Never Look Back Again.

James M. Gray. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. O nev-er look back to the world a - gain When once you have turn'd a-way;
2. Re - member the pil - lar in yon - der plain, And nev - er such end in - voke,
3. How ma-ny set out for the promised land Whose bones in the des - ert slept,
4. O if you have fastened your hand to plow, Then nev - er look back a - gain!
Its sin is as real and its pleas-ure as vain To - day as on yes - ter-day.
The rec - ord of one who was look-ing a - gain When So-dom went up in smoke.
What blessings a-wait-ed when Jor-dan was spann'd, But they for old E - gypt wept.
Keep true to your furrow, and hold to your vow, That heav-en you may at - tain.
CHORUS.
It's the same old world you once did flee, Nev-er look back a - gain! . . . .
O nev-er look back!
It's just the same as it used to be, O never look back a - gain!

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No. 211. He Stands So Near.

Mrs. A. L. Davidson. J. H. Fillmore.

1. Up - on the great high - way thou stand-est wea - - - ry,
2. The hopes of earth - life oft - en fade and fail thee,
3. In Him is strength, in Him di - vine com - pas - - - sion,
wea - ry, stand-est wea - ry,
fail thee, fade and fail thee,
com - pas-sion, great com - pas - sion,
Thou cri - est ev - er - more "A - lone and drear - - - y,"
Thou hast no ref - uge when thy foes as - sail - - - thee,
He chang - es not, tho' things of earth - ly fash - - - ion,
drear - y, lone and drear y,"
as - sail thee, foes as - sail thee,
fash - ion, earth - ly fash - ion,
And wilt not un - der-stand that there so near thee,
And when the night shall come, oh, who will guide thee,
Grow old and die, ah! turn thee, heart so wea - - - ry,
near thee, there so near thee,
guide thee, who will guide thee,
wea - ry heart so wea - ry,
The Sav - ior waits to love, and bless, and cheer thee.
If thou dost still re - fuse thy Friend be - side thee?
And thou shalt nev - er - more be lone and drear - - - y.
cheer thee, bless and cheer thee.
be - side thee, Friend be - side thee?
drear - y, lone and drear - y.
CHORUS.
He stands so near, and yet thy blind ed vis - ion Is turned a - way from

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He Stands So Near.

hope and light e - lys-ian, Thou wilt not see that 'tis for thee He car-eth,
For thee, for thee the heav - y cross He bear - - eth.
the heav - y cross He bear - eth.

No. 212. I Am Trusting, Lord.

W. H. McDonald. Wm. G. Fisher, by per.

1. I am com - ing to the cross, I am poor and weak and blind,
2. Here I give my all to Thee,—Friends and time and earth - ly store;
3. Je - sus comes, He fills my soul! Per - fect - ed in love I am;
REF.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, O Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry;
I am count - ing all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Soul and bod - y Thine to be—Whol - ly Thine for - ev - er - more.
I am ev - 'ry whit made whole; Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!
Hum - bly at Thy cross I bow, Save me. Je - sus, save me now.

No. 213. I'm a Pilgrim.

Mary S. B. Dana. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a strang-er; I can tar - ry, I can
2. Of that cit - y, to which I jour - ney, My Re - deem-er, my Re-
3. There the sun-beams are ev - er shin - ing, O my long-ing heart, my
tar - ry but a night; Do not de-tain me, for I am go - ing
deem - er is the light; There is no sor - row, nor an - y sigh - ing,
long - ing heart is there; Here in this coun-try, so dark and drear-y,
CHORUS.
To where the fount-ains are ev - er flow-ing. I'm a pil - grim,
Nor an - y tears there, nor an - y dy - ing.
I long have wan-dered, for-lorn and wea - ry. I'm a pilgrim, I'm a pil-
and I'm a stran - ger; I can tar-ry, I can tar - ry but a
grim and a stranger, and a stranger; Tar-ry, Tar - ry,
night; I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a
tar - ry but a night; I'm a pil - grim, I'm a pil - grim, and a

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I'm a Pilgrim.

No. 214. A Sinner Like Me.

C. J. B. C. B. Butler.

Slow.

1. I was once far a - way from the Sav - ior, And as
2. I wan - der'd on in the dark - ness, Not a
3. And then, in that dark lone - ly hour, A
vile as a sin - ner could be; And I won - der'd if
ray of light could I see; And the tho't fill'd my
voice sweet-ly whis-pered to me, Say - ing, Christ the Re-
rit.
Christ the Re-deem - er Could save a poor sin - ner like me.
heart with sad - ness, There's no hope for a sin - ner like me.
deem - er has pow - er To save a poor sin - ner like me.

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4 I listened: and lo! 'twas the Savior,
That was speaking so kindly to me;
I cried, "I'm the chief of sinners,
Thou canst save a poor sinner like me!"

5 I then fully trusted in Jesus;
And oh, what a joy came to me!
My heart was filled with His praises,
For saving a sinner like me.

6 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me;
And now unto others I'm telling
How He saved a poor sinner like me.

7 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Savior shall see,
I'll praise Him for ever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.

No. 215. My Mother's Bible.

(MALE VOICES.)

M. B. Williams. Charlie D. Tillman.

DUET.

1. There's a dear and precious Book, Tho' it's worn and fad - ed now, Which re-
2. There she read of Je - sus' love, As He blest the chil-dren dear, How He
3. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem-'ry lin- gers still, And the
calls the hap - py days of long a - go; When I stood at moth-er's knee,
suf- fered, bled, and died up- on the tree; Of His heav - y load of care,—
dear old Book each day has been my guide; And I seek to do His will,
With her hand up-on my brow, And I heard her voice in gen - tle tones and low.
Then she dried my flowing tear With her kiss-es, as she said it was for me.
As my moth-er taught me then, And ev - er in my heart His words a-bide.
CHORUS.
Bless- ed Book, pre-cious Book,
Bless - ed Book,..... pre-cious Book,..... On thy dear old tear-stained
I love to look;
leaves I love to look;..... Thou art sweet-er day by day,

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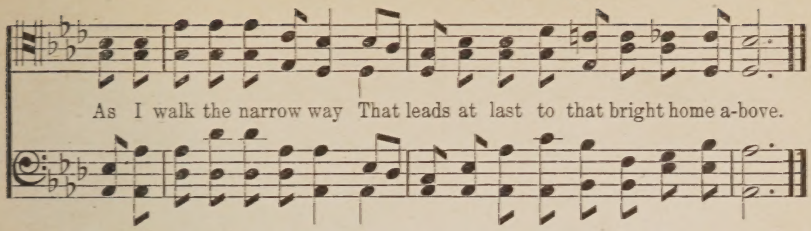
My Mother's Bible.



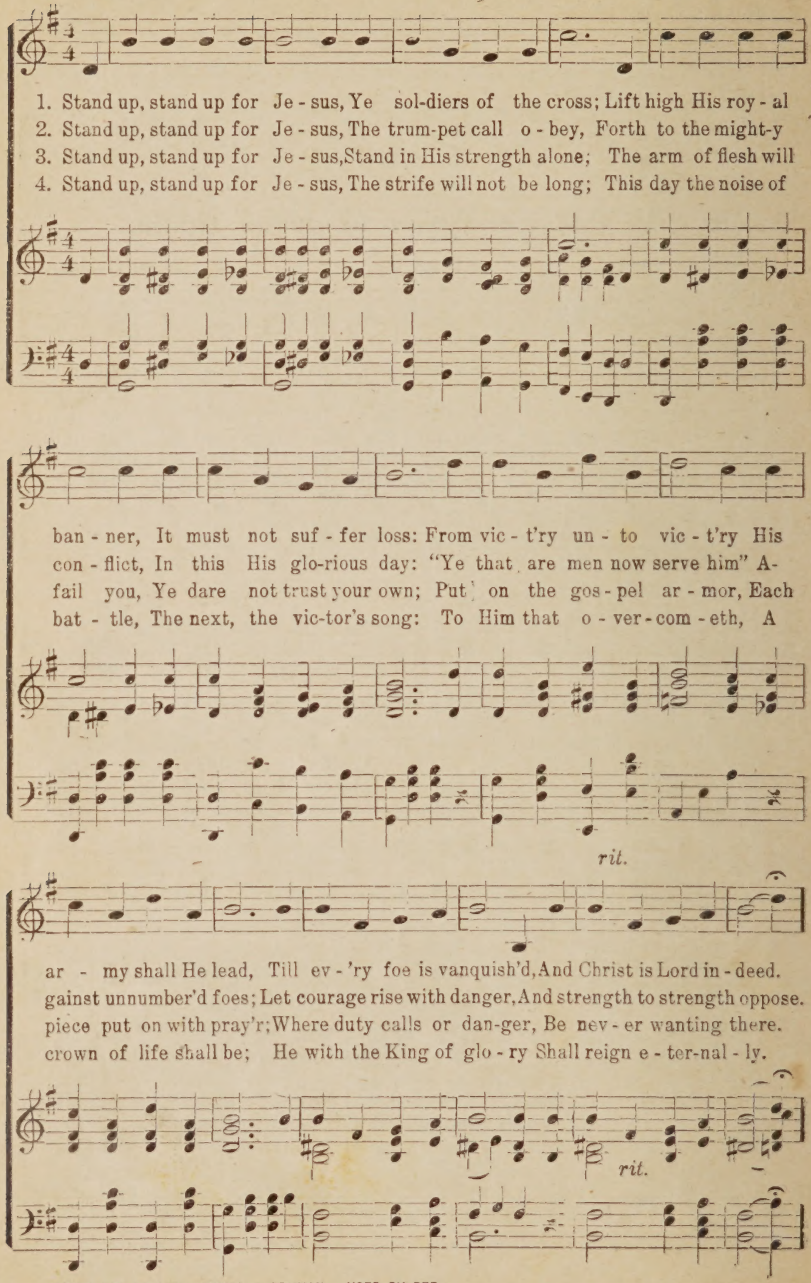
No. 216. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. Oliver Holden.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall!
2. Crown him, ye mar - tyrs of our God, Who from His al - tar call;
3. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall;
4. Sin- ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The worm-wood and the gall;
5. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
6. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
Go, spread your tro-phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj - es - ty as- cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last- ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all.
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
Go, spread your tro - phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as- cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 217. Stand Up, Stand Up For Jesus.

George Duffield. Adam Geibel.


1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high His roy - al
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trum-pet call o - bey, Forth to the might-y
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength alone; The arm of flesh will
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of
ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His
con - flict, In this His glo-rious day: "Ye that are men now serve him" A-
fail you, Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each
bat - tle, The next, the vic-tor's song: To Him that o - ver - com - eth, A
rit.
ar - my shall He lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
gainst unnumber'd foes; Let courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.
piece put on with pray'r; Where duty calls or dan-ger, Be nev - er wanting there.
crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter-nal - ly.
rit.

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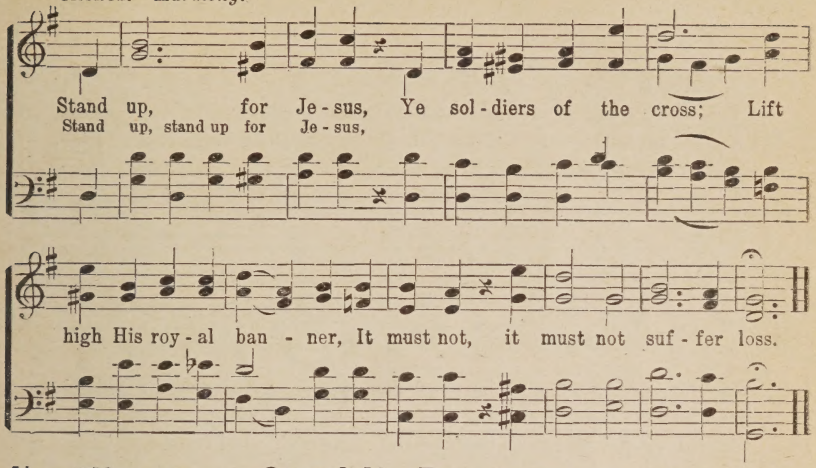
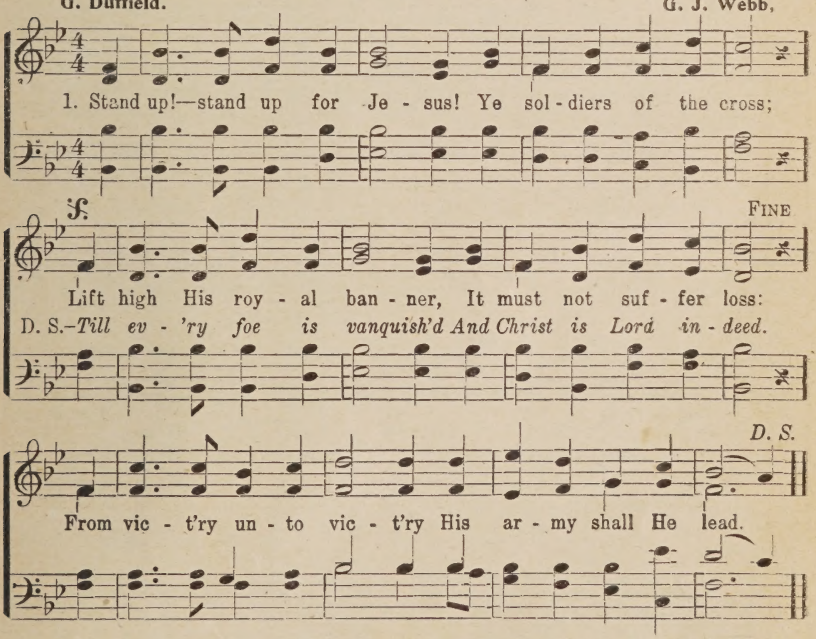
Stand Up, Stand Up For Jesus.

CHORUS. *Harmony.*


Stand up, for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift
Stand up, stand up for Je - sus,
high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not, it must not suf - fer loss.

No. 218. Stand Up For Jesus.

G. Duffield. G. J. Webb.


1. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;
f.
FINE
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
D. S.—*Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquish'd And Christ is Lord in - deed.*
D. S.
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day;
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

No. 219. Calling the Prodigal.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. God is call - ing the prod-i - gal, come with-out de - lay, Hear, O
2. Pa - tient, lov - ing, and ten-der - ly still the Fa - ther pleads, Hear, O
3. Come, there's bread in the house of thy Fa - ther, and to spare, Hear, O
hear Him call - ing, call - ing now for thee; Tho' you've wan-der'd so
hear Him call - ing, call - ing now for thee; Oh! re - turn while the
hear Him call - ing, call - ing now for thee; Lo! the ta - ble is
for thee;
far from His pres-ence, come to - day, Hear His lov - ing voice call-ing
Spir - it in mer - cy in - ter - cedes, Hear His lov - ing voice call-ing
spread and the feast is wait - ing there, Hear His lov - ing voice call-ing
CHORUS.
still . . . . Call - ing now for thee, ... O wea - -
calling still. Calling now for thee, calling now for thee, Wea-ry prod-i-gal
- ry prod-i - gal come; . . . . . Call - - - ing now for
come, wea - ry prod - i - gal come, Calling now for thee,

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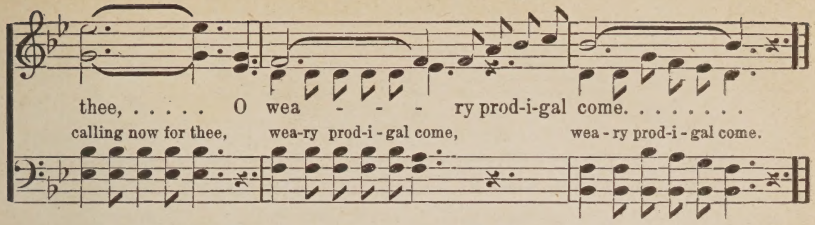
Calling the Prodigal.



No. 220. Lead, Kindly Light.

John H. Newman. Rev. J. B. Dykes.

1. Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th'en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on;
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long Thy pow'r hast blest me, sure it still Will lead me on,
The way is dark and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on;
I loved to choose and see my path, but now Lead Thou me on;
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
I loved the gar-ish day, and, spite of fears,
And with the morn those an-gel fa-ces smile
The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me.
Pride ruled my will; re-mem-ber not past years.
Which I have loved long since and lost a-while.

No. 221. He is Waiting For Your Answer.

Charles F. Barrett, Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When the world no long - er charms you And your soul for safe - ty yearns.
2. Had you list-ened ere sin bound you, Eas - ier far it would have been;
3. Give the an-swer while He lin - gers, While His spir - it pleads with you;
When the tears have wet your pil - low, And your heart to Je - sus turns,
Chains of ap - pe - tite or hab - it Could not now the vic - t'ry win;
Let it be, "I now sur - ren - der All to Thee, Thy will to do!"
Do you know the Sav - ior's wait - ing, Ask - ing that your will may bow?
Still to - day He of - fers par - don Thro' His blood's life-giv - ing flow;
Leav-ing all of sin be - hind thee, Catch a glimpse of heav'n be - low,
He is wait - ing for your an-swer, Give, O give it to Him now!
CHORUS.
He is wait - ing for your an - swer, He is wait - ing for your an-swer,

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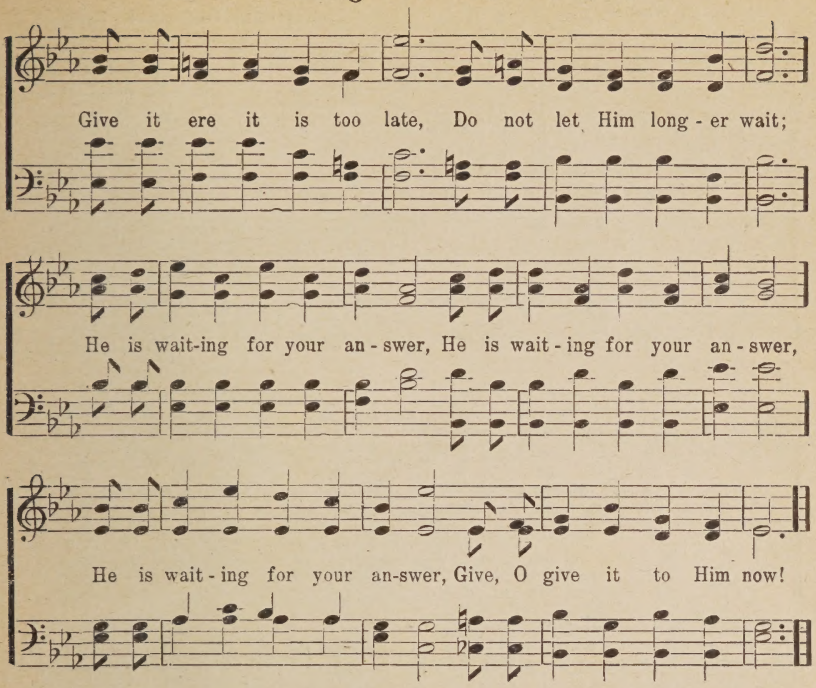
He is Waiting For Your Answer.


Give it ere it is too late, Do not let Him long - er wait;
He is wait-ing for your an - swer, He is wait - ing for your an - swer,
He is wait - ing for your an-swer, Give, O give it to Him now!

No. 222. Just as I Am,

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am— poor, wretched, blind; Sight, rich-es, heal-ing of the mind,
4. Just as I am — Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Be - cause Thy prom-ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 223. Someone's Last Call.

Edna R. Worrell. Arr. by Clarence B. Strouse.

1. Come, O come to the bless - ed Sav - - ior, List, O
2. Deep, deep, deep in the heart there whis - - pers God's own
3. Long, long, long have you tried to sti - - fle Yearn-ings
4. Now, now, NOW as the Spir - it stirs..... you, Hard - en
1. Come, O come to the bless - ed Sav - ior, List, O
2. Deep, deep, deep in the heart there whis - pers God's own
3. Long, long, long have you tried to sti - fle Yearn-ings
4. Now, now, NOW as the Spir - it stirs you, Hard - en
list to His lov-ing call, Of - fer - ing par - don, Par-don from sin to
voice to each wayward child; Heed it! O heed it! Be no more sin - be-
sweet to a life more pure; Quench them no lon - ger, But in God rest se-
not your fast melting heart; Take, take sal - va- tion, Else shall your chance de-
list to His call,
voice to His child;
toward life more pure;
not your heart;
all; O come, He gives par-don from sin to all, to all.
guiled; O heed His voice, be now no more be-guiled, be - guiled.
cure; O strive no more, but in God rest se-cure, se - cure.
part; O take it now, else shall your chance de-part, de - part.
CHORUS.
Come, come to Je - sus, Come ere this mo-ment takes flight;

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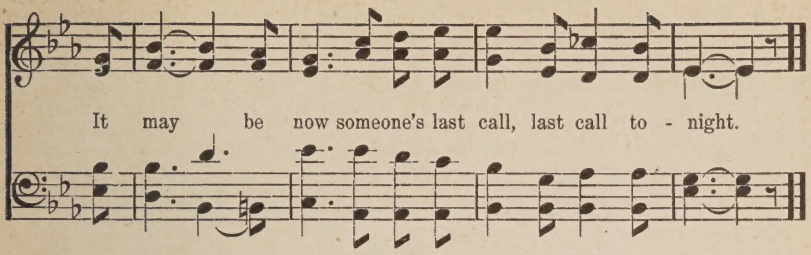
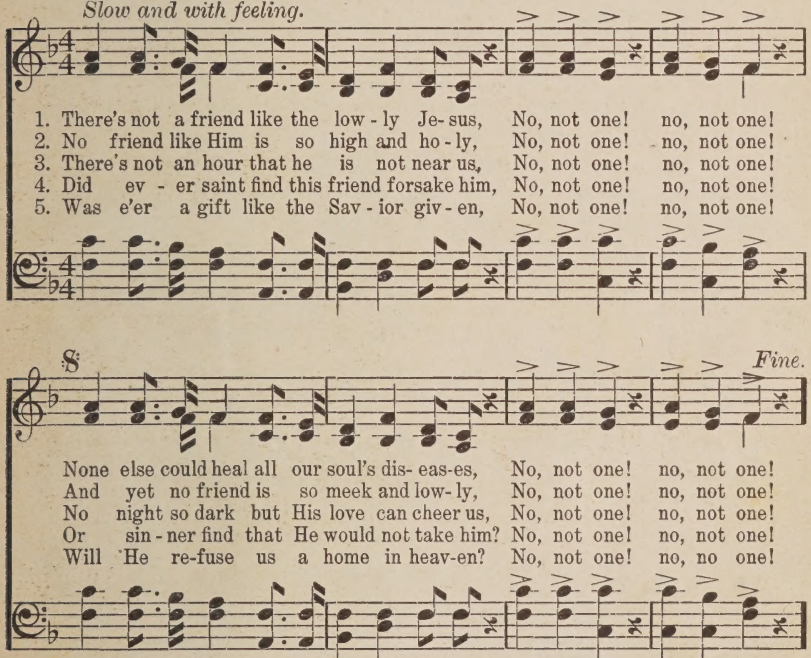
Someone's Last Call.



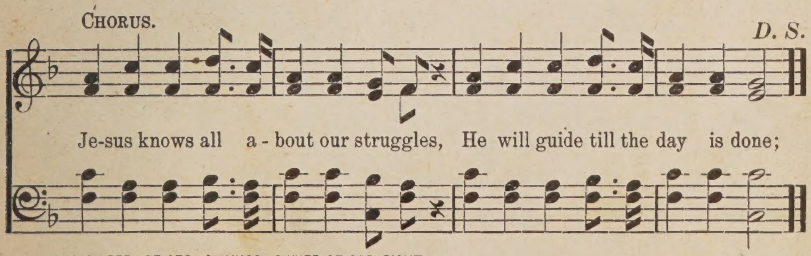
No. 224. No, Not One.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Geo. C. Hugg.

Slow and with feeling.


1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je- sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that he is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev - er saint find this friend forsake him, No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav - ior giv - en, No, not one! no, not one!
S
Fine.
None else could heal all our soul's dis- eas-es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin - ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
Will He re-fuse us a home in heav-en? No, not one! no, no one!

D. S.—*There's not a friend like the lowly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!*



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No. 225. Mourning Tonight at the Old Hearthstone.

F. E. McGraw. Tune Tenting Tonight. Walter Kitridge.

1. They're mourning tonight at the old hearthstone, Give them a ray of hope:
2. They're weeping to-night at the old hearthstone, Weeping for loved ones lost;
3. There's an-guish to-night at the old hearthstone, For lov'd ones they a - wait
4. They're calling tonight from the old hearthstone, List to the plaintive cry;
Their wea - ry hearts are sad and lone, Thro' deep-'ning sor-row grope.
Bright mu - sic hushed to wail and moan—The licensed grog-shop's cost.
Are lured and wrecked by mur-der-mills, Main-tained by church and state.
Plead - ing to us to pro-tect their boys, Ere in drunkards' graves they lie.
CHORUS.
Ma-ny are the hearts that are mourning tonight, Mourning o - ver ru - ined boys;
4th v. Ma-ny are the hearts that are break-ing tonight, Break-ing o - ver ru - ined boys;
Ma - ny are the hearts pray-ing for the right, Tho' robb'd of all life's joys.
Ma - ny are the hearts pray-ing for the right, Tho' robb'd of all life's joys.
Mourn-ing to-night, mourn-ing to-night, mourn-ing at the old hearthstone,
Break-ing to-night, break-ing to-night, break-ing at the old hearthstone,

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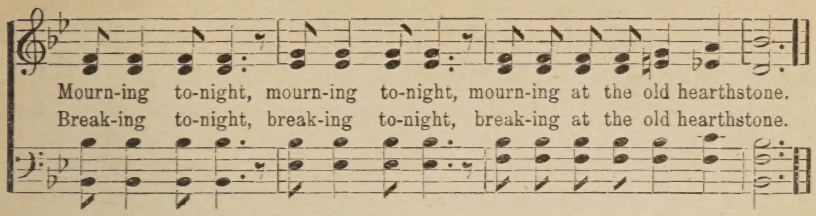
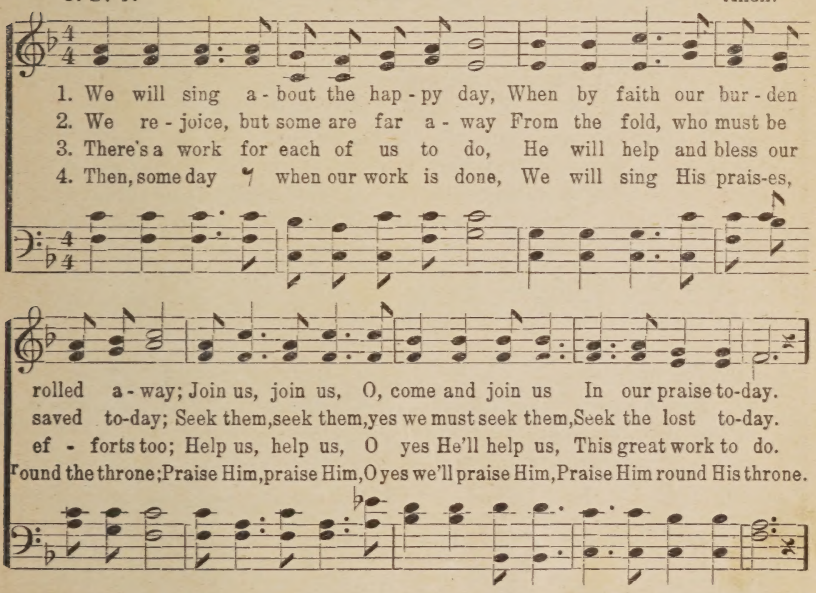
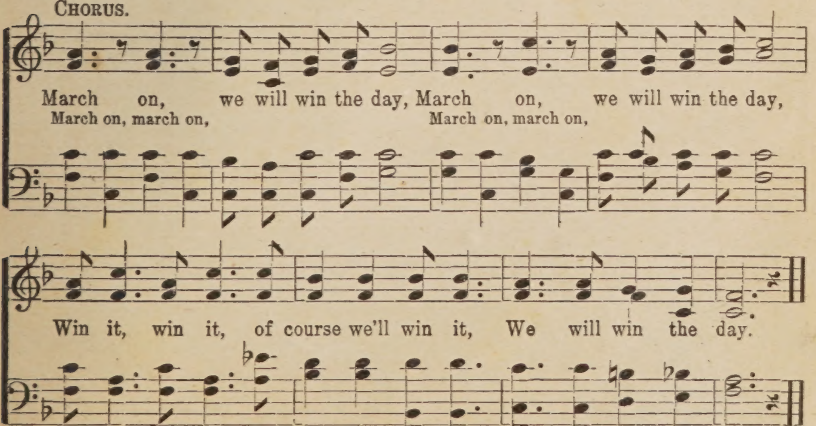
Mourning Tonight at the Old Hearthstone.


Mourn-ing to-night, mourn-ing to-night, mourn-ing at the old hearthstone.
Break-ing to-night, break-ing to-night, break-ing at the old hearthstone.

No. 226. "Of Gourse We'll Win."

C. D. T. Anon.


1. We will sing a - bout the hap - py day, When by faith our bur - den
2. We re - joice, but some are far a - way From the fold, who must be
3. There's a work for each of us to do, He will help and bless our
4. Then, some day when our work is done, We will sing His prais-es,
rolled a - way; Join us, join us, O, come and join us In our praise to-day.
saved to-day; Seek them, seek them, yes we must seek them, Seek the lost to-day.
ef - forts too; Help us, help us, O yes He'll help us, This great work to do.
round the throne; Praise Him, praise Him, O yes we'll praise Him, Praise Him round His throne.


Chorus.
March on, we will win the day, March on, we will win the day,
March on, march on, March on, march on,
Win it, win it, of course we'll win it, We will win the day.

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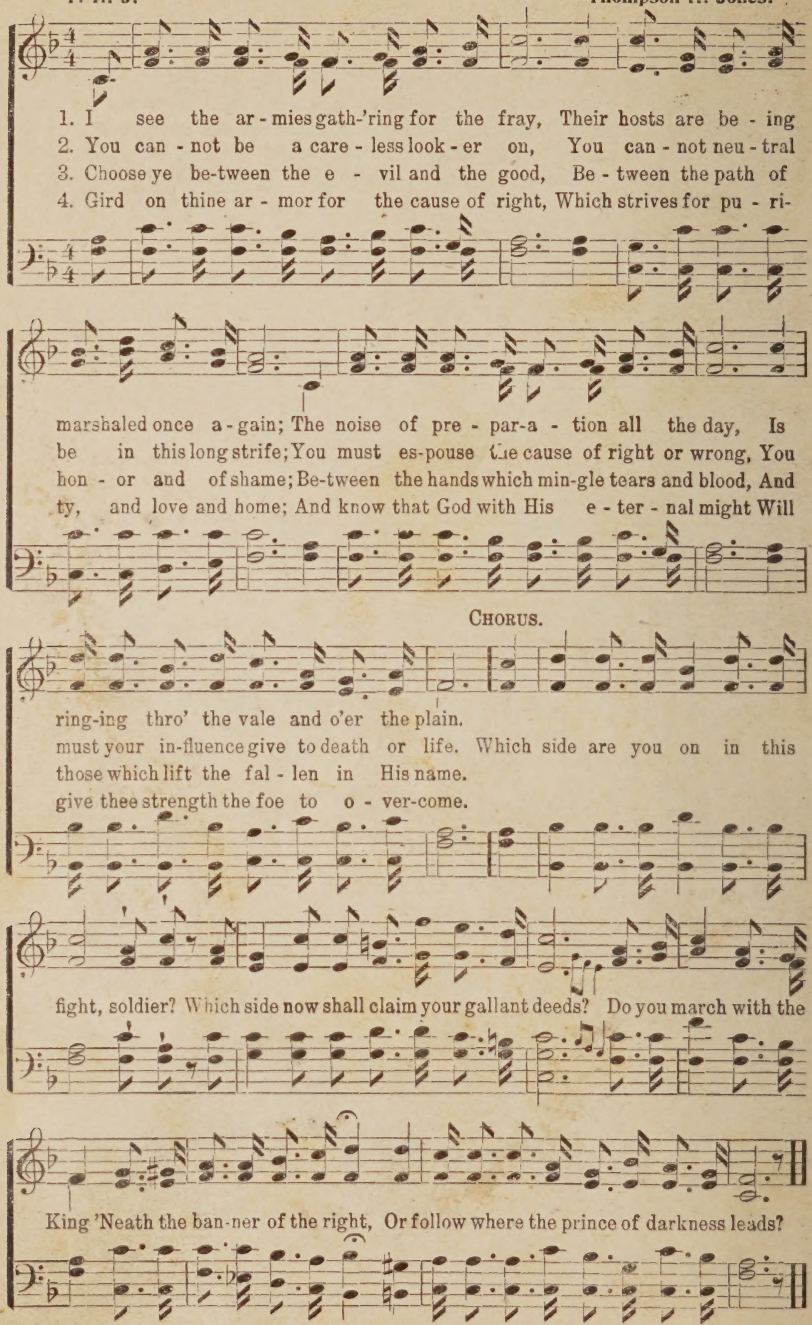
No. 227. Which Side Are You On?

T. H. J. Thompson H. Jones.


1. I see the ar - mies gath-'ring for the fray, Their hosts are be - ing
2. You can - not be a care - less look - er on, You can - not neu - tral
3. Choose ye be-tween the e - vil and the good, Be - tween the path of
4. Gird on thine ar - mor for the cause of right, Which strives for pu - ri-
marshaled once a - gain; The noise of pre - par-a - tion all the day, Is
be in this long strife; You must es-pouse the cause of right or wrong, You
hon - or and of shame; Be-tween the hands which min-gle tears and blood, And
ty, and love and home; And know that God with His e - ter - nal might Will
CHORUS.
ring-ing thro' the vale and o'er the plain.
must your in-fluence give to death or life. Which side are you on in this
those which lift the fal - len in His name.
give thee strength the foe to o - ver-come.
fight, soldier? Which side now shall claim your gallant deeds? Do you march with the
King 'Neath the ban-ner of the right, Or follow where the prince of darkness leads?

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No. 228. God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. W. G. Tomer.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide, up-
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings se-cure - ly
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per - ils thick con-
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's ban-ner float- ing
hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you,
hide you, Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you,
found you, Put His arms un - fail - ing round you,
o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave be - fore you,
CHORUS.
God be with you till we meet a - gain. Till we meet,..... till we
Till we meet, till we
meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we
meet, till we meet, till we meet;
meet,.... till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

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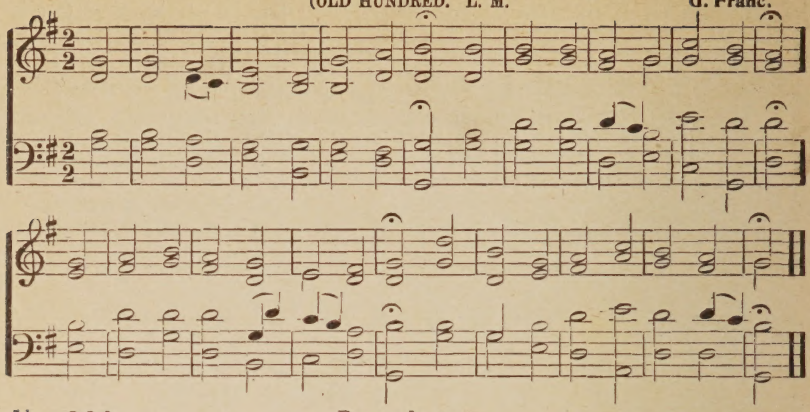
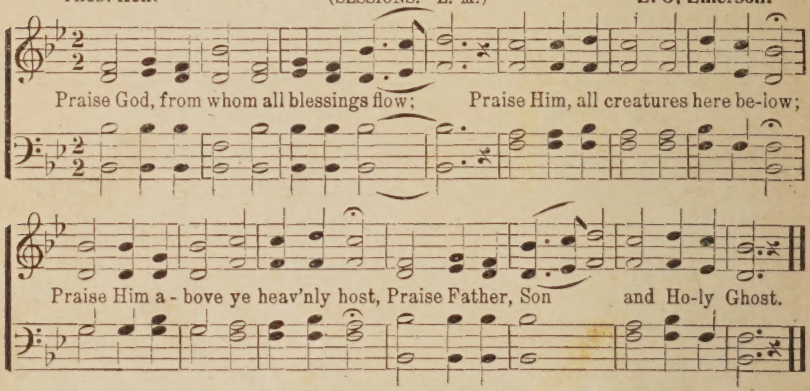
No. 229. Doxology.

(OLD HUNDRED. L. M. G. Franc.



No. 230. Doxology.

Thos. Ken. (SESSIONS. L. M.) L. O. Emerson.


Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low;
Praise Him a - bove ye heav'nly host, Praise Father, Son and Ho-ly Ghost.

No. 231. Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Geo. Naegeli.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;
The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

1. Haydn 2- Mozart. 3 Schubert. 4 Handel